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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY

OF

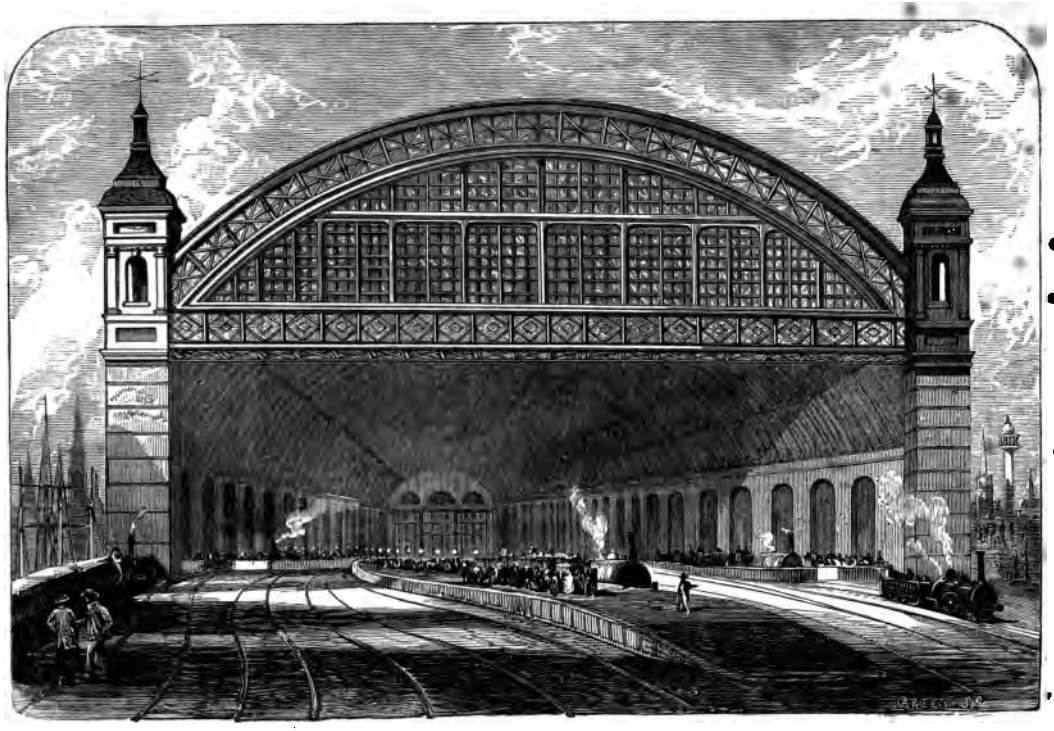
USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME X.



W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH


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CANNON STREET RAILWAY STATION, CITY.—See No. 74.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

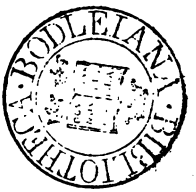
OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. X.





W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1870

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his diligence in copying law-papers a means of gratifying his intellectual passions, often writing an unusual quantity, that with the result he might purchase some book or object of virtù which he wished to possess. It should be mentioned that the little room assigned to him on the kitchen-floor of his father's house in George Square was already made a kind of museum by his taste for curiosities, especially those of an antiquarian nature. He never was heard to grudge the years he had spent in his father's painstaking business; on the contrary, he recollected them with pleasure, for it was always a matter of pride with him to be a man of business as well as a man of letters. The discipline of the office gave him a number of little technical habits, which he never afterwards lost. He was, for instance, much of a formalist in the folding and disposal of papers. The writer of this narrative recollects folding a paper in a wrong fashion in his presence, when he instantly undid it, and shewed, with a schoolmasterlike nicety, but with great good-humour, the proper way to perform this little piece of business.

While advancing to manhood, and during its first few years, Scott, besides keeping up his desultory system of reading, attended the meetings of a literary society composed of such youths as himself. A selection of these and of his early schoolfellows, became his ordinary companions. Amongst them was Adam Ferguson, son of the well-known professor of that name; another was William Clerk, son of Mr Clerk of Eldin, and afterwards a member of the Scottish bar. It was the pleasure of this group of young men to take frequent rambles in the country, visiting any ancient castle or other remarkable object within their reach. Scott, notwithstanding his limp, walked as stoutly, and sustained fatigue as well, as any of them. Sometimes they would, according to the general habits of those days, resort to taverns for oysters and punch. Scott entered into such indulgences without losing self-control; but he lived to think this ill-spent time. As to other follies equally besetting to youth, it is admitted by all his early friends that he was in a singular degree pure and blameless. His genial good-humour made him a favourite with his young friends, and they could not deny his possessing much out-of-the-way knowledge; yet it does not appear that they saw in him any intellectual superiority, or reason to expect the brilliant destiny which awaited him. The tendency of all testimony from those who knew him at this time is rather to set him down as one from whom nothing extraordinary was to be looked for in mature manhood.

We can easily see the grounds of this opinion. Scott had not been a good scholar. He shewed none of the peculiarities of the young sonneteer, for poetry was not yet developed in his nature. Any advantage he possessed over others of his own standing lay

in a kind of learning which seemed useless. It is not, then, surprising that he ranked only with ordinary youths, or perhaps a little below them. It is asserted, however, by James Ballantyne, that there was a certain firmness of understanding in Scott, which enabled him to acquire an ascendency over some of his companions; giving him the power of allaying their quarrels by a few words, and disposing them to submit to him on many other occasions. Still, this must have looked like a quality of the common world, and especially unconnected with literary genius.

When Scott's apprenticeship expired, the father was willing to introduce him at once into a business which would have yielded a tolerable income; but the youth, stirred by ambition, preferred advancing to the bar, for which his service in a writer's office was the reverse of a disqualification. Having therefore passed through the usual studies, he was admitted of the Faculty of Advocates, July 1792. This is a profession in which a young man usually spends a few years to little purpose, unless peculiar advantages in the way of patronage help him on. Scott does not appear to have done more for some sessions than pass creditably enough through certain routine duties which his father and others imposed upon him, and for which only moderate remuneration was made. He wanted the ready fluent address which is required for pleading, and his knowledge of law was not such as to attract business to him as a consulting counsel. While lingering out the first few idle years of professional life, he studied the German language and some of its modern writers. He also continued the same kind of antiquarian reading for which he had already become remarkable. Amongst other things giving a character to his mind, were certain annual journeys he made into the pastoral district of Liddesdale, where the castles of the old Border chiefs, and the legends of their exploits, were still rife. On these occasions, he was accompanied by an intelligent friend, Mr Robert Shortreed, long after sheriff-substitute at Jedburgh. No inns, and hardly any roads, were then in Liddesdale. The farmers were a simple race, knowing nothing of the outward world. So much was this the case, that one honest fellow, at whose house the travellers alighted to spend a night, was actually frightened at the idea of meeting an Edinburgh advocate. Willie o' Milburn, as this hero was called, at length took a careful survey of Scott round a corner of the stable, and getting somewhat reassured from the sight, said to Mr Shortreed: 'Weel, de'il ha'e me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think.' On these excursions, Scott took down from old people anecdotes of the old rough times, and copies of the ballads in which the adventures of the Elliots and Armstrongs were recorded. Thus were laid the foundations of the collection which became in time the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The friendship of Mr Edmonstone of Newton led him, in like manner, to visit those districts of Stirlingshire and lower

Perthshire where he afterwards localised his *Lady of the Lake*. There he learned much of the more recent rough times of the Highlands, and even conversed with one gentleman who had had to do with Rob Roy. These things constituted the real education of Scott's mind, as far as his character as a literary man is concerned.

Overlooking some boyish efforts in verse, which he had long forgotten, Scott could not be said to have as yet attempted the vocation of a poet. He must be considered as somewhat singular in the tuneful list, as having written no poetry worthy of the name before his twenty-fifth year. The cause of this undoubtedly lay in the preponderance which circumstances had hitherto given to other portions of his well-poised character, his anxiety to be a successful man of business, and a respected man of the world. It becomes, however, the more wonderful, as Scott, from early youth, had entertained a zealous affection for a young lady somewhat above his own rank in life, and who was well qualified to inspire a sonnet. At length, in 1796, the hearing a translation of Bürger's ballad of *Lenore* roused him to a similar attempt, and he produced in one night a most spirited version of this remarkable production. It was appreciated highly by a few persons of sensibility, among whom was Jane Anne Cranstoun, afterwards Countess Purgstall. In October of the above-named year, he was induced to venture into print with his translation of *Lenore*, joined to that of another of Bürger's ballads, *The Wild Huntsman;* but the little volume entirely failed to attract public attention.

From his earliest thinking years, Scott had been of Tory leanings. Montrose, Claverhouse, and the heroes of the '15 and '45, were his favourites in Scottish history, by reason of the romantic circumstances with which they were connected. More retrospective at all times than prospective, he partook deeply in the zeal with which liberal politics were now discouraged in Britain. In April 1794—the time when Robespierre was at his zenith in France—some Irish students produced a riot in the Edinburgh theatre by calling for revolutionary tunes. Scott and some other young zealots of the opposite side distinguished themselves much in the tumult; he himself was bound over to keep the peace, with three broken heads laid to his especial charge. In the early part of 1797, we find him exhibiting his political sentiments in a more laudable manner, by joining a troop of volunteer cavalry as their quarter-master, and writing a war-song for them. In the drills and other doings of this corps, he displayed an ardour which lay deep in his nature, and which had a strong affinity for military affairs. But the affair told in no discernible way on his future life. He was about this time subjected to a severe trial of spirit by the marriage of his mistress to a more fortunate lover. Even thirty years afterwards, he could not set down a few words about this lady in his journal without some agitation. His disappointment, by perhaps a natural reaction of feeling, led soon after to a change in his condition. Spending a few idle days at Gilsland

Wells in Cumberland, he chanced there to meet a young French emigrée lady of English extraction, named Charlotte Carpenter. Possessing beauty and some little fortune, she suited Scott both as a poet and a man of the world, and little more than two months from the commencement of their acquaintance, they were united at Carlisle. He now commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh, where he had hitherto lived in his father's house.

We now see Scott as a young married man, spending the winter in the bosom of a frugal but elegant society in Edinburgh, and the summer months in a retired cottage on the beautiful banks of the Esk at Lasswade; cultivating, as before, literary tastes, and storing his mind with his favourite kind of learning, but not as yet conscious of his active literary powers, or thinking of aught but the duties of his profession and the claims of his little family. Simple and manly in habits, good-humoured, and averse to disputation, full of delightful information, kind and obliging to all who came near him, yet possessed of a rectitude and solidity of understanding which never allowed him to be the fool of any of his feelings, it is no wonder that Walter Scott was a general favourite, or that he attracted the regard of several persons of rank, as the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melville, and others. It was through the kindness of the first of these noblemen that, in 1799, he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office of light duty, with a salary of £300 per annum. Though anxious to attain professional reputation, to which literary notoriety is supposed to be adverse, he could not altogether refrain from the poetical exercises in which he had already broken ground. We therefore find him at this time translating and publishing a version of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a drama of such a romantic cast as harmonised entirely with his peculiar taste. He also was induced, by Mr M. G. Lewis, the well-known author of *The Monk*, to write two or three ballads on supernatural themes for a collection which was to be entitled *Tales of Wonder*. *Goetz* appeared in February 1799, but met the fate of the former publication. When the *Tales of Wonder* came out, Scott's ballads, though unfortunate in their association, obtained some praise, yet, on the whole, might also be considered as a failure. These would have been disappointments to a man who had set his heart on literary reputation. To Scott, who was at all periods of his career humble-minded about his literary efforts, they were nothing of the kind. In this respect he was a pattern to all authors, present and to come.

The circumstances seem to have been almost accidental which led him to make his first serious adventure in the literary world. His schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, was now settled at Kelso in the management of a weekly newspaper. Merely to give employment to his friend's types during the intervals of their ordinary use, Scott proposed to print a small collection of the old ballads which for some years he had been collecting on the Border. When the design

was formed, he set about preparing the work, for which he soon obtained some assistance from Richard Heber and John Leyden—the former an Englishman of fortune, and an enthusiastic collector of books; the latter a Scottish peasant's son, who had studied for the church, and become a marvel of learning, especially in languages and antiquities. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* thus grew upon his hands, until it became such an assemblage of ballads, ancient and modern, and of historical annotation, as could only be contained in three octavo volumes. The first two made their appearance in January 1802, and met a favourable reception. Many of the ballads were entirely new to the world; even those which had been published before, here appeared in superior versions. Industry in the collection of copies, and taste in the selection of readings, had enabled the editor to present this branch of popular literature with attractions it never possessed before; while the graceful and intelligent prose interspersed throughout, rich with curious learning, and enlivened by many a pleasant traditionary anecdote, served to constitute the whole as a most agreeable mélange. The work gave Scott at once a respectable place in the literary republic, more indeed as an editor than as an author, though one would suppose few could be altogether insensible to the spirit and graphic power displayed in the ballads of his own composition.

The public generally, and the booksellers in particular, were agreeably surprised to find the *Minstrelsy*, while bearing the unwonted imprint of 'Kelso,' a marvel of beautiful typography; a circumstance owing to the good taste of James Ballantyne, and which was of some avail in increasing the popularity of the work. It appears that Scott, besides some gains from the first edition, obtained soon after £500 for the copyright.

About this time he inherited between five and six thousand pounds from a paternal uncle. This, with his share of his deceased father's property, his sheriffship, and his wife's allowance from her brother, now advancing to fortune in India, made his income altogether about a thousand a year. He had been ten years at the bar with little success; his gains seldom reaching two hundred a year, and these from the merest drudgeries of the profession. It began, therefore, to appear to him that, in as far as any further income might be required to support his station in life, and advance the prospects of his children, it would be well to look for it rather to some post in the Court of Session, such as one of the principal clerkships, than to practice as a barrister. Assured in the meantime against want, and trusting to such a prospect being realisable by his friends the Buccleuchs and Melvilles, he gradually became disposed to give more of his regards to literature. As to income from this source, he had little hope or faith. Literary research and composition were as yet their own reward with him; if any more solid remuneration accrued, he was happy to receive it; but he would not depend on

such gains. Let literature, he said, be at the utmost a staff—not a crutch. It was natural for a prudent man of the world to form these ideas at that time, when literary biography was little besides a record of privation and sorrow. But it would have, nevertheless, been well for Scott if he had been content with his secured income, and the prospect of only such contingent additions to it as a fixed post or the profits of literature might hold out. To his over-anxious mind, when the temptation came, it appeared different, as we shall presently see.

It was about the time when the *Minstrelsy* was issuing from the press, that Scott was asked by the lovely and amiable Countess of Dalkeith to write a ballad upon a traditionary goblin story respecting the Buccleuch family. He commenced such a composition accordingly, adopting for its measure that of a recent poem of Coleridge; but it grew upon his hands far beyond ballad size. It became, in short, a long romantic narrative, divided into cantos, and *set* in a subordinate narrative, wherein the author represented it as a recitation by the last survivor of the fraternity of minstrels. This was published in January 1805, as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and at once placed Scott in the first rank as an original poet, besides determining his fate as henceforth chiefly that of a man of letters. Immediately on the first edition proving successful, the publishers gave £600 for the copyright.

Before this time, Mr Ballantyne had set up a printing-office in Edinburgh, partly by the assistance of a loan from his old friend. Getting rapidly into a considerable business, which his skill and taste amply justified, he came to require additional capital, and Scott at length agreed to advance the needful sum, on condition of his being made a partner, but a secret one, in the concern. His dread of dependence on literary gains seems to have blinded him to the fact, that mercantile gains are also precarious, and usually attended by risks.

By the interest of his titled friends, he soon after obtained an appointment to the duties of a clerkship in the Court of Session; the salary, however, which afterwards was fixed at £1300 a year, was not to be realised till the death of a superannuated predecessor in office, and, in fact, Scott touched nothing of it till 1812. With such an addition to his solid prospects, one cannot but wonder at the eagerness and assiduity with which he commenced and pursued literary labours of a severely tasking kind; such as an edition of the works of Dryden, a publication of Sadler's State Papers, and a reprint of Somers's collection of Tracts. It seems as if a naturally ambitious and ardent spirit had at length found a vent for its energies, and felt a self-rewarding pleasure in their exercise. At the same time, he gave much of his time to volunteer soldiering, to politics, and to the affairs of literary men less fortunate than himself. The recollections of his friends present a charming picture of his

ordinary life at his summer retreat of Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he had found it necessary to establish himself on account of his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His household, enlivened by four healthy children, and superintended by Mrs Scott, was marked by simple elegance. On Sundays, being far from church, he read prayers and a sermon to his family; then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favourite spot at a convenient distance, and dine with them in the open air. Frequent excursions on horseback, and coursing matches, varied the tenor of common domestic life. Friends coming to pay visits found him in constant good-humour, and at all times willing to introduce them to the fine scenery and interesting antiquities of the district. In the evenings, his conversation, in which stories and anecdotes formed a large part, was a sure resource against ennui. As a husband and father, he was most kind and indulgent. His children had access to his room at all times; and when they came—unconscious of the nature of his studies—and asked for a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a tale or a ballad, kiss them, and then set them down again to their sports, never apparently feeling the least annoyance at the interruption. His dogs, of which he always had two or three, were even more privileged, for he kept his window open in nearly all weathers, that they might leap out and in as they pleased. These were the happiest days of Scott's life, when as yet in the enjoyment of full vigour of body and mind, rather acquiring than reposing upon fame, and unembarrassed by possessions and dignities which afterwards made his position false and dangerous. He occasionally visited London, and allowed himself to go through that kind of exhibition called *lionising*, to which everything famous or even notorious is liable to be subjected in the metropolis; but he never was in the slightest degree spoiled by such idolatry. He fully shewed that he estimated it at its real worth, and, after good-naturedly submitting to it, could laugh at its absurdity. It is less pleasant to record a change in his arrangements for study which took place about this time. Finding the day apt to be broken in upon by little duties and by visitors, he adopted the habit of rising and commencing his literary toils at six in the morning, usually finishing them at twelve, after the interruption of breakfast at ten. His biographer, Mr Lockhart, tells us how careful he was to dress neatly before sitting down, but he says nothing of his preparing for the duty before him by taking food. We have come to understand such things better now, and can easily see what fatal effects might arise in a few years from a habit of performing the principal duties of life with an exhausted system.

The year 1808 saw his poetical reputation brought to its zenith by the publication of the admirable romantic tale of *Marmion*, for which, to the astonishment of the public, Mr Constable undertook beforehand to pay a thousand guineas. Not long after, his zeal in

Tory politics, or, as he thought it, solicitude for the honour and safety of his country, then harassed by the Bonaparte wars, led to his quarrelling with this eminent publisher, and to his taking an interest in the establishment of the *Quarterly*, as an opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*. It would have been well if he had stopped here; but the same feelings, helped, perhaps, by that trafficking spirit which had entered into him since he lost hopes at the bar, induced the false step of his setting up a publishing-house in Edinburgh, under the *firm* of John Ballantyne and Company, the ostensible manager being a younger brother of the printer, a clever comical being, not overstocked with worldly prudence, and possessed of few qualifications for business beyond a knowledge of accounts.

From this house issued, in May 1810, his most pleasing poem, the *Lady of the Lake*, which experienced even greater popularity than either of its two predecessors, and might, if anything could, have made its author a vain man. In this and his two preceding poems, the chief charm lay in the vividness with which the author brought the past before the minds of his readers. He gave the grace, the dignity, the gallantry of old times, free from all their rudeness and grossness. All was done, too, in such an easy and fluent style, that the reader was never wearied. The singular fascination of these writings shewed itself in numberless ways; for one thing, there was a rush of tourists to the scene of the *Lady of the Lake*, so great, as to produce a marked rise of the amount of post-horse duty raised in Scotland. Scott's own firm, in connection with another, undertook to pay two thousand guineas for the *Lady of the Lake*, a fact in authorship at that time without anything approaching to a parallel. Meanwhile, he was urging into print, as a publisher, an *Annual Register* (to commence with the year 1808); an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, under the care of a drudging German of the name of Weber; a huge quarto, under the title of *Tixall Poetry;* an edition of Defoe's novels; the *Secret Memoirs of the Court of James I.;* and some other books agreeable to his own taste, but hardly to that of the public. These huge indigestible masses of paper and print had brought his outlay in the printing and publishing concerns up to £9000 before the end of this year. Scarcely ever did the most thoughtless of the tuneful tribe make a more unfortunate adventure than this publishing affair was destined to prove itself. If Scott had instituted some safe and modest copartnery, to give himself the publishing profits of his own writings, diminished only by expenses and the small profits due to his acting associates, he would have been doing what perhaps it will yet be seen all authors of decided popularity may rightly do. But he had an antiquarian taste, and a disposition to over-estimate all literary productions save his own—he indulged these tendencies in his firm of John Ballantyne and Company, and unavoidably became a great loser. Before it was fully seen that such was to be his fate as a

man of business—namely, in the summer of 1811—he had thought so well of his means and prospects—the clerkship salary being now on the eve of realisation—as to resolve on purchasing a hundred acres of land on Tweedside, in order to build a cottage residence for himself, and this notwithstanding that the £4000 requisite in the very first place had to be borrowed, the one half as a permanent burden on the property. Such was the origin of his estate of Abbotsford, where ultimately he reared a castle. The purchase would have been perfectly a right one, if he had not involved his superfluous fortune in business: as things actually stood, it was only preparing for himself needless embarrassments.

His removal to the little estate which he had purchased took place in May 1812, and he soon became involved in the pleasant but costly labours attendant on building, planting, and what is called *making a place*. At the same time, besides attending to other literary avocations, he was composing a fourth romance in verse, which appeared just before the close of the year under the title of *Rokeby*, but in point of popularity proved a comparative failure. Ere this time, the concerns of John Ballantyne and Company were seriously embarrassed, insomuch that Scott was glad to accept of a little credit from his friend Mr Morritt of Rokeby Park. The difficulties had only increased during the early months of 1813, and it then became necessary for those who had begun in rivalry to Mr Constable, to resort to that publisher for his friendly aid. To give an idea of the fatality of the whole adventure, it appears that the single publication of *Tixall Poetry*, which proved a dead failure, involved an outlay of £2500, while the *Edinburgh Annual Register* was attended by an annual loss of £1000. At the same time, all the parties concerned were living in a style rather suited to their hopes than to their realised profits. To sustain so severe a drainage, the private fortune of Scott, and even his unprecedented literary gains, were inadequate. Fortunately, the hope of regaining the author of *Marmion* as an adherent of his house, induced Mr Constable to grant relief to some extent by the purchase of stock, trusting that the rival house would as soon as possible be extinguished. The Duke of Buccleuch also extended the favour of his credit for the sum of £4000, by means of which, and of further sales of stock to other publishers, the principal difficulties were passed, though not without the most serious vexation to Scott for the greater part of a year. In the midst of his worst perplexities, he resigned an offer of the laureateship to Mr Southey, and was liberal as usual to unfortunate men of letters, sending, for one thing, fifty pounds to Mr Maturin, the Irish novelist.

Scott had, so early as 1805, commenced a prose fiction on the manners of the Highlanders, which he designated *Waverley, or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. Discouraged by the unfavourable opinion of his friends regarding the first few chapters, he threw aside the

manuscript, which lay accordingly unthought of in an old desk for nine years. Happening to find it while rummaging for fishing-tackle, he bethought him of completing the story, and seriously trying his fortune in a new walk of literature. Three weeks of June 1814 enabled him to add the second and third volumes, and the tale appeared anonymously in the ensuing month. The public almost immediately appreciated its merits, and the first edition of a thousand copies meeting with a quick sale, was speedily followed by a second and a third. The lifelike representation here given of times not too remote for sympathy, and yet sufficiently so in character to tell as eminently romantic, joined to the wonderful ease, spirit, and mingled humour and pathos of the narrative, gave *Waverley* at once a place far above all contemporary novels, and awakened great curiosity regarding the unknown author. Always unconcerned about the fate of his works, Scott immediately set out on a six weeks' yachting excursion round the north of Scotland, with hardly a chance of hearing news from the world of letters during that time, and when he came back, he found himself famous in a new and impersonal capacity. Many reflecting persons were at no loss to see that only the same mind which had reproduced the times of the Jameses in *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, could have resuscitated the court and camp of the Chevalier in 1745; but with the mass of the public the mystery was successful. Some thought it most likely that Scott's brother, Thomas, had produced this romance; there were even some who attributed it to Mr Jeffrey. Of Thomas he had himself so high an opinion, that he about this time offered him money from his own pocket for any novel he might produce. But the opinion of Walter Scott regarding the literary powers of his contemporaries was of absolutely not the least value, in consequence of the peculiar generosity of his nature. Thomas Scott and many others whom he stimulated, and helped to become authors, were in the eyes of the world very ordinary persons, and can only be remembered because they were the objects of this great man's love and esteem.

The success of *Waverley*, and the necessity of money to relieve the Ballantyne concern, quickly urged Scott to a new effort in the same walk. During the short vacation at the Christmas of this year (1814), he produced his tale of *Guy Mannering*, which, being published in the ensuing February, was received with transports of delight (more sober language would be quite inappropriate) by both the Scottish and English public. The author had, only a month before, brought out his last great poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which met with a reception so cool as to convince him that he must now resign the top of the poetical walk to his young rival, Lord Byron. He heard the report of the public decision on this point from James Ballantyne, was disconcerted for a few minutes, and then, recovering his usual spirits, tranquilly resumed the writing

of his novel. How much it would tell to the happiness of literary men in general, if they had but a tithe of the equanimity of Scott about the success of their exertions! In the summer of this memorable year he visited the field of Waterloo, and wrote on that subject a descriptive work, entitled *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, and also a poem, which proved a failure in respect of popular approbation. The results of these various labours, with his professional income, not only set him free of the immediate pressure of the publishing encumbrances, but enabled him to add somewhat to his domains on Tweedside. This year was also memorable to him as that which introduced him to the personal notice of the Prince Regent, who, after greatly enjoying his society at Carlton House, sent him a present of a gold snuff-box set in brilliants.

Scott was now at ease in his circumstances. His ordinary and assured income sufficed for any domestic expenditure he chose to indulge in; the recent embarrassments were at an end; and he might calculate on easily adding a few occasional thousands, for the sake of posterity, by no very great exertion of his ever-fertile brain. But who of mortal mould can ever say 'enough?' especially when the temptation of great facility in acquiring is before him. For Scott at this time to grow from the idea of a cottage retreat in the country, to that of a little lairdship and a good sort of mansion, was certainly very natural, when he found that the work of little more than a month at any time could secure him enough of money to buy from fifty to a hundred acres of ground. It was the more so in his case, as his education, and the original bent of his own feelings, alike tended to create in him a veneration for the possession of land. Add to this, that he had a taste for planting and decoration, and felt a genial joy in being bread-giver to a retinue of that kindly peasantry whose virtues he has himself depicted in such lively colours. Of vulgar ambition for wealth and state, there was in Scott not one particle: to be a chief of the soil and its people, and contemplate his children as succeeding him in the same character, was only, with him, to realise, or set forth in substance, one of the poetical dreams which haunted his mind. It is therefore not surprising at this period to find him far from being disposed to suspend his energies, even although he might have done so under the excuse of somewhat broken health, for he now had frequent visits of stomach-cramp—in no small degree a consequence of some of his literary habits.

The spring of 1816 saw the public in possession of his novel of *The Antiquary*, perhaps, of all his works, the one in which there is most of the current matter of his own mind. It was scarcely published before he had designed his *Tales of My Landlord*, the first series of which came out, as by a new author, in December, and was at once hailed with all the applause accorded to its predecessors, and set down as another offshoot of the same tree. Early in 1817

appeared *Harold the Dauntless*, which, not bearing his name, and being even a greater failure than any of his recent poems, formed the last of that class of his publications. The public might now, perhaps, have had a more rapid succession of novels from his pen, if he had not thought proper to write the historical part of his *Annual Register*, in a vain hope to float that unfortunate work into popularity. As it was, he produced this year his novel of *Rob Roy*, which came out at New Year 1818, and experienced a brilliant reception. So great was his sense of the encouragement extended to these novels, that in 1817 he made purchase of an addition to his property, involving an outlay of no less than £10,000. Just to shew, however, how much generosity towards others was mixed with the no way mean ambition of Scott, his prime object here was to secure a residence for his old school-friend, Adam Ferguson, and his sisters, whom he was eager to plant near his own fireside. On his concluding a rather hasty bargain for this estate, Ferguson expressed his surprise and concern at seeing him exert so little pains to cheapen it. 'Never say a word about it,' said Scott; 'it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and it's only scribbling a little more nonsense some of these mornings, to pay anything it costs me more than enough.' From calculations of this kind, Scott is understood to have bought nearly the whole of his landed property at a very large percentage above its actual value.

From this time till the close of 1825—a space of eight years—prosperity reigned unchecked over the life of Scott. His novels of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *The Pirate*, *Kenilworth*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, and the *Tales of the Crusaders*, streamed from his pen with a rapidity as wonderful as their general merits were great. The public read with delight, and Scott was happy to pipe to a dance which led to such solid results for his own benefit. Generally, the first burst of sale called for ten thousand copies, after which the books continued to go off in large numbers in handsome collective reprints. It is odd after all, since Scott had shewed a desire to increase his gains by being his own printer and publisher, that he gave these books to be published by Constable, or whatever other person, on the principle of a division of the profits—a plan far too favourable to the tradesman, considering that the works were sure to sell with little aid from that quarter. A more grasping author would have given them to be published on commission, and thus realised the whole profit excepting a fraction. The only deduction he made from this liberality to the actual publisher consisted in its being a point with him that the Ballantynes should have a share of that portion of the profits—a mere grace on his part towards men for whom he entertained a friendship. In 1819, Messrs Constable and Company agreed to give him, for the

copyright of the novels published up to that time, and certain shares of poetical copyrights, the sum of £12,000. Two years later, the same booksellers purchased for £5000 the copyright of four succeeding novels—little more than a year's work—from which the author had already drawn £10,000. After another similar interval, the author received five thousand guineas for other four novels, which likewise had previously yielded him half profits. Scott spoke of these sums with triumph and pleasure, as wonderful prices for what he was pleased to call his *yeld kye*—that is, cows which have ceased to give milk. Such a matter of successful authorship was a surprising novelty in its day. Nor was the author alone blessed by the pecuniary productiveness of the Waverley Novels. We find the Edinburgh theatrical manager realising £3000 by the brilliant run of the drama formed from *Rob Roy*. A painter gets £300 for sketches to illustrate a section of the tales. If we reflect on the facility with which Scott could write these novels—devoting to them merely the mornings of a life full of other business and of amusement—we can hardly be surprised to learn that he thought nothing of entering into engagements with Constable and Company for producing four novels, not one line of which had then been written, nor even the leading theme determined on. Nor was it wonderful that he should have gradually been tempted to build additions to his house on Tweedside till it became the architectural romance which it now is, and fitted to receive and entertain a large assortment of company. Scott was social and good-natured; to see him and his mansion was an object of ambition to half the public, including the highest persons in the land. He was thus led, during the seven months of the year which he spent in the country, to be the host of so many persons of every kind, that his wife spoke of the house as a hotel in all but the name. Not that he would have voluntarily indulged in any undue expense on this account, if he had been in limited circumstances; but believing himself to be able to afford it, benevolence gave her irresistible dictate that he should thus make himself the servant of the public, even at the expense of much personal inconvenience to himself and his family. It is stated in Mr Lockhart's biography that sixteen uninvited parties came in one day to Abbotsford. These would pass quickly away; but fashionable tourists, some of them of high rank, came in scarcely smaller shoals, to stay one or two days. A lady reports to us, from the conversation of Miss Anne Scott, the younger daughter of Sir Walter, that on one occasion there were *thirteen ladies'-maids* in the house.

In 1820, Scott was made a baronet. The honour was unsolicited, and he considered himself as accepting it, partly because it was gratifying to his family, and partly with a view to the interests of his eldest son, who had entered a hussar regiment. If he had any enjoyment of the honour in his own breast, it probably arose from no common worldly vanity, but from its touching on some string of

romantic feeling amongst those to which we owe his delightful works. Though now a *laird* and a man of title, as well as the head idol in the temple of the intellect-worshippers of his time, he was no whit different from what he had been in his younger days, when content with love and a cottage at Lasswade. His personal tastes and habits, his bearing to his friends, his familiarity with the poor and lowly, remained the same. As Wilkes is said to have never been a Wilkite, so Scott never, to any appearance, joined the opinion which the world entertained about him as an author. He spoke of his labours in this manner to Southey: 'Dallying with time—tossing my ball and driving my hoop.' Such men as Davy and Watt he considered as the true honour of his age and country. At home, in the bosom of his family, when the world would let him alone, he was the most simple and kindly of associates. As he walked about his grounds, he conversed freely and easily with his servants and the peasantry, amongst whom he was an object of the deepest reverence and affection. Often would this illustrious man work half a day at the felling of trees in his woods, beside several workmen, trying which could cut down one with the fewest blows, and laughing heartily when he was victor. He delighted to walk in the evening towards the house of an aged servant, that he might hear the psalm which the old man was raising with his wife, as they conducted their evening devotions. One of his retinue said to a visitor one day: 'Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations.' It was not a condescending kind of talk he indulged in with these people. He entered into their feelings and tastes, and, speaking their own homely dialect, witched them out of the idea that a master or a laird was before them.

The year 1822 was a somewhat memorable one in Scott's life, on account of the concern he had to take in the arrangements necessary on the occasion of the king's visit to Scotland. The external character of this piece of pageantry was much determined by that revival of national and medieval associations which the novels had effected. Everywhere we were reminded of the Stuarts in Holyrood, and the plaided clansmen on their mountains. Feelings due towards the romantic kings of an elder day were expended, often ludicrously, on the battered beau of Carlton House and St James's Street. Amidst the delirium of the time, the man chiefly concerned in giving it a peculiar character, moved in perfect possession of his wonderful powers of management, dictating or advising in the principal doings, and attending to the minutest details of many of them. The king afterwards expressed, both formally and in private, his deep sense of obligation to Scott for what he had done to make this visit pass off well. The affair is interesting for the proof it gives of the business genius of Scott, and his qualifications for the affairs of the world. Assuredly never was high imagination united with so many of the soberest mental qualities as in his instance.

His qualifications as a man of the world shone in various functions which he consented to assume about this time, as the presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, that of an antiquarian book-printing association called the Bannatyne Club, the chairmanship of an oil-gas factory, and so forth. He had no inclination to thrust himself into such situations, but having been drawn into them, he set about the business which they involved with all the requisite zeal, and with a marvellous amount of skill, good temper, and judgment. The common-sense and sagacity which he exhibited in the performance of these duties, form, perhaps, a greater distinction between Scott and the generality of literary men than even his transcendent genius.

He had at this time, when the writer of these pages first knew him, the appearance of a respectable elderly country-gentleman. Tall, robust, and rather handsome in person, he was deformed by the shortness of his right limb, the foot of which only touched the ground at the toes, while he rocked from side to side on the support of a stout walking-cane, which he moved along with the foot, and put down at the same time. While living in town, he wore a common black suit; in the country, he had gray trousers, a short green jacket, and a white hat. The public is made familiar with his face by numberless portraits; it is only necessary to mention, that at this time it was ruddy with the glow of health, and at the same time somewhat venerable from his thin gray hair. The countenance and quick gray eye usually had a common-world expression, but of a benevolent kind. All was changed, however, when he told anything serious, or recited a piece of ballad poetry; he then seemed to become a being of a totally different grade and sphere.

It has been hinted that Scott's eldest son, Walter, had become an officer in a hussar regiment. This youth, in 1825, wedded a young heiress, Miss Jobson, much to the satisfaction of his father, who, in the marriage-contract, placed against the young lady's fortune a settlement of the estate of Abbotsford upon his son, reserving only his own liferent. He declared that he thus parted with the property of his lands with more pleasure than he ever derived from the acquisition or possession of them. He at the same time expended £3500 in purchasing a company for his son. It was now that the great poet might be considered as at the height of his fortunes. His career had hitherto been an almost uninterrupted series of prosperous and happy events; he had risen from the briefless barrister to the head of the literary world, a title, and the possession of a landed fortune, with the prospect of leaving a race of gentry to follow him. Alas! even while thus triumphantly exalted, the ground was hollow beneath his feet, and a sad prostration was approaching.

Keeping this reverse for its proper place, it is proper here to mention that the novels had fallen off somewhat in popularity since

The Monastery. The author was not made aware of this fact; but he nevertheless felt the necessity of varying his themes as much as possible, in order to preserve the public favour. Hence his shifting ground to England and France, and his attempt, in *St Ronan's Well*, to depict the society of the modern world. Latterly, he bethought him that history was a field of some promise, and he was disposed to enter it. It was now (June 1825) that Mr Constable, moved by some examples of popular publishing in London, adopted the idea that that trade had never been conducted on right principles, seeing that it sought customers only in the more affluent classes, while the masses were left to regard books as luxuries beyond their reach. He projected a periodical issue of volumes, at a comparatively low price, to consist of reprints of approved copyright works belonging to his house, mingled with original works; and claiming and obtaining the support of Scott, it was arranged that the Waverley Novels should reappear in this cheap form, alternated at starting with the volumes of a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, to be composed for the purpose by the same author. Thus was Scott set down, in 1825, to the history of one whose career he had beheld, while it lasted, with the strongest sentiments of reprobation and hatred, feeling, as he did, that the French emperor was the public enemy of England in the first place, and all Europe in the second. It was at first intended that the work should consist of four volumes, or less than a half of what it ultimately became. Just before going seriously into his task, he paid a visit to his son in Ireland, where he was received and entertained with the greatest enthusiasm by all classes—to his own surprise, as he had regarded the Irish as not a reading people. He had not reflected that there is such a thing as lionising great authors on the strength of their fame, and without any but a superficial acquaintance, if so much, with their writings. The contrast between the elegant mansions of the gentry in which he lived, with the misery of the houses of the general population, awoke painful feelings in his mind; but upon the whole, he much enjoyed his tour in Ireland. In the latter part of this year, a second domestic change took place. His eldest daughter, Sophia, had been married in 1820 to Mr J. G. Lockhart, a young barrister, whose talents in literature have since been acknowledged by the public. Hitherto, the young couple had lived in his immediate neighbourhood, both in town and country. He delighted in the ballads which Mrs Lockhart sang to him with the accompaniment of her harp; he found Mr Lockhart a useful adviser in literary matters, and a most agreeable companion; and he felt the tenderest interest in their eldest child, called John Hugh, or, familiarly, 'Hugh Littlejohn,' whose fatal delicacy of constitution only heightened the affection he was otherwise fitted to excite. In consequence of an offer of the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr Lockhart removed to London with his family, by which Scott's family circle was of course much

contracted. This, however, was but a trifling evil compared with others which were about to befall the hitherto fortunate author of *Waverley*.

The years 1824 and 1825 were distinguished by an extraordinary mania for speculation, the consequence of which was, that, towards the close of the latter year, a scarcity of money began to be generally felt. A tightening of this kind always of course tells severely upon men who have been keeping up their trade by means of fictitious bills; and of this class it now appeared were Archibald Constable and Company. The leading member of this firm had been fortunate in the proprietorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the publishing of many of the works of Scott. Naturally grand in his ideas, and of an aspiring temper, at the same time that he despised, and in practice wholly overlooked, common mercantile calculations, he had come to conduct business in a manner which usually leads to ruin. We have seen that the bookselling concern of Scott (John Ballantyne and Company) was indebted to him for some important assistance in enabling it to wind up; the printing concern (James Ballantyne and Company) was also indebted to him for a vast amount of business; while Scott, more personally, was so imprudent as to take bill payments from him for works as yet unwritten, that he might help out his equally imprudent purchases of land. By these means, it came about very naturally that the name of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, Sir Walter Scott—was lent to Constable and Company for the raising of large sums amongst the banks. Scott, venerating the supposed sagacity of Constable, recked not of the danger of this traffic. Constable himself, inflated with a high sense of the literary property and stock which he held, regarded himself as a rich man, notwithstanding the large borrowings to which he condescended. James Ballantyne, venerating both, easy of nature, and unprepared by education or habit to keep a rigid supervision over business matters, gave no alarm regarding the immense compromise of his own and his friend's name.

These explanations serve so far; for what more is necessary, it must, we fear, be admitted that the whole group of persons concerned in the poems and novels, including the mighty Magician himself, were naturally enough intoxicated to a certain degree by a literary success so infinitely exceeding all precedent. All of them, excepting James Ballantyne, had lived in an expensive manner. Scott himself had gone in this respect a good way beyond what prudence dictated, though it is also very certain that if his writings had been published under reasonably favourable circumstances for the realisation of profit, he might have bought land, and kept house as he did, without injury to anybody. All, moreover, had been culpably negligent about accounts and bargainings—Scott ridiculously so, to his own injury, as there appears no good reason for his dividing the six or eight thousand pounds realised by the first issues

of his novels with his booksellers, to whom a commission on sales would have been remuneration sufficient. There was, however, at that time a much more loose and heedless fashion in most business affairs than now prevails, and this requires that some allowance should be made with regard to individual cases. So it was that one of the firmest, and, generally speaking, most sagacious men of his time, discovered, in the course of January 1826, that he was involved in obligations far exceeding the extent of his whole fortune—was, in short, a ruined man.

On the 18th December 1825, fearing bad news of Constable's affairs, he says, in a diary which he kept, and surely few more touching words have ever fallen from any man's pen: 'Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth, on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest?—how live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be.'

The evil day had not yet come in all its reality. Mr Constable went to London, to endeavour to raise money on the copyrights he possessed, in order to put over the difficulties. Moderate-minded men of the present day read, as of something belonging to a different state of society, of this 'Napoleon of the realms of print' seriously expecting to raise one or two hundred thousand pounds on the pledge of his copyrights, one large section of which afterwards, at a fair auction, brought only £8500; his whole property being such as only in the long-run to pay 2s. 9d. a pound upon debts amounting to £256,000. Having utterly failed in raising money on any terms amongst those who deal in it, he induced Scott to advance him ten thousand, which the Laird of Abbotsford was only able to do by acting upon a right he had reserved in his son's marriage-contract to borrow that sum on the security of his estate, for the benefit of his younger children. And this last sacrifice for Mr Constable he

afterwards, very naturally, grudged more than all the rest. It was on the 17th of January that Scott finally ascertained the ruin of his affairs. 'It was hard, after having fought such a battle,' as he says in his diary; but he sustained the first shock with Roman firmness. His resolution was immediately taken, to accept of no grace from his creditors beyond time. 'God grant me health and strength,' he said in deep solemnity to his several friends, 'and I will yet pay every man his due.' To those marvellous powers which he had exerted for the purpose of buying land and keeping state, he trusted for the means of clearing off the tremendous encumbrance which had fallen upon him. At the same time, *state* was to be given wholly up. He resolved to sell his house in Edinburgh, and use a common lodging while obliged to attend his duties in the Court of Session. At other times he would join his family in strict retirement at Abbotsford, which obviously could have been put to no better use. There was no bravado in all this—nothing but a good, sound, honest resolution to redeem the painful obligations into which his imprudence had hurried him. In the same frame of mind, he declined many offers of money made to him by friends.

He was engaged at the time of his misfortunes in writing the *Life of Bonaparte*, taking up his new novel of *Woodstock* at intervals by way of relief. These tasks he continued with steady perseverance in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day which brought him assurance of the grand catastrophe, he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age—age, to which ease, not hard work, is naturally appropriate. His sleep was now less sound than it had been; his eyesight was failing; and, above all, he felt that backwardness of the intellectual power which is inseparable from years. The will, however, was green as ever, and, under the prompting of an honourable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did this glorious old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch, and set to his task at an hour when gaiety has little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an overworked system for rest, were alike resolutely rejected. The world must ever hear with wonder, that between the third day after his bankruptcy and the fifteenth day thereafter, he had written a volume of *Woodstock*, although several of these days had been spent in comparative vacancy, to allow the imagination time for brooding. He believed that, for a bet, he could have written this volume *in ten days!* Just a fortnight after his final breach with fortune, he says in his journal: 'I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. . . . I shall be

free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. . . . If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it.' With such philosophy could Scott regard his reverses, even in the very crisis of their occurrence, and yet from many other passages we find a keen sensibility to the circumstances of his downfall. It was rectitude of mind, and not stoicism, which enabled him to rise above his misfortunes. Nothing, indeed, of sensibility appeared in his external demeanour, even to his children. To them, as to the world, it must have been a lost secret, but for his diary.

The obligations of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, of Sir Walter Scott—were finally ascertained to amount to £117,000, of which only £46,000 were the proper liabilities of his company.

Early in spring, the ministry made an effort to correct the unsound state of things which had led to the late fatal mania, by attempting to pass a bill for the limitation of bank circulation. It was determined to suppress all notes under five pounds. In Scotland, where there is a vast faith in the utility of one-pound bank-notes, and no other circulation is so much liked, this measure was very unpopular. By the banks, it was regarded as fraught with ruin to their interests. Scott, who had disapproved of some recent changes affecting old Scottish institutions, and whose mind, serene as it was, perhaps required some kind of vent for its own vexations, was led to take a strong, perhaps exaggerated view of this question, under which he wrote three letters, in the character of Malachi Malagrowther, originally published in a newspaper, afterwards as a pamphlet. His great humour and fund of droll anecdote gave wings to this production, and helped to rouse the Scottish people to an attitude of resistance, to which, in the long-run, the ministry gave way. The affair presented Scott in a new light—namely, as one setting himself up against authority, and appealing to popular sentiment on the adverse side. The public was somewhat surprised; the ministers, some of whom were his friends, felt hurt at opposition from such a quarter; and there was actually some dryness between him and Lord Melville for a short time. The explanation is, that Scott never was a servile friend of power, but one only as far as his view of what was good for the country led him; and there was a manliness and independence in his character which admitted of no hesitation about a course, when he saw only men on the one side, and the land of his birth on the other. It is gratifying to think that Scott lost no friendship by his conduct on this occasion, beyond a temporary coldness on the part of a few persons.

The novel of *Woodstock* came rapidly to completion, and, early in April, the first edition of it was sold in the printed sheets for £8228, in itself a proof that the author might have all along had a better market for his works if he had chosen. This was a cheering omen of what he was to do for his creditors. Removing at the close of the winter session to Abbotsford, he continued there his habits of application with unabated vigour, although, as appears from the diary, not without some battlings between duty and inclination. The daily amount of work he set to himself in the writing of Napoleon's life was four sheets of manuscript a day, making about twenty-four of the printed pages. We find him on one occasion finishing this before noon—a surprising effort, considering that reference to his authorities or materials must have often been necessary during the progress of the work. At the same time he commenced another work of fiction, a series of tales, entitled *Chronicles of the Canongate*, for he felt the one task as a relief to the other.

He now of course received no company at his rural retreat. Only a few intimate friends of his neighbourhood occasionally joined the family circle. It was a melancholy spring to one whose life in the country had hitherto been a constant holiday. To add to his griefs, the health of his wife had sunk to a low pitch. His kind-hearted Charlotte died on the 16th of May, of water in the chest, the end being somewhat accelerated by the late disasters. Scott, absent at the moment on duty in Edinburgh, quickly hurried home. The event itself, and the grief of his younger daughter on the occasion, powerfully affected him. He thus communes with himself in his journal: 'It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it, then, to the father and the husband! For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.'

Allowing himself little rest for the indulgence of grief, he quickly resumed, or rather hardly interrupted, his usual employments. Between the 12th of June and the 12th of August he wrote the fourth volume of *Napoleon*, besides a portion of his novel. Thus he wrought all the summer, and part of the autumn, till it was found necessary that he should pay a visit to London and Paris, in order to consult documents necessary for *Napoleon*. This journey occupied six weeks, and perhaps was useful as a rally to his spirits. It is

hardly necessary to say that, with high and low, wherever he went, he was an object of as cordial admiration and interest as ever. The king, the Duke of Wellington, and many other eminent persons, paid him marked attentions. In France, he was treated with no less distinction. Public papers in both countries were placed at his disposal without reserve; and in London he obtained an assurance that his second son, Charles, would be employed in the diplomatic department.

The Waverley secret had of course been much blown upon, in consequence of the insolvency of the author; yet some obscurity still rested on the point. It was dispelled in February of next year, at a dinner for the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, where Scott presided; for he there gratified the audience with a distinct avowal that he was the sole author of that series of fictions. It is now known that the mystery was confided to about twenty persons, all of whom had so respected the charge, that no evidence for Scott as the author had ever come before the public.

The spring of 1827 was past, and summer had gone to June, ere Scott's great task was completed. He then finished the last volume of his *Life of Napoleon*, which he had been engaged upon for about two years, but had actually written in scarcely more than a twelvemonth of continuous time. The paper and print of the first and second editions, in nine volumes, brought the creditors £18,000—an amount of gain, in relation to amount of labour, unexampled in the history of literature, and which will probably have no parallel for ages to come. The book was unfortunate in its excessive length; and, written in such haste, it could not be expected to be very perfect, either in style or in facts. Yet it made a tolerably fair impression on the public, and it has since rather advanced than receded in public esteem. The contrast between the manner of its composition and that of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon's works, is startling. All of these narratives were the study and the production of years. It had never till now entered the head of man to think of a great historical task being executed in a twelvemonth. The last-century historians filed and polished their writings sentence by sentence—Scott did not once reperuse the matter which had flowed from his pen. And all this labour had been performed in the midst of grief and shaken health, and without interfering with official duties, one of which called for several hours a day during five months of the twelve.

Immediately on concluding *Napoleon*, he commenced another historical work, his delightful *Tales of a Grandfather;* presenting a selection of the most striking points from the Scottish chroniclers, in a style designed to suit the intelligence of his descendant, 'Hugh Littlejohn.' This he carried on alternately with his *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the first series of which appeared early in the ensuing winter, and was well, though not brilliantly received. He

underwent at this period some harassment from a Jewish London house, holding one of Constable and Company's bills for £2000. With a view to forcing payment by some means, they threatened Scott with arrest; and he actually contemplated at one moment resorting to that sanctuary (Holyrood), in which he placed his imaginary hero, Chrystal Croftangry. At length the vexation was taken off his head by Sir William Forbes, the leading member of a banking company who were amongst his chief creditors. This generous man paid the sum out of his own pocket, without letting Scott suppose but that it was arranged for by the body of creditors. It is pleasant to know that Scott unconsciously underwent several obligations of this nature on the part of other old friends. The first series of the *Tales of a Grandfather* appeared before the end of 1827, and was hailed with more rapture than any work of his for several years. This was the date of another happy circumstance of a more important kind. The copyrights of his novels and of a large proportion of his poetical writings being presented for sale by Constable and Company's creditors, a purchase of them was made for £8500, on the part of his own creditors as half-sharers, while the other half belonged to Mr Robert Cadell, a member of Constable's late house, now in business by himself. It was designed that the novels should be republished by Cadell in a comparatively cheap form, with notes and prefaces by the author, and certain trinkets of embellishment, such as—according to his own phrase—elderly beauties are supposed to require. It was hoped that the share of profits due to his creditors would tell materially to the reduction of the debts; and this hope was more than realised. Meanwhile, a first dividend was paid to these gentlemen from the aggregate gains of Scott's pen during the two past years, amounting very nearly to the unheard-of sum of £40,000. Such were the first-fruits of that hardy industry which he had determined to exert for the redemption of his credit and good name.

Scott's conduct and demeanour towards his old associates in business affairs becomes a matter of some importance, as it too often happens that commercial adversity introduces wrath into such fraternities. It is pleasant to relate, that even towards Mr Constable, who had been the cause of so much loss, he maintained a friendly bearing. He did not, indeed, shut his eyes to the new view he had obtained of Mr Constable's character as a man of business; but though he could trust no longer, he was far from hardening his heart. One thing he felt sorely—his last advance for Constable when in the jaws of ruin. Nor was it a soothing circumstance that the bookseller had endeavoured to get his credit for £20,000 more, which would have only been an additional loss at the speedy and inevitable day of reckoning. Still, he was willing to regard all this as only the effect of sanguine calculations; and accordingly all his expressions regarding the fallen publisher, both in his diary and his

letters, are of a mild and even kindly tenor. Mr Cadell, on the other hand, had secured Sir Walter's esteem and confidence by an honest warning which he gave as to the above £20,000. From the first, he determined to befriend this member of the late house in preference to the other. With regard to James Ballantyne, Scott told him, on the very day when ruin was declared, that he would never forsake him. Mr Ballantyne now conducted business on his own account, and was honoured with the steady friendship and patronage of his old schoolfellow, as of yore.

On the other hand, the conduct of Scott's immediate dependents had been highly creditable. Deeply attached, in consequence of his long-enduring kindness, all were anxious to remain, if possible, about his person. His butler, Dalgleish, said he would take any or no wages, but go he would not. His coachman, Peter Matheson, went to work with his horses at the plough, glad to the core that he was allowed to remain at Abbotsford on such terms.

The spring of 1828 gave the world *The Fair Maid of Perth*, his last popular novel. He then indulged in a little relaxation, by spending a few weeks in London, in the enjoyment of Mr and Mrs Lockhart's society, as well as that of many attached friends. We have at this time a valuable addition to that testimony to his temper which the second last paragraph affords. He had some years before engaged his credit for £1200 in favour of his friend Daniel Terry the actor, who was then undertaking the management of the Adelphi Theatre. Being now informed of the ruin of Mr Terry's affairs, he wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs: 'For my part, I feel as little title, as God knows I have the wish, to make any reflections on the matter, beyond the most sincere regret on your own account. The sum for which I stand noted in the schedule is of no consequence in the now more favourable condition of my affairs. . . . I told your solicitor that I desired he would consider me as a friend of yours, desirous to take, as a creditor, the measures which seemed best to forward your interest.' These are precious things to put into a biography; but they do not exhaust the list. Even while drudging so hard for the means of diminishing his own encumbrances, he is found pretty frequently composing and giving away a paper for the benefit of some unfortunate man of letters, little regarding, perhaps, the strict merits of the object of his bounty. One of the most remarkable of these benefactions consisted in his allowing the publication of two religious discourses for the benefit of a young man endeared to him by misfortune as well as merit. This publication yielded £250, a sum which few other literary men would allow to pass from their own pockets in such a manner.

A great part of his time was now taken up with the new writing connected with the popular edition of his works; yet before the end of 1828 he had advanced a good way with a new novel, the ground of which he laid in Switzerland, notwithstanding his being acquainted

with the scenery of that country only by description and engravings. His mind was now in a more cheerful mood regarding his affairs than it had been since the dreadful January 1826; and if he had been free of various ailments, inclusive of rheumatism, caught from a damp bed in France, he might have enjoyed his life in the country almost as heartily as ever. Suffer as he might, perseverance at his desk was a fixed principle with him. Of this we have a striking trait in his finishing *Anne of Geierstein* before breakfast one morning, and commencing, as soon as the meal was over, a new work, a *History of Scotland*, for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The prospectus of what he called his *opus magnum*—namely, the re-issue of the Waverley Novels—came out in February 1829, and was so well received that an edition of 10,000 seemed the least he could throw off, a number which in those days appeared immense. When the book was published, it was quickly found that this edition would be quite insufficient to supply the public demand. In short, the sale of the early volumes was not under 35,000. This was of course magnificent success, and afforded the prognostic of a much quicker and more easy settlement of the debts than had been anticipated. The volumes were sold at five shillings. It was easy to see that, when a certain section of the public had been supplied at that rate, a still cheaper edition might be issued with benefit to all concerned. Thus it might be hoped that Sir Walter would in time rest a free man, with little help from his own immediate exertions. His heart rebounded at the prospect; and he even glanced at the possibility of adding to his son's estate before he died. The public, too, had their visions on the subject, and, under the idea that his embarrassments were, comparatively speaking, at an end, the old stream of tourists and friend-visitors began once more to pour into Abbotsford. The only drawback was in the infirm and failing health.

In February 1830, he experienced the first decidedly bad symptom, in an attack of an apoplectic nature, which caused him to fall speechless and insensible on the floor. This, it seems, was a hereditary affection in his family, and it therefore gave him the greater apprehension, though his physicians were of opinion that the attack proceeded from the stomach. On still went the pen of the ready-writer, now engaged on a volume of *Demonology* for Murray's *Family Library*. To obtain even more time for literary taskwork, he now resigned his clerkship on a retiring allowance of £800 a year, and went to fix himself at Abbotsford as a permanent residence. It was an injudicious step, as it deprived him of the society of most of his old friends, and threw him more and more upon that taskwork which had already been prosecuted only too zealously. His friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, were now sensible that he had carried his zeal for the discharge of his debts too far, and would have fain restricted him to lighter duty; but it was difficult to deal with a mind acting under such powerful impulses. Greatly against their wishes, he

commenced a new novel, styled *Count Robert of Paris*, which, when it appeared, shewed very clearly how glory had departed from him. He also embroiled his mind in the politics of the crisis then passing, and wrote a long pamphlet against the reforming measures of the day, which afterwards he was induced to suppress. The exaggerated view which he took of the reform cause is a painful chapter in his history, not merely as shewing him unusually ill informed and weak of judgment on passing events, but because it gave a needless addition to anxieties of a real kind which were now pressing severely on the springs of life. Amidst the vexations arising to him from public affairs, one ray of pleasure visited him when his creditors (December 1830) presented him with his library, furniture, plate, and articles of virtù, considered as equivalent to £10,000, thus enabling him to make a provision for the younger branches of his family. These gentlemen were led to this act of generosity by their sense of his unparalleled exertions in their behalf. Their claims against Scott had now been reduced to £54,000, and as he had insured £22,000 upon his life in their favour, and the Waverley Novels were continuing to produce large returns, all doubt of the ultimate discharge of the claims had ceased. About this time, the honour of being made a member of the Privy Council was offered to him, but peremptorily declined, as unsuitable to his circumstances.

In November of the past year, Scott had had another slight stroke of apoplexy. He lived in the most sparing manner, yet this did not prevent a distinct paralytic affection befalling him in April 1831. From this he recovered, by the care of a good surgeon, in a few days, and was then placed, by way of caution, upon extremely low diet, which, however, he did not always adhere to. He was now extremely infirm in walking, and, from heedlessness, often tumbled over articles of furniture or other impediments. The desire to be writing continued, nevertheless, in full vigour as a ruling passion. Here, however, he was destined to receive a shock more terrible to him than bodily illness, when his friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, felt it right to tell him that his tale of *Count Robert of Paris* was, in their opinion, an entire failure. 'The blow is a stunning one, I suppose'—thus he speaks in his diary—'for I scarcely feel it. . . . I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can.' His friends and medical attendants strongly advised him to intermit these severe exertions, which evidently were only a gentle form of self-murder; but they preached to deaf ears. They were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to keep him back from a county election in which he felt interested. He went—took part in the proceedings—and came to a collision with the populace, which could not but leave distressing effects on one who, on all other points, delighted to stand in kindly

relations towards the humbler classes. In the very depth of this dark crisis he began a tale, called *Castle Dangerous*, in which the failing powers of his mind became even more painfully conspicuous. He was now fully sensible that, in all probability, he had but a short time to live; but it only made him the more eager to work for the acquittance of his great obligations. So much was this the case, that, being at a country-house in Lanarkshire on a short visit, the intelligence of a friend having fallen down suddenly in a fit, from which it was not expected he would recover, caused him instantly to break up his engagement, and go home; answering to all remonstrances on the subject: 'The night cometh when no man may work.'

He was now advised to spend the ensuing winter in Italy; and the government having handsomely placed a ship at his disposal, he sailed for Naples in October, attended by his eldest son and younger daughter. He was most unwilling to leave home, but a long-entertained wish to see some of the continental countries besides France served to reconcile him to the change. The voyage was a pleasant one: he enjoyed the objects to be seen at Malta, so full of middle-age associations, and thought of fictions he could found upon them. On the 17th December, he reached Naples, where everything was done by the king and the best society of the place, including many English, to render his residence happy. His chief companion here was Sir William Gell, an invalid English gentleman, who wrote upon the antiquities of Italy, and with whom Scott at once became extremely intimate. He beheld most of the classical antiquities with indifference—saying only at Pompeii: 'The city of the dead!' —but was keenly interested in any object or document which took his mind into the middle ages. Here he actually wrote a new tale (entitled *The Siege of Malta*), and commenced a second, neither of which was deemed by his friends as fit to see the light. For some time he entertained cheerful views about his health; he was also under an impression that his debts were all discharged: it is needless to say that in both particulars he was deceived. Thus about four months rolled on. He then became anxious to return home, and, as he would not obey rule either as to writing or his diet, it was thought best to gratify him, in the hope that a more effectual control might there be exercised.

Attended by his younger son, who had been placed at Naples as an attaché to the embassy there, and by his younger daughter as before, Scott left Naples for Tweedside on the 16th of April. He paused a few weeks at Rome, chiefly to gratify his daughter with the sights, of which, however, he himself also partook, beholding, as before, the medieval antiquities with the greater share of interest. The houses occupied by the dethroned Stuarts, and their tombs in St Peter's, were objects of peculiar interest in his eyes. Here, as at Naples, he was treated by persons of the highest rank, native and

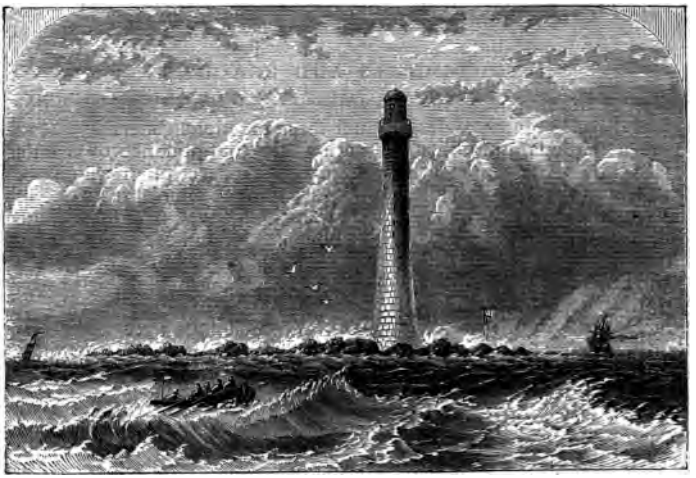
foreign, with the greatest respect. Leaving Rome on the 11th of May, he proceeded by Venice, through the Tyrol, to Frankfort, with a haste which must have been unfavourable to him, but which nothing could control. It was soon after necessary for him to have blood let by his servant Nicolson, who had been instructed for that purpose. On the 13th of June he reached London, totally exhausted. It was now evident that this illustrious man was drawing near to the end of a greater journey. He was kept three weeks in London, during which his friends saw in him but occasional gleams of sense. He never knew distinctly where he was: he knew, however, that he was not at Abbotsford, and there he yearned to be. To gratify him, he was taken to Scotland by sea, and from Edinburgh, as soon as possible, to his own house. As he approached it, he began faintly to recognise familiar objects, and by and by it was found difficult to keep him in the carriage, so greatly was he excited. At length, alighting at the porch, and seeing his steward and friend, he exclaimed: 'Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' His dogs came about his knees, and he sobbed over them until stupor fell again upon him. He remained in the sad state to which he was now reduced for two months. Sometimes the mind cleared a little, and on one occasion he caused himself to be placed at his desk to write, where, however, the fingers failed to grasp the pen, and he sunk back weeping in his chair. More generally he was in a state of slumber. When sensible, he caused the Bible and church services to be read to him. At length, on the 21st of September, the scene was gently closed. Sir Walter died in the sixty-second year of his age. He was buried a few days after in a family sepulchre within the limits of Dryburgh Abbey.

The character of Scott has already been indicated in the tenor of his life, and it is not necessary to say much in addition. It certainly included a wonderful amount of the very noblest and most lovable of the qualities of humanity—rarely, perhaps, have so many been combined in one person. The public had a stronger sense of this in Scott's lifetime than even now, for the revelations made by Mr Lockhart and others regarding his commercial affairs have had the effect of derogating considerably from his reputation. But we venture to predict that this is only a temporary effect. It has damaged the ideal image only; it has not injured the real man. Far better, we would say, to look the actual character in the face, and judge of it from its shadows as well as its lights; then only can we truly appreciate even the worth and goodness of Scott, for then only do we see a bearer of our own nature, charged with a share of its infirmities, as well as of its glories. Admit, for instance, that he erred in his anxiety for wealth; see, on the other hand, what objects he had here in view! There was nothing sordid in this passion of his—the results were mainly used to realise a poetic dream from which others were to derive the substantial benefits. A large share

was also devoted without a grudge to solace the unfortunate. Grant, again, that he venerated rank; the feeling was essentially connected with his historic taste. He worshipped not the title or its living bearer; his idol was constituted by the romantic associations which it awoke—and thus he has been known to pay far more practical respect to a poor Highland chieftain than to a modern English peer. It may, in like manner, be admitted that his judgments on passing affairs were obsolete, and they may be excused by a similar reference to his poetic habits. It was the same romance of the brain from which we derived his novels, that misled him on these points. The gravest charge against him lies undeniably in his heedlessness regarding his affairs. Apart altogether from his accommodations to Constable and Company, he had entered deeply into a false system of credit on his own account; and while much debt was consequently hanging over him, he is found transferring the only solid security for it—his estate—to his son. This, however, should be contemplated in connection with all the circumstances which we can suppose to have justified it in his own mind. To one who was producing ten thousand a year by his pen, and who had done so for years, who, moreover, saw large possessions in his own hands, there might appear no pressing reason for looking anxiously into the accounts concerning even so large a sum of floating debt as forty-six thousand pounds; at least to one whose temperament, we now see, was sanguine and ideal as ever poet manifested, though in his case usually veiled under an air of worldly seeming. When this is considered, the weight of the charge will, we think, appear much lessened, though it cannot be altogether done away. For what remains, let us reflect on the latter days of Scott, and surely we must own that never was fault more nobly expiated, or punishment more nobly borne, than by the great Minstrel.

Since the death of Scott, the whole of his debts have been cleared off by the profits of his writings, which now remain as a lucrative property to his descendants.





Skerryvore Light-house.

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF CIVIL-ENGINEERING.

THE civil-engineer is one to whom the word *impossible* is scarcely permitted. His professional duties call upon him to devise the means for surmounting obstacles of the most formidable kind. He has to work in the water, over the water, under the water; to cause streams to flow; to check them from overflowing; to raise water to a great height; to build docks and walls that will bear the dashing of waves; to convert dry land into harbours, and low-water shores into dry land; to construct light-houses on lonely rocks; to build lofty aqueducts for the conveyance of water, and viaducts for the conveyance of railway-trains; to burrow into the bowels of the earth with tunnels, shafts, pits, and mines; to span torrents and ravines with bridges; to construct chimneys that rival the loftiest spires and pyramids in height; to climb mountains with roads and railways; to sink wells to vast depths in search of water. By untiring patience, skill, energy, and invention, he produces in these several ways works which certainly rank among the marvels of human power.

LIGHT-HOUSES AND BEACONS.

Among the achievements of engineering art, none exhibit greater ingenuity or boldness of design than those erections generally placed in most perilous and difficult situations for the guidance of vessels at sea. The most ancient structure of this description which we read of was the Tower of Pharos—regarded by the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was commenced by Ptolemy the Elder, and finished some years after by himself and his son Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year of the world 3670, on the island of Pharos in the bay of Alexandria. 'It was built,' says an ancient authority, 'on the east end of this island, upon a rock of white marble, of a large square structure, on the top of which fires were kept constantly burning for the direction of vessels. It was a most magnificent tower, 450 feet high, consisting of several stories and galleries,' with a lantern at top, which could be seen many leagues at sea.

The Colossus of Rhodes was another ancient erection for this purpose, regarded as one of the seven Wonders of the World. According to popular tradition, it was the statue or figure of a man, dedicated to Apollo, and built in such a manner as to stand astride the entrance into the harbour, that ships might sail between its legs, which were full 50 feet asunder. A staircase was built up the inside of it, and in the outstretched right hand was a basin or dish to hold fire, as a landmark or guide to mariners. The entire figure was 105 feet in height, and built of brass. It was twelve years in building, and stood only fifty-six, being thrown down by an earthquake, in which state it remained till the year 672 A.D. When the Saracens took possession of the island, they demolished the Colossus, and sold the remains of the metal. It is but right to state, however, that we have no ancient authority for this account, Pliny and others simply mentioning the proportions of the Colossus, the date of its erection, and the fact of its overthrow.

The Light-tower of Cordouan, in France, situated upon a low rock about three miles from land, at the mouth of the Garonne, was for a long time regarded as one of the chief marvels of modern Europe. It was founded in 1584, and completed in 1610. Its lower part consists of a solid platform of masonry, 135 feet in diameter, above which, in succession, are a number of apartments, all narrowing in circumference till the upper story is reached—being in all 145 feet high.

In our own day, one of the most celebrated light-houses is that which is built on the Eddystone Rock—a low reef, situated south-south-west from the middle of Plymouth Sound, fourteen miles from that port, and about ten from the promontory of Ramhead. The reef, which stretches across the channel for upwards of 200 yards, slopes gradually towards the south to the distance of a mile, so that

the swell sweeps up, as it were, an incline, till within a few fathoms of the exposed rock, where, striking against a sudden ledge, it breaks, and dashes upwards to a height of forty or fifty feet. On this dangerous reef the necessity of a light-house was early felt; and accordingly, in 1696, a gentleman named Winstanley was furnished with the necessary official powers to carry such a design into execution. He entered upon his task in 1696, and completed it in four years. So certain was Winstanley of the stability of his wooden structure, that he declared it to be his wish to be in it 'during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven;' a wish that was but too soon and fatally gratified, for in November 1703, while there with some workmen and the light-keepers, a storm of unparalleled violence arose, and in one night the whole fabric was swept away. In 1709 another light-house was built of wood by a Mr Rudyerd; this structure, after braving the elements for forty-six years, was burned down in 1755. On the destruction of this light-house, Mr Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, was next applied to; he at once fixed upon the more durable material stone, and chose for his model the natural figure of the trunk or bole of a large spreading oak. With these views as to the proper form of the superstructure, Mr Smeaton began the work on the 2d of April 1757, and finished it on the 4th of August 1759. The rock, which slopes toward the south-west, has been cut into horizontal steps, into which are dovetailed and united by a strong cement Portland stone and granite. The whole, to the height of 35 feet from the foundation, is a solid of stones, ingrafted into each other, and united by every means of additional strength. The building has four rooms, one over the other, and at the top a gallery and lantern. It is nearly 80 feet high; and since its completion, has been assaulted by the fury of the elements, without suffering any appreciable injury.

Equally remarkable with the light-house of the Eddystone, is that of the Bell Rock—a sunken reef, lying at the distance of eleven miles from the promontory called the Red Head, in Forfarshire, and on the highway to the firths of Forth and Tay, two of the most frequented estuaries in the kingdom. The ledge is about 850 yards in length and 110 in breadth; at low-water, some of its summits appear from 4 to 8 feet above the level of the sea; but at high-water, they are always covered to the depth of 10 or 12 feet. Tradition says that the abbots of the monastery of Aberbrothwick succeeded in fixing a bell, which was rung by the swell of the sea, so as to warn the mariner of his situation; but that this benevolent erection was destroyed by a Dutch pirate, who (to complete the story) was afterwards lost upon the rock with his vessel and crew. However this may have been, it was not till the beginning of the present century that a solid substantial light-house, after the model of the Eddystone, was determined upon, and erected. This work was intrusted to Mr Stevenson, the Scottish engineer;

was begun in 1808, and completed in 1810. Being lower in the water than any rock on which a similar building had been previously raised, the difficulties of the engineer were greatly increased; but by preparing all the stones on shore, and conveying them in lighters to the reef, where a tender and other accommodation were provided for the workmen, his success was complete, and the revolving ruddy light of the Bell Rock now ranks among the chief achievements of British ingenuity. 'The light-house,' we quote the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, 'is a circular building, measuring 42 feet in diameter at the base, and 13 feet in diameter at the top. The masonry is 100 feet in height, or, including the light-room, 115 feet. The ascent from the rock to the top of the solid, or lowest thirty feet, is by means of a kind of trap-ladder; the ascent from the level of the entrance door is by means of a circular stair to the first apartment, containing the water, fuel, &c.; and from thence to the several apartments the communication is by wooden steps. The windows have all double sash-frames, glazed with plate-glass, besides a storm-shutter of timber for the defence of the glass against the sprays of the sea.'

Still more remarkable for its height, and for the difficulties encountered in building, is the Skerryvore Light-house, finished in 1844, by Mr Alan Stevenson. It stands on a rock ten miles from the nearest point of the island of Tiree, in a very wild and stormy part of the Hebrides. Every block of masonry to construct the light-house had to be landed on the rock in the face of a tremendous sea dashing in from the Atlantic; and when the wind as well as the sea was violent, to effect a landing was impossible. The light-house is 138½ feet high—far in excess of the Eddystone or the Bell Rock; it is 42 feet diameter at the base, and 16 at the top. The light, a revolving one of the first class, can be seen at a distance of 18 miles. The Skerryvore cost nearly £90,000.

Cast-iron light-houses are among the constructions which modern ingenuity has succeeded in producing. A specimen of this kind was made in London for the Bahamas a few years ago. It was to be erected on a dangerous rock, near the Bahama group of islands in the West Indies. The height of the light-house tower is 124 feet with an additional 15 feet for the revolving lantern. The diameter, varies from 25 to 14 feet as it tapers upwards; and it contains about 300 tons of iron. The building is divided into seven floors or stories, each about 16 feet high. The lowest, at some distance above the level of the ground, and reached by an exterior iron stair, is fitted up as a kitchen; the second is used as a sitting-room; the third as a bed-room; while the remaining stories are occupied in various ways for purposes connected with the business of the light-house. The core or centre of the structure is a large metal shaft, two feet in diameter, from top to bottom. From this, at intervals of 16 feet, strong iron girders radiate to the circumference, and serve to support

the floors of the different chambers, and to knit together the exterior with the interior. Most of the rooms are lined with corrugated iron; and the building is pierced all round at short intervals with small glazed loopholes, for the purposes of light and ventilation. The exterior of the tower consists of 155 cast-iron plates, varying from 15 to 40 hundredweights each, and made to fit into each other with the greatest nicety. The framework of the lantern is constructed of gun-metal, with a view to the greatest possible durability, and glazed with plate-glass five-eighths of an inch thick. Specimens of iron light-houses were displayed at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867.

The light-houses which are upon land are, in almost all cases, perched up to a greater height above the level of the sea than those built on rocks, like the Eddystone, Bell Rock, and Skerryvore. As a consequence, the light is visible to a much greater distance. The Admiralty has published a list of twenty such land light-houses, built at various times between 1718 (St Bee's Head) and 1833 (Barra Head). The light itself is elevated above the sea to a height in some instances very great—especially Cape Wrath, 400 feet; Cape Clear, 455; the Needles, 469; Lundy Island, 540; and Barra Head, not less than 680 feet. The light, in clear weather, is visible at the following distances: Inchkeith, 18 miles; Flamborough Head, 19; the Lizard, 20; the Isle of May, 21; Beachy Head, Cromer, Sumburgh Head, Kintyre, and Calf of Man, 22; Dunnet Head, Mull of Galloway, and St Bee's Head, 23; South Foreland, Cape Wrath, and Skelligs Rock, 25; the Needles, Cape Clear, and Clare Island, 27; Lundy Island, 30; and Barra Head, 32 miles.

BREAKWATERS AND HARBOUR-WORKS.

Closely allied to light-houses in maritime importance are breakwaters and other large engineering works at the mouths of harbours. Few of these can boast of more utility or greater national importance than the Plymouth Breakwater. This erection consists of an immense mole, stretching for a full mile across the middle of the sound or opening which forms the entrance to the harbours of Plymouth and Devonport. This sound has been for many years the principal place of rendezvous for the fleets of the royal navy; but, though possessing numerous advantages over every other port in the south-west of England, it had one great fault—that of being open to the fury of gales from the south and west, to which this part of the coast is much exposed. Some defence from the inroads of these gales had long been a subject of public discussion; and in 1812 the suggestion of Messrs Rennie and Whidbey, that an 'insulated pier should be constructed, extending 1700 yards across the middle of the sound,' was adopted, and the work commenced. Twenty-five acres of limestone rock, on the east bank of Catwater, were

purchased from the Duke of Bedford for its construction; and on the 12th of August the foundation-stone, a huge block of marble raised for the purpose, was laid, or rather thrown into the sea, with great ceremony. In March 1813 the first stone was observed above the surface of low-water; and by the end of 1816 the work was considered as half completed, at an expense of £364,000. The blocks, weighing from one to eight tons each, were carried to the spot in vessels constructed for the purpose. In 1822 about two millions of tons of stones had been laid; and the principal object of the breakwater being attained, there was a great reduction in the number of men and vessels employed, and a consequent slowness in bringing the work to a conclusion. In February 1841 a light-house was begun at the western extremity—the western entrance to the sound being the safest, and the only one used by large vessels at night. The height of this tower is about 60 feet, or more than 120 feet from the bottom of the sea. It is wholly built of granite, and is divided into five stories—respectively serving for oil-room, store-room, dwelling-room, sleeping-room, and one above, over which is placed the lantern. The entrance, about twelve feet from the breakwater, is guarded by two massive sliding doors of bell-metal; and the steps, or winding stairs, which lead to the different apartments, are hewn out of the stones which form the thick walls of the structure. The sashes of the windows are also of bell-metal, and the panes of thick plate-glass. The light-house, which may be said to have completed the breakwater, was finished in 1843; the whole structure having required upwards of four millions of tons of rough stones, besides about eighty thousand tons of cut granite.

The Portland Breakwater is one of several which have been constructed or commenced within the last few years to form artificial harbours. Holyhead harbour, thus formed, covers an area of 267 acres; Dover (when finished), 374; Portland, 1590; and Plymouth, 1741. This is the area at three fathoms depth of water; but at Portland the area at low water exceeds that of any of the others, being no less than 2100 acres. The breakwater is virtually a wall built up in the sea, nearly a mile and a half long, and in the deepest part nearly 100 feet high by 300 thick at the base. The portion of this wall visible above water bears but a very small ratio to the portion immersed; on account of the necessity for a broad base to give stability to the structure. Six million tons of stone have been required to effect this—a mass which, it has been calculated, would form a column 100 feet in diameter, and as high as Mont Blanc. There has been no regular mason's work, except near and above the surface of the water; the rough stones were thrown down at the rate of 2000 to 3000 tons per day, and allowed to settle in their own positions. The wall or breakwater is built in two portions, meeting each other at an obtuse angle. Starting from the Isle of Portland, it first stretches 3500 feet in a north-east direction, and then 5000

feet northward, in deeper water. The two sections are not actually joined; there is an opening between them, wide enough to admit the passage of ships in certain states of the wind, when it is not desirable to pass round the extreme northern end. The stone has been wholly derived from the Isle of Portland, and was conveyed down by tramways to the spot where it was precipitated into the sea. Almost all the work has been executed by convicts, housed in the penal prison at Portland, and employed out of doors during the day under vigilant supervision. It has been a very admirable mode of employing the time of men who had made themselves amenable to the laws; for the work has been executed at a cheap rate, and the harbour of Portland has been vastly improved thereby.

The breakwater, dock, and harbour-works at Cherbourg are among the most extensive in Europe. They were commenced ninety years ago, and even now can hardly be deemed finished. The principal work, the breakwater, is chiefly a mass of rubble stone thrown into the sea, with masonry at the top, and huge blocks of artificial stone to protect the sloping sides from too violent an action of the waves. The breakwater is in two branches; and at the apex of the angle formed by their meeting is a large central fort, the curved front of which measures more than 500 feet. Beyond this fort is an elliptic central tower, 225 feet by 123. Two large circular forts are at the ends of the breakwater; and there is also a casemated fort on the western or longer branch. The harbour and basins are on a gigantic scale. There is an outer harbour, 776 feet by 662, with a minimum depth of 58 feet of water. There is a floating basin 957 feet by 713, communicating with the outer harbour by a lock 130 feet by 59. There are four fine covered building-slips for 120-gun ships, uncovered slips for smaller vessels, and a graving-dock 245 feet by 78. There is an inner floating-harbour of immense size, 2788 feet by 1312, all hewn out of the solid rock on shore, extremely hard and tough. All around this harbour are building-slips and graving-docks; together with quays, magazines, storehouses, lofts, workshops, &c. As a combined military and naval port, artificially constructed, Cherbourg has now scarcely a parallel in any part of the world.

EMBANKMENTS AND RIVER WALLS.

Some of the most important examples of engineering are those which bear relation to the straightening and deepening of rivers, and the making quay walls, &c. along their banks. One notable specimen of this class is the Thames Embankment, formed to straighten the northern bank of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars, to reclaim and render useful a muddy strip of foreshore, to form a fine public road and terrace where such conveniences were much wanted, to provide a locality for the low-level sewer of the Main

Drainage System, and to deepen the water of the river by improving the scour. The works have required the exercise of great skill, to insure all these results. The width varies from 200 feet near Temple Gardens, to 450 feet near Charing Cross Bridge. When finished, the public roadway at the top will be 70 feet wide, and the two footpaths 15 feet each. Between the Temple Gardens and Blackfriars Bridge, the dimensions and the mode of construction differ somewhat from those adopted at the portion between Temple Gardens and Westminster Bridge; but in this last-named section the earthworks and masonry are on a vast scale. The river wall forming the water frontage of the embankment is constructed by the aid of an elaborate system of iron caissons; these are so placed side by side as to form an impermeable barrier, allowing the water to be pumped out from behind them, and the earthwork and masonry work to be carried on. Granite work of the finest kind forms the river face, with stairs to descend to steam-boat piers, parapets and balustrades, and massive pedestals on which sculptures might possibly be placed. At low-water, this river wall presents the appearance of a noble quay of solid granite, 26 feet high by nearly a mile and a half in length. The height of the roadway itself above high-water mark scarcely exceeds four feet, with a protecting parapet of four additional feet; but at the two ends there are gradually ascending curved roads to the level of Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges. The embankment, in its whole width, passes under Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridges. Some of the reclaimed ground is to be laid out as gardens—quite a novelty in such a busy part of London. The Metropolitan District Railway passes along and beneath the embankment; and the low level sewer of the main drainage also passes along under it—very elaborate engineering arrangements being necessary to effect this. The embankment lately formed on the south of the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall, is of a less elaborate character. Any continuation of the northern embankment eastward to London Bridge would interfere with property of enormous value.

The processes of engineering under water are very materially aided by the diving-bell. As one instance, there was an English vessel, the *Columbian*, sunk in Brest harbour in 1865, and extensive operations were planned to raise her. In the course of these a diver, named Casimir Deschamps, put on the water-tight dress and casque, and descended to examine the sunken vessel. He descended to a depth of no less than 197 English feet, when the feed-pipe of the pump having burst, he was hastily drawn up to prevent further calamity. A lamp, which was at the same time lowered to give him light, was crushed in by the enormous pressure. A second descent proved that neither the man nor the apparatus could bear so vast a pressure as 85 lbs. on the square inch. For all practical engineering operations the necessary depth is of course much less,

and then these divers render very valuable service. It is in the building of docks, basins, quays, sea-walls, and the like, that these services are mostly in request; but there have been remarkable cases of sunken ships blown up by electro-blasting charges affixed to the hulls by divers.

HYDRAULIC POWERS AND LIFTS.

The application of water-power to lifting, and to the mechanical movement of heavy masses, has extended to a surprising degree within the last few years. By the numerous inventions of Sir William Armstrong and other engineers, all kinds of dock-machinery, especially, have been brought within its grasp. In the new dock-works at Swansea, for instance, hydraulic apparatus opens the gates, swings the bridges, works the sluices, lifts the hoists, and performs numerous other operations. There are a mile and a half of pipes to effect this, capable of bearing a water-pressure of 700 lbs. to the square inch; and at any point in this vast length the power can be practically applied. In the fine new docks at Grimsby, there is a noble water-tower 300 feet high, visible to a vast distance at sea; a 20 horse-power steam-engine drives up water to a tank at the top of the tower; and the immense pressure of this head of water supplies power to perform a very extensive amount of dock-work.

Another valuable application of water-power is in the hydraulic lift, such as that which has been constructed at the Victoria Docks. The purpose is to lift a ship bodily up out of the water, and keep it dry during repairs. There are 32 upright hydraulic rams, in two rows of 16 each, the length of each row being equal to that of a very large ship, and the distance between the rows to its width. Iron girders, extending across from row to row, are suspended by iron straps fastened to cross-heads at the top of the rams. A pontoon, formed of strongly-ribbed wrought-iron plate, open at the top, but closed at the bottom and sides, rests upon the girders. When the rams are down, the girders sink to the bottom of the water; and the pontoon, being filled with water by opening certain valves, sinks in like manner. A ship of 1000 tons or more can be warped into the pontoon. A steam-engine being set to work, the hydraulic power is developed in the cylinder; the rams rise slowly, and with them the girders, pontoon, and ship. The whole pontoon rises above the surface of the water; it is kept water-tight by closing the valves, and then the ship is held up high and dry. The pontoon can be floated out to a receptacle where workmen are employed in repairing the ship; and the rams are left ready to act upon a similar pontoon. This apparatus is now largely used in various colonial and foreign ports, to facilitate the repairing of ships where docks are wanting or inefficient.

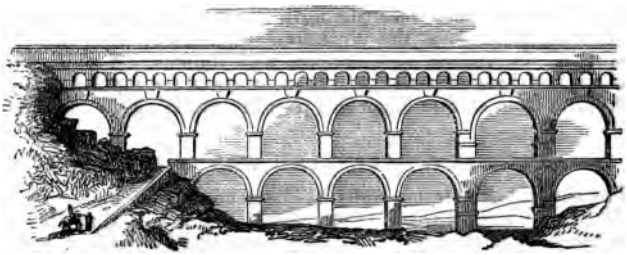
AQUEDUCTS.

We cannot look back to the aqueducts of the ancients—those stupendous tiers of arches upon which they conducted their supplies of water across valleys and rivers—without regarding them with curious interest. Though remains of aqueducts, or water-courses, are yet to be discerned in Syria, Persia, and other eastern countries, it was only among the Romans that the construction of such works was carried to true magnificence and perfection, and this not only for the supply of their own capital, but also for the benefit of the chief towns in their subject provinces. The aqueducts of Rome extended thirty, forty, and even sixty miles from the city, in one continued covered channel of stone, carried by arcades over the deepest and widest valleys, and by tunnels, running in many parts for miles through mountains, and through the solid rock.

In one part, the New Anio is said to have extended six miles and a half in one continued series of arches, many of them upwards of 100 feet high. The Aqua Martia, which owed its formation to Quintus Martius, rose from a spring thirty-three miles distant from Rome, made a circuit of three miles, and afterwards forming a vault 16 feet in diameter, it ran thirty-eight miles along a series of arcades at an elevation of 70 feet—making in all not fewer than 7000 arches! The Aqua Julia and the Aqua Tepula were brought to Rome by the same aqueduct as the Aqua Martia, but on higher levels. The whole aqueduct above the arcades was divided into three stories or channels. In the uppermost flowed the Aqua Julia, in the second the Aqua Tepula, and in the lowest the Aqua Martia. From the ruins of this combined fabric which still exist, it appears to have been a very superb structure. The Aqua Claudia—begun by Nero and completed by Claudius—took its rise thirty-eight miles from the city. It formed a subterranean stream thirty-six miles and a quarter in length, ran ten miles and three-quarters along the surface of the ground, was vaulted for the space of three miles, and supported on arcades through a space of seven miles, being carried along as high a level as to supply all the hills of Rome. It still continues to furnish the modern city with water of the best quality, which has hence procured it the present name of *Aqua Felice.*

Of the provincial aqueducts which still remain as relics of Roman grandeur, the most remarkable are the aqueduct of Metz, the aqueduct of Nîmes, or the Pont du Gard, and that of Segovia in Spain.. The Pont du Gard—that part of the aqueduct of Nîmes which crosses the deep valley in which the Gardon flows—was executed in the reign of Augustus, and is one of the noblest remains of Roman architecture among the Gauls. It is composed of three ranges of arches, one above another. The first row comprehends six arches, each 60 feet span, excepting one which was the

largest, and was 75 feet span; the second row contained twelve arches of the same span as those of the first; and the third had thirty-six little arches, on the top of which was the channel



The Pont du Gard.

for conducting the water. The total height of the structure above the water of the river was 160 feet, and its length 300 yards. Of the aqueduct of Segovia, there still remain 159 arches, all built of large stones, and without any cement. There are two tiers, and the entire height of the edifice is 102 feet.

The reader must not by any means suppose that the erection of aqueducts ceased with the Roman Empire. Since then, some of almost equally remarkable character have been completed, of which we may mention the aqueduct of Spoleto, constructed in 741 by Theodoric, king of the Goths, to communicate with the town of Spoleto, situated on the summit of a mountain. It is one of the handsomest structures of the kind, and remains entire to the present day. In crossing the river De La Morgia, the channel-way is supported upon two tiers of Gothic arches, the lower containing ten grand arches, and the upper thirty. The length of this arcade is 800 feet, the breadth 44, and the height 420 feet! The aqueduct of Caserta, built in 1753 by Charles III. of Naples, is also an expensive and gigantic structure, one of its arcades consisting of three tiers of arches 1724 feet long and 190 feet in height.

The greatest work of the kind in America is the Croton aqueduct, which conveys the water of the Croton River, for a distance of thirty-eight miles, to the city of New York. This magnificent undertaking was finished in 1842; is capable of discharging sixty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours; and cost about three millions sterling. The chief arcade in its course is that of the Haarlem, which consists of fifteen arches, seven of which are 50 feet span, and eight of 80 feet—the greatest height being 150 feet from the foundation.

The largest aqueduct in our own country is comparatively small. It is the system for the supply of the city of Glasgow with

water. Lochs Katrine, Vennachar, and Achray are placed under requisition for this purpose. The water is first conducted by a tunnel, 6975 feet long, through a mountain, and then by numerous aqueducts and tunnels to a reservoir near Glasgow, a distance of 25 miles. Vast schemes were put forth in 1866 for supplying London with water, either from the Westmoreland lakes or from the Welsh mountains, by means of aqueducts and tunnels. A scheme, less vast but still very extensive, has been executed for supplying Dublin with water from certain lakes and rivers in the Wicklow Mountains.

ARTESIAN WELLS AND WATER-WORKS.

The sinking of Artesian wells has been conducted on a very large scale in and near Paris. One notable example is that at Passy, near the Bois de Boulogne. Paris is underlied by chalk at a depth of about 1600 feet below the surface; and an Artesian well at Grenelle had already reached a supply of water in the greensand adjacent to the chalk. But the need for an increased supply of water to Paris rendered it desirable to sink a well with a larger bore than had been tried. With a bore of 8 to 12 inches, from 2000 to 4000 cubic mètres of water can be raised per day at Grenelle; but it was wished to obtain at least 13,000 cubic mètres; and M. Kind, the engineer, determined for this purpose to adopt a bore of 24 inches. The works were commenced in 1855, but were fraught with difficulty, which required patience and skill to overcome. On a particular day in 1857, when the boring had reached a depth of 1800 feet (more than one-third of a mile), the tube of sheet-iron which enclosed the bore was crushed by pressure at a place about 100 feet below the surface of the ground. This seemingly trifling accident was a trying one, for it took three years to repair; they had to dig a shaft from 6 to 10 feet in diameter, to a point far below the locality of the rupture, to line this shaft with iron and masonry, and then to strengthen the upper part of the bore-hole. So great was the pressure of the surrounding earth at some points, that iron tubes were starred and cracked in all directions like glass. The damage having been repaired, and the orifice cleared from dirt, boring recommenced in 1860. When it had got down to nearly 1900 feet, another disaster stopped the works; but as M. Elie de Beaumont, the eminent geologist, inferred from the quality of the soil drawn up the tube, that water was near at hand, a smaller bore was continued further downwards. At last, in 1862, at a depth of more than 2000 feet, success crowned the untiring and long-continued efforts; water appeared, and in such a copious stream as to send up, above the surface of the ground, no less than 20,000 cubic mètres per day—nearly equal to 50,000,000 gallons.

The Artesian wells which supply the fountain in Trafalgar Square, and many of the government offices, although important works in

their way, and although much deeper than St Paul's is high, are less than one-fifth the depth of the Passy well.

However desirable it may be in future years to increase the supply of water for the metropolis, it would be unjust to the existing companies to ignore the great improvements which they have made during the last few years. Three of them have combined to establish a very fine series of buildings at Hampton, to facilitate the transfer of Thames water to London. The water is taken from the river at that point (two or three miles above Kingston), and is then brought by the companies to their several works for deposit, filtration, and distribution. The main pipes are nearly three feet in diameter; and they can together bring 60,000,000 gallons of water per day. These mains run side by side as far as Twickenham, where the Grand Junction Company's main diverges through Isleworth and Brentford to the works of that company near Kew Bridge. The other two mains, after being taken under the bed of the Thames at Richmond, separate at Sheen; the West Middlesex Company's main goes through Mortlake to their reservoirs for deposit and filtration at Barnes Elms, which are connected by a main under the Thames with their works at Hammersmith; while the Southwark and Vauxhall Company's main extends through Putney and Wandsworth to their works near Battersea Park. The length of these gigantic iron pipes together reaches 29 miles. The deposit and filter reservoirs at Kew Bridge, Hammersmith, Barnes Elms, and Battersea, cover 120 acres. Then commence other systems of mains to bring the water to London, and distribute it along the hundreds of miles of streets.

DRAINAGE AND LAND RECLAMATION.

Instead of bringing water for the supply of towns and buildings, engineers have sometimes to devise means for keeping off or carrying away water and drainage of various kinds.

One meaning of the word *Draining*, as applied to great engineering operations, is the emptying of a lake or large body of water, and the conversion of the bed or bottom to agricultural purposes. A remarkable instance of this kind is the drainage of Haarlem lake. In the sixteenth century a violent storm caused the sea to burst through a land barrier between it and a low-lying district in Holland; villages were swept away, fertile farms submerged, and the four lakes or ponds of Haarlem, Leyden, Spieger, and Helle permanently formed. They covered 60,000 acres in all, with a maximum depth of 15 feet. Great expense was incurred in constructing and maintaining dams and sluices to prevent overflowing during storms. At length, in 1836, so much damage was done to the cities of Amsterdam and Leyden by a storm, that it was resolved to get rid of the evil altogether by draining the lake. A company was

formed, money raised, and a plan digested. A canal was dug entirely round and above the level of the lake, with a descending outlet to the sea; gigantic steam-engines were erected, to work night and day for years together, pumping up water from the lake into the canal. By this means nearly the whole of the lake has been emptied. It was calculated that the value of the reclaimed land, sold or leased for farming purposes, would pay all expenses; but happily it has done more than this; the new ground is so rich that farmers are willing to give a very high price for it, and the drainage operations have proved to be both nationally and commercially successful.

Another species of draining, effected rather by constructing new outlets than by pumping, is illustrated by the *Bedford Level*. This is a portion of a large tract of low country, extending into the six counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk. It is bounded by the German Ocean and the Wash on the seaward side, and by a curved line of high ground inland. The whole of the low, flat, swampy district thus circumscribed covers an area 60 miles long by 40 wide; but the portion known as the Bedford Level covers about 400,000 acres. All this was in ancient days a forest, the trees of which were gradually cut down, and the land moderately cultivated, with roads and rivers running through it. The land was evidently below the level of the sea; and many storms in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries caused the sea to burst its boundaries, and inundate the fields and villages. Embankments were made and remade over and over again; but they were so clumsily contrived that the upland waters could find no outlet to the sea, and the district was converted into a morass, spongy and boggy in some parts, and covered with stagnant water in others; the few inhabitants could communicate with each other only by boats. Age after age passed with only slight attempts to drain this morass. At length, in the time of Charles I., the Earl of Bedford, who owned part of the property, conceived a plan for giving to this property an increased money value; he undertook to drain and reclaim a vast tract, on condition that he and his co-adventurers should receive as payment 95,000 acres of the land so reclaimed. Beginning in 1634, the work commenced, the name of Bedford Level being given to the district in compliment to the Earl. The mode of draining consisted mainly in making new canals, rivers, or cuts, to carry off the surplus waters; there were several of these, from six to twenty miles in length, and from 20 to 70 feet wide. The Civil War interfered with the project; but operations were renewed afterwards, and a corporate body was established about two centuries ago, to continue the works, maintain them in good order, and administer the revenues. A great series of works were commenced in 1827, for completing the drainage of all the lands adjacent to the river Nene. Wind-mills, and afterwards steam-engines, were employed

to pump the water from the meres and marshes into the new channels; but by improved management of these channels, such aid is now nearly dispensed with. By such operations as these, hundreds of thousands of acres of land, formerly covered with water, are now valuable arable and pasture land, meeting the eye of the traveller on the Great Eastern and Great Northern Railways. The district (called popularly the Fens) is certainly not very picturesque, but it is more valuable and more healthy than it was for many ages. A recent bursting of the banks has entailed heavy expense in compensating farmers whose land was flooded.

Still another kind of drainage is that which relates to the means for carrying off the liquid refuse of towns. The *Cloacæ* of Rome were the most remarkable works of this kind in old times. In modern times the grandest example is unquestionably that of London, executed under the plans of Mr Bazalgette between 1860 and 1870, at a cost (even in an incomplete state) of more than £4,000,000. The problem was to drain more than a hundred square miles of area, and to convey the sewage and refuse into the Thames at a point far below London, in order to lessen the evil of contaminating the water and the atmosphere. The works form two entire and distinct systems: one on the north side of the river, with an outlet at Barking Creek; and the other on the south side, with an outlet at Crossness. The northern system comprises three great sewers, known as the High Level, Middle Level, and Low Level. The high level begins at Hampstead, passes by Kentish Town, the new cattle-market, Highbury Vale, Stoke Newington, and Victoria Park to Old Ford, crossing in its way the New River, the Lea Canal, and the Great Northern and Great Eastern Railways. It is wholly an underground tunnel, in some places as much as 12 feet high by 9 feet wide. The middle-level sewer, beginning at Kensal Green, passes through or near Kensington Park, Notting Hill, Bayswater Road, Oxford Street, Clerkenwell, and Shoreditch to Old Ford, where it forms a junction with the high level. These two vast sewers together extend to the length of 22 miles. At Old Ford there is a large and comprehensive work called the Penstock chamber, consisting of numerous receptacles, flood-gates, &c.; the whole being so contrived that if, during storms and floodings, the sewage in passing through the chambers exceeds the level at which it can readily escape by the usual channel, it will run away into the River Lea. The upper and middle level sewers then proceed side by side to Barking Creek, by the northern outfall, by way of West Ham, Abbey Mills, Plaistow, and East Ham. This being low ground, the sewers are enclosed in an enormous embankment, which is pierced for roads and railways. The low-level sewer will, when finished, extend from Chelsea to Abbey Mills, burrowing under the busiest part of the metropolis, and taking the line of the Thames Embankment in its way. At Abbey Mills the sewage will be pumped up to

the level of the other two sewers, and then all three will proceed side by side to Barking Creek, where immense works have been constructed to regulate the flow of sewage into the river at particular states of the tide. So much for the northern side of the Thames. On the southern side: There are only two main sewers here, the high level and the low level; the former to drain Clapham, Brixton, Camberwell, &c. while the latter drains Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, &c. There are vast works at Deptford, comprising a pumping station, a Penstock chamber, &c. The contents of the low level are pumped up several feet, and then both sewers travel onwards by way of Greenwich, Charlton, Woolwich, and Plumstead, to the southern outfall at Crossness Point, near Erith, where the sewage flows into the river at certain states of the tide, just as at Barking Creek. All these great sewers furnish examples of the finest brickwork ever executed for underground and invisible works; the tunnels, twelve feet by nine for many miles of their length, are almost as smooth as dressed stone on their inner surfaces, and (the engineer hopes) almost as durable. The five great systems all running from west to east, intercept the older cross sewers, receive their sewage, and convey it out to a broad and deep part of the Thames.—Such are the works which comprise 50 miles of new main sewer, and 800 miles of old smaller channels; which have consumed 800,000 cubic yards of concrete, and 300,000,000 bricks; and which will eventually carry off 200,000 gallons of sewage per day.

BRIDGES AND VIADUCTS.

The difference between aqueducts, bridges, and viaducts is easily defined. The object of an aqueduct, as we have seen, is to carry a flow of water over a valley or river, on a level, or nearly so, with the surrounding country; that of a bridge is merely to afford transit over a river, with or without regard to level; and that of a viaduct to carry a roadway across any depression at a desired level, having the same object in view in reference to a road which an aqueduct had to a supply of water.

The Chinese, remarkable for the ingenuity and patient perseverance with which they execute some of the most surprising undertakings, possess several bridges of no mean pretensions. One, generally known as the 'Flying Bridge,' from its being built over a river from one height to another, and consisting only of a single arch, is said to be 500 feet high and 400 long. That of Fu-chow, the capital of Fo-kien, is about 100 perches long, and consists of 100 lofty arches, the parapets of which are adorned with a variety of grotesque sculptures. Another sort of bridge, consisting of huge flat stones laid upon pillars, and without any arches, is common in China; and some of these are of great length and breadth. One,

in the province of Fo-kien, is said to be 360 perches long and 1½ broad; it is supported by 300 stone pillars, and has its parapets surmounted by figures of lions and dragons. Another, at Tsiuen-tchou, in the province of Fo-kien, is built over an arm of the sea, and supported by 300 pillars. Its length is above 2500 feet, its breadth 20, and the stone-work, from pillar to pillar, consists of single blocks.

The cultivation of peace and commerce, and direct and speedy means of permanent communication by roads and bridges, were matters never fully developed in ancient times, and therefore we look in vain for monuments of this class which can at all compare with those of our own era. As in India, so in Persia, Syria, Egypt, and even in Greece, we find no important application of the arch to the crossing of ravines and rivers; indeed it has been justly observed, that while Pericles lavished vast sums on the adornment of Athens, he never constructed a bridge over the small river Cephisus, although upon the most frequented road to that city. It was not till the time of the Romans—whose magnificent aqueduct arcades we have already noticed—that we find bridges, in the proper sense, of any importance. The bridge at Narni appears to be the most magnificent bridge the Romans constructed in Italy, though in the provinces there were several of much more extensive dimensions. Thus that of Nerida, upon the Guadiana, in Spain, consists of sixty-five arches, its total length being about 1300 paces; and that of Alcantara, upon the Tagus, of six arches, its length being 670 Spanish feet, and its height from the bottom of the river to the roadway not less than 205!

After the revival of the arts in Europe, though power and wealth were directed chiefly to the erection of religious edifices, yet we are not without examples of such utilitarian structures as bridges, and these often of very superb dimensions. Thus the bridge of Avignon, on the Rhone, built between 1176 and 1188, consisted of eighteen arches; that of Lyon, of twenty; and that of St Esprit, of twenty-six. Perronet mentions an arch at Verona of 160 feet span, and another at Ville-Brioude, on the Allier, of not less than 183½ feet. Venice, from her peculiar situation, early boasted of more bridges than any other city—these at one time numbering between three and four hundred. The finest is the Rialto, a single arch of 98½ feet span, and only 23 feet of rise. It was designed by Michael Angelo, and erected between 1588 and 1591. Within the last two centuries several superb bridges have been erected in France. The bridge at Orleans, erected in place of an old structure of nineteen arches, was completed in 1760, and consists of nine elegant arches, the largest of which has a span of 98¼ feet. The bridge of Nantes, on the Seine, which was completed in 1756, consists of three arches, the middle one having a span of 128 feet; and that of Neuilly, consisting of five arches, each having a span of 128 feet, with a rise of 32 feet.

There are two in Switzerland generally spoken of as curiosities. One of these is at Bex, in the canton of Vaud: it consists of a single arch spanning the Rhone, which is here of considerable width. The other is in the canton of Uri, over the Reuss, and is also of an old, solitary arch, resting upon high rocks—so elevated, indeed, that the peasants give it the name of the 'Devil's Bridge,' believing that supernatural agency must have been concerned in the erection of so stupendous a structure.

In England, the art of bridge-building seems to have taken its rise about the middle of the ninth century; but the structures of that early period are not to be compared with those of the same era on the continent. The earliest of any importance were London Bridge, finished in 1206; that of Newcastle-on-Tyne, built in 1281; and that of Rochester, much about the same time. The former originally consisted of nineteen arches; but in 1758 the middle pier was removed, and the two adjacent arches converted into one of 72 feet span. Since then, a number of bridges have been built across the Thames—all of which may be justly regarded with interest, seeing that an artificial foundation has to be prepared for the piers, and this in a river where the tide rises twice every day from thirteen to eighteen feet. Westminster Bridge, built in 1750, was replaced in 1860 by a lighter, wider, flatter, and in all respects more beautiful structure. Blackfriars Bridge, built in 1770, has just (1869) been replaced in a similar manner. Waterloo Bridge, begun in 1811, and completed in 1817, is another of those costly erections which modern enterprise has thrown across the Thames. It consists of nine arches, all of equal span and height, so as to form a level roadway; and this road is continued on either side the river, and supported on a number of brick arches. The length of the stone-work or bridge is 1242 feet, the brickwork of forty arches on the Surrey side is 1250 feet, and of that on the Strand side 400 feet. Each stone arch has a span of 120 feet, and the height of the road above the river is 50 feet. The new London Bridge, begun in 1825, and opened in 1831, consists of five arches—the centre one having a span of 152 feet, the two on each side a span of 140 feet, and the abutment arches a span of 130 feet. The rise of the middle arch is 32 feet, that of the abutment arch falls to 25 feet. The extreme length of this structure is 950, and its breadth 55 feet. With the exception of the packings, it is constructed of granite of the finest description and workmanship; and including the approaches, is said to have cost about two millions sterling.

But it is not in the neighbourhood of the metropolis alone that we find structures of this class evincing both boldness and ingenuity of design. The Severn, the Ouse, the Tees, the Tyne, and other English rivers, are spanned by stone arches, some of which are of surprising dimensions. Scotland can also boast of some very handsome bridges; chiefly, however, of modern erection. The Tay

at Perth, for example, is crossed by one of nine arches, the largest of which has a span of 77 feet; the Tweed, at Coldstream, by one of five arches; the North Esk, near Montrose, by one of seven; the Tweed, at Kelso, by one of five arches, each with a span of 73 feet; the Spey, near Gordon Castle, by one of four arches, the largest having a span of 95 feet; and the Tay, at Dunkeld, by one of seven arches, the largest having a span of 90 feet—which is perhaps the finest structure of the kind in Scotland.

IRON, CHAIN, AND WIRE BRIDGES.

Within the last half-century, iron has been frequently substituted for stone in the construction of large arches; so that, instead of a solid vault of masonry, we have now a light but substantial framework of metal. The first iron bridge of any importance constructed in Britain was one near Coalbrookdale, on the Severn—the invention of Mr Darby. It was completed in 1779, and consists of a single arch 101½ feet span, with a rise of 45. Since then, a vast number of such structures have been erected—some of them nearly triple the span and elevation of their humble parent.

In 1796, an iron bridge was erected at Buildwas, near Coalbrookdale, under the direction of Mr Telford, the span of which is 130 feet, and its rise only 17 feet. In the same year Mr Burdon completed the celebrated iron arch across the Wear at Sunderland, the span of which is 240 feet, and its elevation above low-water fully 105 feet. This elevation consists of seventy-five feet of stone pier, and thirty of a rise in the arch—thus allowing large vessels to pass under without striking their masts! In 1803, an elegant iron bridge, somewhat resembling that of Sunderland, was erected at Staines, having a span of 180 feet, and a rise of only 16½. Since then, a number of others have been constructed of 80, 90, and 100 feet span, some rising so little in their curve as 5 feet. But all these works have been far exceeded in extent and importance by those built over the Thames. Vauxhall Bridge, which was completed in 1816, consists of nine arches of cast iron, each having a span of 78 feet, and 11 and 12 feet rise; and that of Southwark of three arches, each 240 feet span, and only 24 feet rise! In most of these structures the iron arch rests on stone piers and abutments; but in some the piers are also of iron, thus giving to the whole an appearance of lightness and elegance which it is impossible to equal in stone erections.

Suspension bridges are such as are hung on chains; these chains being supported on piers or pillars, and stretched across the chasm or water-course over which it is designed to form a passage. From the chains a platform for the roadway is suspended by means of a series of equidistant vertical rods. In Peru, China, and other remote regions, bridges on this principle, though of an extremely rude and perishable construction, and forming a most unstable and

oscillating path, seem to have existed anterior to anything which is at present known of the history of those countries; but the introduction of suspension-bridges into civilised states, at least on a large scale and of a substantial fabric, is of very recent date. Although excelled by others since, the finest suspension-bridge up to that time was the one constructed in 1826 by Mr Telford across the Menai Strait, to connect the island of Anglesea with the mainland of Wales. The span of the suspended or central arch, between the highest points of the chains on the top of the piers, and 153 feet above high-water, is 560 feet. Seven stone arches, of 52½ feet span, make up the rest of the bridge; four of those being next the island, and three on the Welsh coast. The chains, of which there are sixteen, reach over the whole structure, and, besides, descend 60 feet into sloping pits or shafts, to where they are secured, by means of cast-iron frames ingrafted in the rocks; the entire length of each chain being 1714 feet, or almost a third of a mile. The two suspension piers of the great arch rise 52 feet above the roadway, and are surmounted by cast-iron blocks and saddles, movable upon friction rollers, for the purpose of allowing the chains which pass over them to move freely when expanding or contracting under change of temperature. The suspension platform, elevated 100 feet above high-water, is occupied by two carriage-roads, each 12 feet wide, with a footpath of 4 feet between them. These pass through arches in the suspension piers; and each is separated, and strongly railed in, by lattice ironwork, both for protection and for stiffening the roadway, to prevent vibration. Each of the chains is fivefold, and of such complexity in design, that any part of the chain may with safety be removed at any time for repair, or be replaced by a new one.

The Menai Bridge, however, has been greatly surpassed, both in length and in height by a far lighter and much less expensive one, though of great strength, which has since been constructed by M. Chaley of Lyon, over the Saane at Friburg, in Switzerland. This was completed in 1834. The span is 870 feet, and the roadway is elevated 167 feet above the river. The lightness of this bridge is in a great measure owing to its being suspended neither by chains nor solid iron rods, but by four cables of iron wire, each containing about 1200 wires, the united strength of which could support three times the weight of two rows of loaded wagons extending over its whole length. The wires are simply laid together, and bound in a cylindrical form by means of annealed wire wound round them at distances of two or three feet; and the whole is painted white, both for preservation, and that the least tendency to rust might be detected at once. But iron, even in its most approved form of wire cable, has been surpassed by the employment of steel; for in 1832 a bridge of this material was erected over the Danube, near Vienna. The span of

this structure is 234 feet, with a rise of only 15. A saving of one-half in the total weight is calculated to have been effected by the use of steel instead of iron; and the strength is also said to be much greater.

Setting aside the four railway bridges—Cannon Street, Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Pimlico—the Thames bridges, from London Bridge to Chelsea, exhibit the following comparative dimensions:

	Length. Feet.	Width. Feet.
London Bridge	904	53½
Southwark	800	42½
Blackfriars	980	76
Waterloo	1380	41¼
Westminster	990	85
Lambeth (suspension)	1040	32
Vauxhall	840	36
Chelsea (suspension)	922	40

The magnificent width of the new Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges is rendered manifest by this table. The new suspension bridge at Lambeth is remarkable as a cheap structure, having cost only £40,000. The roadway is suspended from clusters of iron-wire rope, not from chains.

RAILWAY BRIDGES.

The railway bridges constructed within the last forty years comprise some of the finest examples of the art, whether rigid or suspension, whether of stone or of iron. A few examples must suffice.

The Charing Cross railway bridge, although not so wide as that near the Cannon Street station (both belonging to the South-eastern Company), is nearly twice as long, and is a structure of great magnitude. The 1350 feet of length is divided into 9 spans. The bridge, except at two piers and two abutments, rests on massive iron cylinders varying from 6 to 14 feet in diameter; these cylinders were sunk through the mud and gravel to the London clay, by the combined operation of enormous pressure, excavation by divers, and pumping; some of them being driven down as deep as 72 feet below high-water mark. The cylinders were filled up partly with concrete and partly with brickwork; and the masonry which rests on them supports the ironwork of the bridge. The bridge itself, a series of immense wrought-iron girders, is wide enough for four lines of rail and two footpaths; and its flat surfaces are mostly formed of boiler plate. The roadway on which the rails are laid is of planking from 4 to 6 inches thick. There are nearly 7000 tons of iron altogether. Portions of the two piers of the former Hungerford suspension bridge were brought into use.

The Menai tubular bridge is the largest railway structure of the kind in Great Britain, though certainly not the most beautiful. It crosses the Menai Strait at a point about a mile from Telford's suspension bridge. On a rock in the centre of the strait a stone tower is built to a height of 192 feet above water-level; two other towers are built to a similar height; and these three towers, with the shore abutments, divide the whole width of the strait into four spans—two of 460 feet, and two of 230 feet. The grandest *lift* ever effected in engineering was to raise each quadrangular iron tube complete to its own portion of span—the weight being 1800 tons raised 192 feet. There being double tubes, each for one line of rails, there were four portions of 460 feet, and four of 230. There were 126 *miles* of rivets, to fasten the plates of which the tubes were made; and there were 2,000,000 rivets in all. There are 12,000 tons of iron, and 105,000 tons of stone and brick, and 580,000 cubic feet of timber used in scaffoldings and platforms for building.

A beautiful railway bridge over the Jumna, near Delhi, illustrates a system occasionally adopted in recent years, of having a railway over a carriage-way, both being parts of one structure. It consists



Niagara Suspension-bridge.

of 12 spans of 205 feet each, and is so built up of plates and lattice girders, as to form the two tiers of roadway just adverted to. Having a lattice girder at each side, instead of continuous iron sheeting, it presents a lighter and more elegant appearance than the Menai tubular bridge.

The Niagara suspension railway bridge is remarkable for crossing the Niagara so near the world-renowned Falls, as to seem a very

daring undertaking. The roaring rapids are immediately beneath, 250 feet below the level of the rails. The bridge, 800 feet long, is much shorter than many railway bridges; but it was difficult to build in such a situation. It is not supported by chains of plate-links like most suspension bridges, but by four enormous cables of wire, stretching from the Canadian cliff to the United States cliff of the river. Each cable consists of no less than 4000 distinct wires; the four cables pass over the tops of lofty stone towers; and the roadway hangs from them by 624 suspending rods. A locomotive first crossed the Niagara in 1855, forming the first railway link between the British and United States empires.

The Victoria railway bridge in Canada is the largest and grandest in the world. It consists of 24 piers, rising 60 feet above the water, with intervals of 242 feet apart, except one of 330 feet in the centre. These piers support a quadrangular iron tube, more than 6000 feet long, 19 to 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide; and through this tube the trains run. Owing to the depth of the St Lawrence at the spot where the bridge crosses at Montreal, the swiftness of the current, and the enormous masses of ice accumulated there every winter, the work of constructing the bridge was one of trying difficulty, and lasted from 1854 to 1860. Every spring, when the ice of the St Lawrence breaks up, the crushing, crashing, and pressure against the piers of the bridge are almost inconceivable, subjecting the work of the engineers to a very severe test.

The following, from the *Engineer*, gives the dimensions of some of the largest spans for bridges yet constructed—some for suspension and others for ordinary bridges. Britannia tubular bridge, Menai, largest span, 460 feet. Saltash railway bridge, two of 455 feet each. Conway tubular bridge, 400 feet. Prussian railway bridge over the Vistula, six of 397 feet each. Nogat bridge, on the same line, two of 321 feet each. Railway bridge over the Rhine at Cologne, six of 310 feet. Victoria railway bridge at Montreal, one of 330 and twenty-four of 242 feet each. South Wales railway bridge over the Wye at Chepstow, 306 feet. Boyne viaduct, 264 feet. Newark Dyke bridge, 240 feet. Spey viaduct, Inverness and Aberdeen Railway, 230 feet. Tubular bridge at Brotherton, 225 feet. Cascade bridge on the New York and Erie Railway, the greatest timber span in the world, 275 feet. (Two timber spans, one of 340 feet in America, and the other of 390 feet in Germany, are no longer in existence.) The Hook Island railway bridge over the Mississippi, five timber spans of 250 feet each; and the same number of the same span over the Great Miami River. A railway bridge over the Delaware River, 260 feet. The largest cast-iron spans for a railway bridge are said to be those on the Pimlico bridge, four of 175 feet each; and the largest masonry arch for a railway bridge that which carries the Glasgow and South-western Railway over the river Ayr. The fine

high-level bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne (a railway over a roadway) has spans of only 125 feet to each of its six openings. But there are two spans which far eclipse any here noticed—namely the Niagara suspension railway bridge, 822 feet; and the Lexington and Danville railway bridge over the Kentucky River, no less than 1224 feet, and at a height of 300 feet above the water.—The reader will perhaps notice that these spans are smaller than some mentioned in an earlier paragraph about China; but the truth is that facts concerning that extraordinary country often rest upon insufficient testimony, and are not always reliable to the engineer.

TUNNELS.

A tunnel is merely a hole or passage cut through a hill, in order to carry a canal, a road, or a railway in an advantageous course, and is generally resorted to as a means of lessening the expense which would ensue if an open cutting were made. Since railways began to be spread like a network over our island, tunnels have become exceedingly common, some of them from two to three miles in length.

One remarkable work, the Thames Tunnel, was to afford a free communication between both sides of the river without impeding the navigation, as a bridge or any kind of ferry would undoubtedly do. It seems that, in 1804, an attempt was made to construct a tunnel from Rotherhithe to Limehouse; but although a driftway was carried under the river to the extent of 923 feet, and within 150 feet of the opposite shore, the work was abandoned, owing to difficulties that had occurred, and which the engineer declared at the time to be insurmountable. The plan of a tunnel under the river was, however, always looked upon as a matter of deep interest and great importance; and when Sir I. Brunel, in 1824, exhibited his plan for constructing one with a double and capacious roadway, it was not only well received, but liberally supported. The spot selected for the formation of the work in question—namely, from Rotherhithe to Wapping—was considered to be the most desirable, not only as regarded the traffic in the immediate neighbourhood of the tunnel, but also as related to the neighbouring counties. An act of parliament having been obtained on the 24th of June 1824, and £180,000 having been raised by means of shares, Sir I. Brunel, the engineer, began his operations in March 1825. His first object was to prepare a shaft of descent, which he did by forming one 50 feet in diameter, at 150 feet from the Rotherhithe bank of the river. This he effected by constructing a brickwork cylinder of the above diameter, 42 feet in height, and 3 feet thick. Over this he set up an engine for pumping out the water, and for raising the earth taken out from within the cylinder, which he then sunk *en masse* into the ground, after the manner that well-shafts are

sometimes sunk. When the 50-feet shaft was sunk to the depth of 65 feet, another shaft of 25 feet diameter was sunk still lower for the purpose of drainage. At 63 feet, the tunnel commences, dipping 2¼ feet per 100 feet. The excavation was 38 feet wide, and 22½ feet high; and the bottom, at the deepest part of the river, is 76 feet below high-water. The excavation was effected by a shield composed of twelve frames close together, having each three cells above one another, for the miners—making in all room for thirty-six workmen. Its mode of operation, which was truly ingenious, was somewhat as follows: The front was placed against the earth to be removed, and the workmen having removed one board, excavated the earth behind it to the depth directed, and placed the board against the new surface exposed. The board was then in advance of the cell, and was kept in its place by props; and having thus proceeded with all the boards, each cell was advanced by two screws, one at its head and the other at its foot, which, resting against the finished brickwork, and turned, impelled it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advanced. As the miners worked at one end of the cell, so the bricklayers formed at the other the top, sides, and bottom, the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers had finished; and following the shield, in each archway was a stage for the assistance of the men in the upper cells. On the 1st of January 1826 this shield was placed at the bottom of the shaft, ready for the reception of the excavators. The double archway of the tunnel was then proceeded with; but on the 25th of the same month, the stratum of clay through which the work was being carried forward, broke off abruptly, and for six weeks the shield was left open to a considerable influx of land water. The consequence was, that the progress of the work was much impeded. However, on the 11th of March following, the break in the clay having been passed, the work was proceeded with, and by the 30th of April 1827, the tunnel had extended 400 feet under the river, and was fully and substantially completed with brickwork. In the month of May 1827, and again in January 1828, the river broke in, and great apprehensions were entertained that this unprecedented undertaking must be abandoned. When, however, the chasms in the bed of the river had been filled up with bags of clay, and the water in the tunnel cleared out, it was found that the structure was in a perfectly sound and satisfactory state. These circumstances, and the entire expenditure of the capital of the company, prevented the work from being proceeded with until the year 1835, when a grant of public money was made by the Treasury, through the Exchequer Loan Commissioners, to the company to complete the undertaking. The work was then proceeded with. The carriage-way descents, however, have never been made. An utter failure in a commercial sense, the Thames Tunnel has been lately sold at a low price to

the East London Railway Company, who have laid down rails in it as part of their system.

The tunnel now being pierced for the Mont Cenis Railway, between France and Italy, will be the grandest in the world. It was begun in 1857, and at the beginning of 1870 there were still two or three years of labour to look forward to. It will be eight miles long, and about 5600 feet above the level of the sea; while the mountain rises 5400 feet above the tunnel itself at one part.

The cheapest tunnel ever constructed is the Tower Subway, opened in 1870, extending under the Thames from Tower Hill to Tooley Street. It consists chiefly of an iron tube, built up of bent plates. A railway of narrow gauge is laid along in the tube, and a small omnibus for passengers, worked by rope-traction, runs along the rails. The cost was less than £20,000.

PNEUMATIC TUBES FOR TRAVELLING.

A very remarkable application of wind or air pressure to the purposes of transit has been made within a recent period. More than twenty years ago, railway engineers sought for means to propel trains by atmospheric action. They placed a tube between the rails, and made a partial vacuum in it by an air-pump worked by steam; the train was connected by ingenious mechanism with a piston moving to and fro within the tube, and was propelled whenever the vacuum drove on the piston. The principle was sound, but the expense and the difficulty were too great, necessitating the abandonment of the plan after vast sums of money had been bestowed upon it. Afterwards, the question was asked by engineers, 'Can we put the train *inside* the tube?' They tried it. In the Battersea Fields, near the Battersea Park station, an iron tube, about a yard in diameter, was laid down, with gradients and curves purposely arranged to test the system. Iron carriages were made to fit the tubes; and these carriages were shot forward at the rate of thirty miles an hour, by the action of a partial vacuum produced within the tube. By lying down flat in the small carriages, passengers could be shot through the tube in this singular way. The plan having so far succeeded, similar tubes were laid down beneath the street from the Euston station to the head office of the N.W. postal district in London, and mail-bags were quickly blown to and fro, in connection with mail-trains on the London and North-Western Railway. The next step was the laying down of a larger tube, nearly five feet in diameter, beneath nearly two miles of street, from the N.W. office to Holborn; and this tube was so far finished as to be set to work in 1866. There was a powerful steam-engine at the Holborn terminus, by which the air in the tube was alternately exhausted and condensed, according to the direction in which the train was to go. The trains are made of small strong iron carriages,

which may be laden with letter-bags, parcels, or general merchandise; and a weight of ten tons in all may be blown along or sucked along at one time. As a matter of mere trial or experiment, living persons are propelled just as easily as dead luggage; but the dimensions of the tube are of course too small for regular passenger traffic. Should the plans be ever fully carried out, similar tubes will eventually connect all the great metropolitan termini, all the goods dépôts, all the head offices of the postal districts, and all the principal markets. The tube was extended from Holborn to the General Post-office in 1869.

A pneumatic despatch for passengers is also engaging the attention of engineers. A trial of the system was made in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in 1864. A brick tunnel was built large enough to contain a broad-gauge railway carriage; the two ends of the carriage were made to fit the tunnel almost exactly, so as to act like air-tight pistons. A steam-engine exhausted a portion of air from the tube, and then the carriage was propelled by the difference in the air-pressure at the two ends. The motion was beautifully smooth and even; and as the roomy carriage was lighted with gas, the short journey was by no means a gloomy one. The experiment being deemed successful, a pneumatic railway on the same plan was projected, to pass under the Thames from Whitehall to Waterloo; the works were commenced in 1866, partially constructed, and then abandoned for want of funds.

RAILWAYS OVER MOUNTAINS.

A great engineering work is always necessary when a railway has to be carried over a mountain-range. The rails must not deviate very much from a level, otherwise the locomotive could not pull the train up, while the descent would be rendered dangerous by too great a velocity; and yet the summit of the mountain or mountain-pass must be gained in some way or other. Under these circumstances, engineers within the last few years have devised a system of zigzag ascents, going to and fro up the face of a mountain, and reversing the train, end to end, at each reversal in the direction of the incline; at the same time applying some additional mechanism to the locomotive apparatus. By far the most remarkable achievement of this kind is the zigzag railway over Mont Cenis. As the great tunnel railway under that mountain (noticed in another page), will not be finished for many years, an over-mountain rail was determined on, to render partial service at an earlier date; and this has been constructed with surprising quickness, having been begun in 1865, and finished in 1867. Experiments were previously made on a very steep line, the High Peak Railway, in Derbyshire, to ascertain how severe a gradient the locomotive can climb. A third rail was laid down, midway between the two rails of the line, and

raised a few inches above them; and horizontal wheels connected with the locomotive or the carriages, by pressing sideways against this middle rail, gave a powerful additional bite or grip, which enabled an incline to be surmounted that would thoroughly baffle the locomotive as ordinarily employed. On this principle the engineers have proceeded at Mont Cenis. The railway climbs up the side of the mountain to a certain distance, at a gradient of 1 in 16, or even 1 in 12; then it stops short, and runs in the reverse direction; then another stoppage, followed by another reversal, and so on. As a consequence, the railway would appear something like a gigantic zigzag ladder or staircase, if viewed from



Mont Cenis Railway.

a distance. The locomotive is changed end to end of the train, at each reversing station; and so the train travels upwards and upwards. The felicitous part of this enterprise is, that the road itself has not had to be constructed for the purpose; it is Napoleon's magnificent military road over the Alps; being originally made about thirty feet wide, the inner half of this road is made over to the railway engineers, while the outer half is left open for the usual road traffic.

A railway which has been constructed in Australia affords a very good idea of the zigzag mode of ascending and descending mountain slopes. In New South Wales a line is being carried from Sydney westward into the interior; and in that portion which is near the Blue Mountains there is an almost uninterrupted series of cuttings, tunnels, bridges, viaducts, embankments, gradients, and zigzags. Valleys and ravines are crossed over and over again.

One who has lately visited the spot, says: 'The traveller would not be able at first to divest his mind of the idea that almost any accident might precipitate the train and its living freight in thundering violence to the valley several hundred feet below. On reaching the first reversing station, the line is brought as it were to a stop, and, forming an acute angle, descends along the edge of the precipice by means of heavy cuttings through the rocks, and several viaducts, to a spur in the mountain, through which a tunnel runs.' So on the line zigzags to and fro, the train being reversed at the end of each incline, and one incline being literally almost under another. The views of ravine scenery in descending such a mountain in such a way must be magnificent. At one spot there was a spur or mass of rock, containing at least 45,000 tons of stone, standing right in the way, and a path through this was forced by electro-blasting.

The most remarkable ascent in *one* incline is perhaps that of the Bhore Ghaut on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, from Bombay to the interior of the country. Steeper gradients are surmounted elsewhere for short distances, and a greater total height attained by a series of zigzags; but it is unquestionably a great work to rise 1832 feet in 15½ miles, in one continuous ascent, obtained, too, as it is, by the construction of very heavy works; for it is almost a continued series of tunnels through mountains and viaducts across ravines. There are twenty-five tunnels and eight viaducts, one of the latter being 143 feet high; and there are, in addition, twenty-two bridges and seventy-four culverts! The work has required the immense amount of two million cubic yards of cutting, and two million and a half cubic yards of embanking.

South America presents two or three bold examples of an attempt to ascend mountain slopes by railway inclines. One is in Brazil, where a railway climbs the side of a mountain at such a slope as to ascend 2572 feet in six miles—an achievement equalled nowhere else. There is one in Chili, where a railway crosses the Andes at a height of 4400 feet. And there is another in the same country, which, in climbing up the Andes, to get from Valparaiso to Santiago, passes for some miles along the face of precipitous cliffs with abysses of many hundred feet below it, and porphyry walls above it rising sheer to the height of a thousand feet.

LOFTY CHIMNEYS.

While speaking of climbing up lofty mountains, we may say a word or two concerning the height of single engineering constructions. Whether anything of greater elevation has been since built, we do not know; but in 1861 it was considered that the four loftiest buildings in the world were the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, that of St Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, and the great chimney belonging to Messrs Townshend's chemical

works near Glasgow. Mr Duncan Macfarlane, the engineer, claimed for this last-named structure to be the loftiest chimney in the world. It is 454 feet high from the ground (80 feet in excess of St Paul's Cathedral), and 468 feet from the foundation. The diameter varies from 32 feet to 14, and the thickness from seven bricks to a brick and a half. This chimney has been the subject of one of the most remarkable engineering achievements ever attempted. In 1859, a violent storm swayed the chimney from the perpendicular, producing a permanent deflection of nearly eight feet. It was determined to bring it back to the perpendicular by horizontal *saw-cuts* across the chimney. Twelve such cuts were made, the highest at an elevation of 326 feet from the ground. The saw-cuts were in the mortar beds between the courses on the side from which the chimney leaned; thereby allowing it to come back by its own weight, without the application of any external force. By keeping the saws wet, the mortar became re-softened for the superincumbent weight to settle down upon. Each saw-cut may be regarded in the light of a very thin wedge-shaped space, which gave the superincumbent mass an opportunity of settling down; this settling occurred in most cases before the saw had penetrated half through the diameter of the shaft.

Other great factory chimneys in England and Scotland, though not equal to the above in height, are nevertheless remarkable specimens of this kind of work. The chimney at the St Rollox chemical works at Glasgow, is 450 feet high. Another has been built by Messrs Crossley at Halifax, 381 feet high by 30 feet in diameter at the base; nearly 10,000 tons of brick and stone were used in its construction.

SHIP-CANALS ACROSS ISTHMUSES.

Considering that a canal is made up of cuttings, river-walls, quays, locks, viaducts, tunnels and the like, an account of any particular canal resolves itself virtually into a description of such engineering works as these; but the great ship canal of Suez stands so completely apart from all others, on account of its magnitude and importance, as to call for a little separate notice.

The Mediterranean is separated from the Red Sea by a strip of sandy desert very little more than 70 miles wide; it is this only which prevents Africa from being an island, and prevents ships from sailing from Europe to India by way of the Red Sea. Hence, from very early times, ingenious men have formed plans for cutting a ship canal across this barrier. The narrowest part is from Tineh on the Mediterranean to Suez on the Red Sea; but as this is a barren region of sand, sandstone, and salt swamps, a route was sought for which would avoid a certain elevated tract of sandstone country. The surveyors found a peculiar depression or level, not

much above the sea-level, marked in different places by the Bitter Lakes, Lake Temsah, the Karash salt-marshes, Lake Bellah, Lake Menzaleh, and the plain of Pelusium; this, though a wretched country for settlement, offered a favourable route for a canal. The Egyptians are believed to have commenced such a work as much as twenty-five centuries ago; indeed some authorities believe that the canal was actually finished, and applied to the purposes of trade; that it was from 108 to 165 feet wide, and from 15 to 30 feet deep. But be that as it may, the canal became choked with sand. Traces of it are still visible along the depressed line of route (about 90 miles long) above adverted to. The Greeks and the Romans, the Saracens under the Calif Omar, the Genoese and the Venetians, all in turn contemplated the possible restoration of the old Egyptian canal; indeed the emperor Trajan really restored it in the second century A.D., and the Calif Omar in the seventh century; but the shifting sands have in every case hitherto conquered the engineers, by gradually choking up that which had been excavated. The French, however, who have held this object in view during the whole of the present century, have developed a vast plan for carrying it out; and M. Lesseps, the engineer, has now (1870) so far finished it as to permit ships of considerable burden to traverse the canal from end to end. It may be as well to state at once that Mr Robert Stephenson, who was engaged with French and Italian engineers in surveying the isthmus at various times between 1847 and 1853, came to a conclusion that a really practical and permanent ship canal cannot be formed in that region; instead of this he constructed a railway for the Pasha of Egypt, from Alexandria on the Mediterranean shore to Suez on the Red Sea shore; and this railway has ever since rendered excellent service.

Beginning at the northern or Mediterranean end of the canal, there is the new town of Port Saïd, built on a strip of sand which separates the sea from Lake Menzaleh. Although so recently formed, it has a population of several thousand inhabitants, with streets, docks, basins, and quays. The Mediterranean being at this part very shallow, depth for a harbour could only be obtained by constructing two piers or moles, the one a mile and a half, and the other a mile and a quarter long, formed of huge blocks of concrete or artificial stone. The enclosed area, 500 acres in extent, has been dredged out to a depth sufficient for large merchant-ships. Basins and docks are connected with this harbour; and then begins the canal itself, just 100 miles long. For four-fifths of the distance, this canal is 327 feet wide at the surface of the water, 72 feet wide at the bottom, and 26 feet deep. The remaining one-fifth is 196 feet wide at the water surface, with the same bottom-width and maximum depth as the other. The great surface-width has been adopted to render the banks very gradual in their slope or shelving, as a precaution against washing away. No less than 96,000,000 cubic yards

of stone, sand, and earth have been excavated, to form a canal of such large dimensions; and an immense amount of manual labour, aided by dredging machinery of unprecedented magnitude and power, has been needed in the work. The part of the sloping banks a little above and below the water-level is protected by rough stone pitching, to resist the action of waves caused by passing steamers. From Port Saïd the canal crosses several miles of Lake Menzaleh, a kind of shallow swamp, which requires an embankment to mark and confine the two banks. Then comes the Kantara cutting, three miles through hillocks of sand. This ends at Lake Bellah, a kind of salt marsh, through which the canal runs about nine miles, with side embankments. Next to this comes a portion of plateau eight miles long, in some parts of which, near El Guisr, the canal had to be dug to the vast depth of 90 feet in hard sandstone—an immense labour, where the width of the canal is so great. Then we come to the central part of the canal, Lake Temsah, where, just about 50 miles from each end, is the new and flourishing town of Ismaïlia, provided with streets, roads, merchants' offices, banks, hotels, cafés, villas, a Roman Catholic chapel for the French inhabitants, a Mohammedan mosque for the Egyptian and Arab population, a theatre, a hospital, a railway station, a telegraph station, an abattoir, a bazaar, and quays and repairing-docks for shipping. This town is one of the most remarkable of M. Lesseps' creations. The canal then passes through nine miles of dry land, where the Serapeum cutting has called for a vast amount of excavation. To this succeeds a passage of 23 miles through the Bitter Lake, which has for ages been a dry salt depression, but which is now filled with sea-water from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; the canal itself being marked out by lofty and broad embankments. No less than 10,000,000 cubic yards of water have been admitted to fill up this great depression. A further portion of 17 miles, through dry land and shallow dried-up lakes, carries the canal to Suez, involving extensive blasting at the Chalouf cutting. At the junction with the Red Sea at Suez, all the necessary piers, docks, quays, &c. have been constructed. A subsidiary work, without which this great ship canal could not have been constructed, is the Sweet Water Canal. This is about 40 feet wide by 9 feet deep. It brings the fresh water of the Nile, from a point a little below Cairo, to Ismaïlia and Suez, and by means of large iron pipes to Port Saïd. This minor canal is literally invaluable, seeing that it supplied fresh water for the thousands of men employed in the works, and is gradually fertilising what was before a sandy desert. The really grand Suez Canal was opened for traffic in November 1869, and ships of large burden now pass through it. The cost has been more than £16,000,000: whether it will pay the shareholders is a problem to be solved gradually; but it will unquestionably be a great aid to commerce.



LIFE-ASSURANCE.

A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

THOMSON.—Mr Jones, do you happen to know anything of life-assurance? My wife's father has lately been speaking to me of it, as a thing calculated to be useful to me. But I must candidly say, although I have seen all kinds of advertisements on the subject in newspapers and under the covers of magazines, I am still as ignorant of it as if I were an infant.

Jones.—If that is the case, Mr Thomson, I would recommend your giving the subject some attention immediately; for, as you are a recently married man, with children beginning to drop in upon you, you are quite the sort of person to whom it should not be unknown.

Thomson.—I am willing enough to know a little of it, Mr Jones, but don't know how that is to be brought about. Somehow, whenever I look into an encyclopædia for anything, I find they tell me so much, and go so deeply into it, that I remain about as ignorant as I was. Perhaps you can give me such an off-hand account of life-assurance as I can understand?

Jones.—I am willing at least to try; but let me remark in the first place, that I don't like to hear you, or any other man, complaining of the difficulty of understanding what you read of in books. There are many subjects which no writer on earth could make intelligible at merely a superficial reading. When a subject is out of the

common line, involving calculations and complicated details, we cannot expect to run over it as glibly as a fairy tale, and yet catch up its whole sense and bearings.

Thomson.—Well, I daresay you are right, Mr Jones; but still I think I should be much more likely to understand life-assurance if you were to *tell me about it by word of mouth*, than if I were to read about it in any book whatever. I know you are acquainted with the subject, for I have often seen your name in the list of directors of one of the societies.

Jones.—Yes, I have a general acquaintance with it, from long connection with its business; but if I attempt to sketch the subject as you propose, you must allow me to introduce a few statements of an arithmetical kind, without which it could not be made intelligible. On that condition, I shall do my best.

Thomson.—Agreed, so that you don't take me too deep; for I fairly tell you beforehand I cannot follow you there.

Jones.—Well, well (*smiling*), I shall endeavour to be as shallow as possible. You of course know the nature of the benefits sought for from life-assurance? Not distinctly? Well, they are simply these. The most common case is when a man, such as yourself, wishes that his widow, children, or other dependent relatives, should have a certain sum secured for their use, in the event of his being suddenly removed from the midst of them. Another not unusual case is where a creditor, fearing that his debtor may be long in paying him, or may die before he acquires the ability to discharge his debts, assures that, at the debtor's death, he may receive a sum sufficient to cover the debt. There are other uses for life-assurance; but the first of these is the principal—namely, to make provision for helpless persons against the possible sudden death of the person on whom they depend.

Thomson.—But how can such benefits be secured? It is all very well for a man to secure a good round sum for his widow or children; but either he must pay an equivalent, and therefore would get no benefit, or the office must be a loser by him?

Jones.—Neither is the case. The beauty of life-assurance is, that you or any man may, for a small sum, secure these desired benefits; and yet no one is, or can be, a loser by him.

Thomson.—What! That seems to me self-contradictory. But explain yourself.

Jones.—Your remark, Mr Thomson, only shews that life-assurance is yet little understood even amongst the classes to whom it holds forth most advantage. I could almost wish to see a peculiar class of missionaries going about to make it known to all such as you. But to proceed. Life-assurance is, in its fundamental principle, like a benefit society. A certain number of persons club payments, that those who die within a certain time may receive—or rather that their heirs may receive—the aggregate amongst them.

Here every one takes his chance. Each pays a small sum, that, in a certain contingency, he may get back a large one. Though the occasion for getting the large sum should not arise, he has still had value for his money, for he has been assured that, in the event of his death, the large sum would have been realised. The non-receivers are therefore no losers, while the heirs of the deceased are, I may say, enriched.

Thomson.—All this I can understand. But you speak somewhat ideally. Please tell me what the arrangements actually are.

Jones.—With pleasure. Life-assurance depends, then, upon what is comparatively a modern discovery amongst mankind; namely, that life, while proverbially *uncertain* in the individual, is *determined* with respect to a multitude; being governed, like everything else in nature, by fixed laws. It is found that, out of any large number of persons at a particular age, the deaths during the ensuing year will be a certain number. Suppose we take ten thousand Englishmen of the age of 52, we are quite sure that the deaths amongst them in the next year will be just about 150. This is learned from experience—that is, by the keeping of tables of mortality. The number is liable to be different in different countries and in different ages. In England, a century ago, when the circumstances in which the people lived were less favourable to health, there would have been a greater mortality than 150. So also would there probably be in some other European countries at the present time. But, taking England as it is, such is a specimen of what experience tells us respecting the chances of death amongst our population. Of course, amongst ten thousand younger persons, the deaths are fewer; and of older persons, more. Every age has, in short, its proportion.

Thomson.—I have heard something of this before. But how does it serve for the business of life-assurance?

Jones.—Why, simply thus. Supposing that ten thousand persons at the age of 52 were disposed to associate for the purpose of making sure that the heirs of all those who died within a year should have each £1000. It would only be necessary, in that case, for each person to contribute as much to a common fund as would make up the sum of £150,000, or a thousand times 150; that is to say, each of the ten thousand persons would require to pay in £15. With a small additional allowance for the expense of transacting the business, the resulting sum of £150,000 would serve to give the representatives of each deceased party the desired £1000. This is still so far an ideal case. But it is easy to suppose a large number of persons at all ages, or at least at certain ages determined on, say between 15 and 60, paying into a common fund, each according to his age, and the sum he wished secured; and then we should have a mutual assurance society at once; there being only this additional feature, that generally men do not insure for one year only (though this is possible), but for the whole remainder of their lives; for which

reason an average is struck, and they begin paying at a rate which will continue the same to the end, the excess of payment in the early years making up for its smallness in those near the close of life. Such being the common practice, life-assurance societies necessarily accumulate large funds, which they require to improve at interest in safe investments, in order that the most postponed engagements may be made good in due time.

Thomson.—But does not this introduce another element into the business? The result must be in some degree affected by the rate at which you improve the money.

Jones.—Doubtless; and I am glad to hear you make the remark, as it shews you are following me. Besides calculating the probable rate of mortality, the conductors of life-assurance business must have tolerably certain prospects with regard to the interest which they are to obtain for their funds. Suppose they can make sure of four per cent. at an average—and this, I believe, is below what is usually realised—they have to calculate accordingly. A continued depression of the average rate of interest is, of course, as unfavourable to the interests of a life-assurance society as would be a rise in the rate of mortality. Fortunately, there seems to be as little prospect of the one as of the other.

Thomson.—I can readily imagine all that, without your going into details. But are there not different modes of conducting life-assurance business, as far as concerns the managing parties?

Jones.—Yes. Life-assurance offices are of two leading kinds. On the one hand there are joint-stock companies coming forward with a large subscribed capital, and professing to undertake risks upon lives, looking, of course, for a profit upon their transactions. Other offices are upon the principle of what is called mutual assurance—that is, the parties insuring make of their payments a common fund, out of which the heirs of deceased members are paid.

Thomson.—What are the comparative merits of the two plans?

Jones.—I shall for the present limit myself to stating the advantages attributed to them by their respective supporters. By the first plan, the insurer has usually to pay according to rates calculated merely to allow a profit to the company upon the transaction—that is, the rates are usually moderate. He has also the security derived from a subscribed capital and the credit of the shareholders. In the second class of offices, the rates are usually higher, in order that 'ample scope and verge enough' may be allowed for unfavourable contingencies. But any surplus that thus arises belongs to the insuring parties, and is usually employed in two ways—first, a portion goes to form a reserve or guarantee fund, which may be considered as standing in much the same predicament as the paid-up capital of a 'company:' second, another, and larger portion, is allocated, at intervals of several years, among the members, who may take advantage of it either in the form of an addition to the

sum ultimately to be realised by them, or as a deduction from their future annual payments, or as a sum in hand. The 'companies' boast of their system as furnishing additional security for the insuring party. The 'societies' do not admit this. They hold that the price which has to be paid for the protecting capital out of the yearly premiums, is more advantageously retained in the hands of the assured themselves; and that while perfect security is given by them, they enable insurers to do their own business at prime cost, bating only the office expenses. The mutual offices are few in comparison with the proprietary, there not being the same speculative inducements to found a new 'society,' as to found a new 'company;' while the establishment of the former is undoubtedly attended with some risk in case of one or more deaths occurring in the first year. The two classes of offices are now to some extent assimilated. The 'companies' now, with scarcely an exception, offer two scales, by the higher of which they admit the insured to a share, more or less, in the profits. Several of the mutual 'societies' also, to meet the competition of the low-rated offices, now offer a low scale of premium without share in the profits.

Thomson.—Can you give me any particulars as to rates and surpluses? I sometimes observe offices in their advertisements laying great stress upon bonuses.

Jones.—There are some very remarkable instances of benefit thus coming to the insured. The Equitable of London is a mutual office, dating from 1762. It did a vast amount of business at rates formed upon the Northampton tables of mortality, which give an unfavourable view of life, and while the state of the country was such as to cause accumulated funds to fructify very fast. Other causes tended to raise the profits given to the earlier insurers, so that their policies have ultimately expanded to several times their original amount. Mutual offices charging the usual rates of premium, and which have existed under less exceptional circumstances, have been able to give large bonuses in addition to their original assurances. It is evident such a system involves a savings-bank besides the business of life-assurance, so that it matters less to an insurer that he pays liberal rates, if he be satisfied that the extra money will be disposed of in a way that will turn it to the best account. However, there are now also mutual offices, of more recent origin, which, availing themselves of increased experience, proceed upon the principle of charging moderate rates, and holding forth less temptation in the way of early bonuses.

Thomson.—Some care is taken, I believe, in selecting lives. I remember my cousin Bateman being refused admission because of his being thought to have suffered a little from over-free living. But do not tables comprehend all kinds of lives?

Jones.—Of course they do; but it is not on that account necessary to admit any unhealthy man who seeks, when too late, thus to make

provision for those in whom he is interested. It is necessary, in a 'society,' that all should be presumed as equal in point of health; otherwise, they do not start fair. A 'company,' again, has its own interest in keeping out men not likely to live their full time. There is therefore great pains taken to ascertain of any proposing insurer that his health is good. Besides his own statements in the 'Proposal,' a schedule of queries is sent to two friends, whom he has nominated for the purpose, and, when there seems to be occasion for it, also to his medical attendant. The information required has reference to his ordinary state of health, the diseases he has had or is liable to, the constitution and longevity of his near relations, and his habits of living. And after all, the proposer is personally examined by a medical officer of the 'company,' or 'society,' to ascertain as far as possible that his constitution is sound, and that there is no latent disease which may not yet have developed itself. It is but proper to be thus strict, because, if an unhealthy person is admitted, an injury so far is done to all the rest of the society. There are now offices which give assurances upon invalid lives, charging, of course, premiums high in proportion; and it is quite possible to conduct such a business successfully, for there is a law presiding over the decrement of life among invalids, as well as in the bulk of society.

Thomson.—The lives being, as it were, picked, must, I should think, tell upon the funds of the office very materially.

Jones.—It does. The rates being calculated from tables which give a safe view even of general life, there is, of course, for some time a greatly diminished mortality, and consequently less demand upon the funds of the office, when the lives are, so far as can be, selected. In this way, large bonuses have been given by most offices. It has been found, however, from tables recently constructed from the experience of the offices themselves, that the advantage of selection 'runs out,' so to speak, after a few years, so that the mortality of an office which has attained considerable age, whose recent entrants bear a small proportion to the general body, will come to agree very nearly with that of the community, or the better classes of it. By thus consulting their own experience, the offices have arrived at some interesting results bearing on the hazard of particular trades. To take only one instance—the lives of spirit-dealers, even when the habits at the time of assurance have been certified as good, are found to be greatly more hazardous than those of the general body.

Thomson.—I think I now understand pretty clearly the principles of life-assurance. Would you give me some idea of the practical procedure connected with it, and its results?

Jones.—With pleasure. I shall suppose that you are thirty years of age, and wish to insure five hundred pounds to your family in the event of your death. You may effect the assurance of this sum in several offices of respectability, at about £2, 2s. per cent., or £10,

10s. in all, if you choose to forego the sharing in the profit. This is a simply commercial transaction; a *quid pro quo*. The office, of course, whether mutual or proprietary, looks to make a profit on it, and you look to the realisation of the precise sum of five hundred pounds. Suppose you prefer becoming a member of a mutual society, you will pay, in most of the offices of that class, a somewhat higher rate—ranging from £2, 8s. to £2, 11s.—or about £12, 10s. in all;* and in that case you may reasonably expect that, should your policy run for, say, twelve or fifteen years, it will have become six instead of five hundred pounds; or you would be entitled to have your rate of payment considerably reduced for the future. In mutual assurance, there is, theoretically, the risk, in the early years of the society, of a falling short of funds; but, practically, there is no such danger; for, when once properly started and well conducted, the business of mutual assurance invariably flourishes. In fact, with safe estimates of mortality, there are so many means of employing the funds to advantage, that mutual assurance is unlike every other kind of business—great prosperity being the rule, instead of the exception. There are some, however, who think the guarantee of a trading company so desirable, that they are willing to forego ultimate advantages on that account, or to content themselves at least with that share of the profits which certain companies agree to give to the assured.

Thomson.—In what form does a private party receive assurance of the payment which he bargains for?

Jones.—He receives it in the shape of a bond, on stamped paper, usually called a Policy of Assurance, in which the 'company,' by its directors, binds itself to make good the sum at the decease of the party, provided that decease be not by suicide or in a duel, or beyond certain prescribed geographical limits; provided also that the stipulated payments called premium have been duly made, and that no untrue averment was made as to the state of health and habits of the insured at the date of the insurance.† The bond of the 'society,' again, binds the several members to make good the sum, on the like provisions, but only as far as the funds of the body may, at the fall of the policy, be sufficient for that purpose. A policy of assurance is usually obtained on the condition of an annual payment, because this is the plan which suits the circumstances of most persons; but it may also be had on the payment of one sum. For instance, a person of 36 years will have an assurance for £1000, with prospect of large additions, on paying from

* As has been stated above, there are one or two mutual offices of more recent origin with a lower scale of rates, more nearly abreast with those of the 'companies,' yet still thoroughly safe. Since the first issue of this Tract, also, a good many offices have lowered their rates. It may, however, be held as imprudent in any office to insure life at thirty years much below £2, 2s. per £100.

† The conditions of forfeiture and the restrictions on travelling are generally now much less stringent than they used to be.

£420 to £450 at a mutual office. There is an intermediate system between this single payment and the ordinary premium payable during the whole of life, which is becoming deservedly popular. Most offices now offer a scale of premiums to be charged, say for 10, 15, or 20 years, the insurer being thereafter free from payment. This system is peculiarly suited to the case of professional men, indeed of all who would aim at a reduction of their expenses in the decline of life. When assured by a single payment, the policy is at once as good as a bank-note, for a sum nearly equal to what was paid for it; and the value rises year after year. Even when obtained by annual payments, it soon acquires a certain value. For example, an insurer enters, we shall say, at thirty, and has paid for ten years. Being now forty, he has only to pay for the remainder of life at the rate proper to thirty, which is much smaller. *In the proportion of the one rate to the other is his policy of value.* And he can accordingly use it as a security for any debt he may incur, or as a means of raising a loan; or he may sell it for a sum; which, however, I do not like to see anybody do, as it is like killing the goose for the eggs, and can only be justified by the pressure of extreme necessity.

Thomson.—I would like, however, to understand the advantages of life-assurance to an individual a little more clearly. If I am a healthy person, and live to a good old age, I shall of course pay a great deal, and get back nothing; and perhaps after all, what is got by my heirs may be much less than I have paid, besides perhaps not being needed by them; for before that time my children may be all well provided for otherwise. I think I have heard my neighbour Jackson occasionally indulging in a laugh at life-assurance: all outlay, he says, and no return.

Jones.—And will you allow yourself to be carried away by a thoughtless laugh? Take life-assurance at its own pretension. It is only a kind of lottery, and does not offer prizes to all. Strictly speaking, the surviving pay for the benefits given to the dead; but then who is to say at the beginning of any year, which are to be the paying, and which the benefiting, parties? When you conceive of a person paying for forty or fifty years, till his aggregate outlay greatly exceeds what his heirs ever can receive, you merely think of the blanks in the lottery. The fortunate in length of days are the unfortunate in the distribution of the funds. But then, consider—though you are a young man, you may die to-morrow. Die when you like, if you have only just paid your first premium, your heirs are entitled to the sum assured. You may be said in that case to draw one of the highest prizes. All having here an equal chance, nothing can be more fair.

Thomson.—Still, it is a lottery, or a species of gambling; and I can imagine a nicely conscientious mind being at first sight a little startled by it.

Jones.—Such is really the case. There are many excellent persons who do not think themselves at liberty thus to speculate upon the

events of Providence. But I humbly think they are wrong. If it is a lottery, it is, I would say, one of a legitimate and even laudable kind. Taking its rise in one of the most respectable features of human nature—foresight, or a provision against contingent evils—and having most particularly in view the succour of the widow and fatherless, it is essentially a moral and humane institution. And surely, if it be allowable for any man to seek to gather actual property wherewith to endow those dependent upon him, it is allowable, where that is impossible or difficult of attainment, to secure the same end, since it can be done, by a combination of means and a brotherly participation of risks. I contemplate life-assurance, not as an interference in any degree with the course of Providence, which some rashly assume it to be, but, on the contrary, the taking advantage of a means kindly offered by Providence for our benefit. For, consider on what it rests. That regularity in the ratio of mortality, without which there could be no life-assurance, is an institution of divine wisdom, as clearly as any other of the great arrangements of nature. When we assume this as a guide for certain conduct, not in itself reprehensible, we do no more than when we regulate a journey by what we know beforehand of the season and the length of the day. If we knew from infallible signs that there was to be a failure of grain-crops five years hence, would it not be quite right to save up corn against that time, and thus equalise the evil over a wider surface? Now, if a thousand persons know that a certain number of them will die next year, are they not to be at liberty to act upon that knowledge, and insure each other against the calamities that might flow to their families in the event of their being left without sufficient property to protect them from the evils of poverty? I humbly conceive that we are called upon, by the most sacred considerations, to adopt such an expedient, seeing that it is attended by no practical evils of any kind, but, on the contrary, produces an unmixed good.

Thomson.—I admit the force of your arguments there; but it just occurs to me that an objection still lies with regard to the mercantile view of the subject. Say that I am a young hale man, carrying on a good business which fully employs my capital. I am likely to live for twenty years at least, and in that time have every reason to expect I shall provide for my family very amply. If I take money out of my business to insure upon my life, I so far diminish my means of carrying on business; and my chance of ending with brilliant success is lessened. This I feel to be a hardship, and it may even be the worse in the long-run for my family. You will see, then, that I have a great temptation, circumstanced as I am, to abstain from laying out money in this way, and rather to keep employing it in business, which makes me in the meantime such good returns.

Jones.—You have stated an objection which, I believe, is extremely apt to arise in the minds of men of business, but which I equally

believe to be ill-founded. The question is simply this—are you to trust the comfort of your family to a chance, albeit a promising one, or are you not rather to make quite sure of it so far? Why, you speak of life-assurance being a kind of gamble. In many circumstances, *the keeping out of it is a greater gamble.* The plan which you propose instead, is like risking everything you have in the world upon a single throw of the dice, for the sake of a possible great gain, in which you may be disappointed. The stock in trade of even prosperous men often turns out of little value when they are removed from the head of their business. This is what all are exposed to while we continue mortal: not even the healthiest man can say for certain he is ever to be in his shop or counting-house again. Now, is it not a gratifying reflection to a person in such circumstances, that, though the stroke come to-morrow, and make the value of his stock and trade ever so doubtful, there is at least one clear certain sum to accrue to those about whose welfare he is most anxious—something which they cannot be deprived of, so that he only die in solvent circumstances? To me, at least, with the element of caution pretty strong in my constitution—though not stronger, I daresay, than is necessary in this trying world—it seems so indispensable thus to have *a something* certain for my wife and children to look to, that I feel as if I could not have a minute's comfort at any time, if I were trusting their future comfort wholly to the chance of how my business might turn out after my death.

Thomson.—May I ask if you have known many instances of life-policies proving a stay, where other means that had been chiefly trusted to failed?

Jones.—I could relate several cases in point, and I believe they must be frequent. Speaking generally, my experience says that, of all the possessions of mercantile men, there is none more stable, none more to be depended on, than sums secured upon life.

Thomson.—It will, of course, sometimes happen that individuals benefit in a remarkable degree by life-assurance, seeing their death may take place at any hour after having effected their policies.

Jones.—It does; and I could tell you some remarkable anecdotes of that kind. An instance of death during the *week* following the payment of the first premium once occurred in Edinburgh. In the records of one particular office, I have found a considerable number of cases in which only one premium was paid. I find, for instance, £500 realised after the policy had run 262 days; £800 after 330 days; £600 after 206 days; £500 after only 74 days; £1000 after four months; and so forth. A few years ago, there occurred one particular case of a very striking nature. An industrious man, engaged in flax-spinning, and who had sunk most of what he possessed in a concern of that nature, insured £500 in the month of February, for which the usual comparatively small sum was paid by way of premium; in the ensuing April, not satisfied

with the first sum, he insured £500 more. *Next month*, after the second policy had run only *twenty-two days*, he died in consequence of a severe injury from his own machinery. Thus his family obtained the welcome sum of £1000 to help them on in the world—a sum which they could not have had, if their parent's death had taken place three months sooner! Such incidents serve to place the value of life-assurance in a very striking light. We see, indeed, in this institution one of the grand differences between a barbarous age and one of high civilisation. Long ago, the condition of the widow and the fatherless, in all departments of society, was generally very deplorable, for they were in most instances dependent on mere charity. Now, by a present expenditure of no great magnitude on the part of the father of a family, he may secure them against that wretched state of dependence in the event of his death, happen when it may. Men who are indisposed to make this little sacrifice, talk of leaving their little ones to a kind Providence, in the certainty that they will not want. This is, in reality, to shift their own burden upon the shoulders of other people.

Thomson.—What you say is very convincing, and I no longer see any occasion to hesitate before effecting a policy for the benefit of Susan and the young ones. There is only one other point I wish to have explained. I see that most insurance offices offer to grant annuities to applicants. Is that on the same principle as insurance for sums to be paid at decease?

Jones.—The granting of annuities is a distinct branch of insurance office business, and is conducted on the same principles as to probability of length of days as the branch we have been talking of. Insurance for annuities is chiefly adapted to persons who can sink a certain sum at once in exchange for a certain sum annually—this last being much more than they could realise by any process of lending the principal. The amount of the annual sum or annuity depends, of course, on the age of the insured. It is indeed the converse of life-assurance; an old person will get a much larger return than a young one. Men retiring from business with a moderate sum, and who have no immediate relatives depending on them, find this species of insurance exceedingly suitable. But the plan of annuities is very various, and may be applied to many kinds of cases. A man may buy an annuity for himself, or for himself and wife jointly; or he may sink money for an annuity to his widow after his death; or he may begin paying a sum annually, to cease in a certain number of years, and then his annuity is to commence—such being called *deferred annuities.*

Thomson.—Now that you put me in mind of it, I have heard it said jocularly, that people who insure for annuities generally live longer than those who don't. Surely that must be nonsense.

Jones.—I am not sure that such an idea is altogether visionary. People whose lives are insured for annuities, may be supposed to

feel considerably at their ease. They are not troubled with those cankering cares which distract men in busy life. They are left to enjoy their old age undisturbed. Seeking the 'chimney-nook of ease,' they tranquilly spend their declining years; and, finally, with life drawn out to its utmost span, they sink quietly to their rest. I am not sure but on the same principle it would be found that life-assurance is conducive to longevity. I have heard more than one person speak of the calmness of mind which was induced on a sick-bed by the thought that, come what might, those who depended on them were secured against want.

Thomson.—Now that I know something of insurance, and am determined on effecting a policy, my only concern is to know in what kind of office I ought to transact the business. Can you give me any direction on this point?

Jones.—It might be invidious to speak of particular offices as preferable to others. But I can give you some general directions, which may be of service to you. You must understand that life-assurance, like every other kind of business, is liable to have more or less sordid views connected with it; and instances are sometimes known of business being conducted on an unsound footing, either through erroneous estimates, or with a view to the immediate benefit of certain adventurers concerned. Generally, however, the British offices, whether proprietary or mutual, are conducted in a way that promises perfect security to the assured.* You have heard me describe the opposite advantages arrogated for the proprietary and mutual systems by their various patrons. I am not disposed to go deep into that question; but I may state, as my own mature opinion, that mutual assurance gives all desirable security, while it must make, in general, greater returns to the assured. There is something in the object of life-assurance so sacred in my estimation, that I dislike seeing common commercial interests mixing themselves up with it. Were such aid necessary, it would, of course, be right to have recourse to it; but experience, I think, as well as science, shews that it is not wanted. Let men unite as brethren of one kind in this holy duty of insuring each other against one of the greatest of calamities, that of leaving a family in indigence; and let whatever surpluses may accrue from a successful management of the business be divided among those alone whose benefit was primarily contemplated. There is, I believe, a growing conviction in favour of the mutual system, while 'companies' are every day mixing up more and more of the surplus-dividing system with their own,

* The recent disasters can scarcely be said to invalidate this statement. The collapse of the Albert, and the position of some other offices, are to be traced to a reckless violation of principles on which the stability of an assurance office, as of any other business, depends. It is to be hoped that the measure now before parliament may provide simple machinery for exhibiting at a glance the position of each office. The best safeguard against the recurrence of similar calamities must ever be found in publicity.

granting policies at certain rates, with what they call 'participation of profits.' Indeed, so strong is this movement, that pure 'companies,' especially those with high rates, could not have maintained their ground, if they had not very generally resorted to an expedient which I am sorry to characterise as immoral. I refer to the giving of commission to any one, whether a man of business or a private person, who brings them customers; thus inducing individuals in trust to recommend their clients to particular offices, where, perhaps, they will pay more and receive less than elsewhere. Ignorant as most persons are of life-assurance, and unable to discriminate for themselves between the claims of contending systems, they are naturally disposed to listen to the counsels of a friend or legal agent on the subject; but, behold, where they expect true intelligence and sound advice, they confer with a party who is secretly under the temptation of *a bribe*—for such it is—to give them the reverse; so that their children will years after receive, it may be, not three-fourths of the sum they might have realised in other quarters for the same outlay. Seeing such results, I cannot but condemn the system. And one strong reason with me for preferring the mutual offices is, that they have generally rejected this mode of obtaining business.

Thomson.—I really feel surprised that such a practice should exist in an age like the present. Why, it reduces educated men to a level with cooks and butlers taking fees from tradesmen for their masters' custom. I shall, of course, avoid connecting myself with any office which acts in a way so directly contrary to good morals.—But, to pass from this subject, I should like to know if life-assurance is taken advantage of by any large portion of the community. To speak the truth, although the advertisements of the various offices are seen everywhere, I hear of few persons who have taken out policies of life-assurance. And, for my own part, I never till now had any clear idea of what life-assurance meant, or what it could do.

Jones.—I thoroughly believe you. Though life-assurance has made great advances of late years, the subject is still little understood by the public at large, and as yet accordingly its advantages exist in vain for the great mass. It is estimated that in the year 1869 the number of persons whose lives were insured in the United Kingdom was little above 450,000, while many of these must have insured, not for the benefit of families, but in connection with money-raising and security. That so small a proportion of the heads of families as this indicates should have availed themselves of so easy a means of providing for those depending on them, gives a sad view of the improvidence of men. Still I am happy to think that the blessings of life-assurance, as I may well call them, are rapidly extending. The Scottish offices alone, though but a handful compared with the rest, possess a fourth of the whole business of the country, and transact more than that proportion of the new business.

For some years they have issued at the rate of 12,000 new policies a year, for sums averaging between £500 and £600. And into their coffers alone upwards of two and a half millions of premiums are poured every year. Such a large subtraction from the current enjoyments of the population, for the supply of needs yet in the remote future, speaks strongly, not merely for the increasing wealth, but the improving civilisation of our country. It is to be greatly wished that the benefit should spread further down in society. As yet, it is almost confined to the upper and middle ranks; but there is no reason why a respectable artisan or small tradesman should not have his family assured against the calamity of his early death as well as his richer neighbours.

Thomson.—Certainly not. But do the ordinary insurance offices accommodate working-men?

Jones.—They do. I believe most, if not all of them, grant policies for £50. However, there is a class of insurance associations more peculiarly adapted to the wants of artisans and others with slender means, to which they can very easily resort.

Thomson.—I suppose you allude to what are called benefit clubs, or friendly societies. From what I have heard of most of these concerns, I should not willingly recommend any man to trust his money in their hands.

Jones.—That is too sweeping a condemnation. There are, no doubt, many got up on erroneous principles, and perhaps some are conducted by designing individuals for their own ends; but there are likewise several established and managed on principles as sound as those of respectable insurance companies.

Thomson.—Name one of these, if you please, and let me know something of its details. I take an interest in everything bearing on the welfare of the working-classes.

Jones.—The one I happen to be best acquainted with is the Edinburgh School of Arts Friendly Society, established nearly forty years ago. This Society, although originating with certain of the members of and friends to the School of Arts (a species of mechanics' institution), and taking its name, is not otherwise connected with that institution, but is open to all persons, male and female, residing in Edinburgh. It has three separate funds or schemes—namely, a *Sickness Fund*, *Deferred Annuity Fund*, and a *Life-assurance Fund*. If you wish to know the scale of contributions, and the benefits secured you must study the Society's tables. It must be confessed, however, that the unsatisfactory way in which very many Friendly Societies have conducted their affairs has led to a very general distrust of them; and it was partly at least from this cause that government was led to introduce, in 1865, the system of Post-office Insurance, which gives the insured the benefit of the national security. I need not enter into the details of the scheme; but the post-masters whose post-offices have been raised to the rank

of insurance offices are ready to give all requisite information to applicants; and tables of rates are kept ready for inspection. One instance will give a general notion of the scheme. A man in his 30th year may insure £100 to his survivors at his death:

	£	s.	d.
1. By a single payment of	43	3	7
2. By an annual payment for life of	2	6	7
3. By a quarterly " "	0	13	0
4. By a monthly " "	0	4	4
5. By a fortnightly " "	0	2	2
6. By an annual payment, up to the age of 60, of	2	13	10
7. By a quarterly payment, " " "	0	15	0
8. By a monthly payment, " " "	0	5	0
9. By a fortnightly payment, " " "	0	2	6

It is to be regretted that the working-classes have as yet availed themselves but little of the facilities thus offered. Although the rates are somewhat higher than in most ordinary offices, for those who are at a loss what office to select, there is the advantage at least of knowing that there is perfect security.

Thomson.—Would you prefer seeing men effecting an insurance to laying aside money in a bank?

Jones.—I do not think the two things should be brought into comparison, because each is right in its way. I would, however, repeat, that the first duty of every man is to provide to the best of his ability for his wife and family in the event of his death, and the most convenient way of doing so is to effect an insurance on his life. At the same time, I do not imagine that this is incompatible with other economical practices. Let every man save as much as he can by all means—the operative resorting to his savings-bank, and those with larger means at disposal seeking all proper investments for the surplus gains of their labour. In point of fact, I believe it will be found that the man who insures his life is the first to save otherwise.

Thomson.—Well, I believe that life-insurance does not necessarily prevent other means of economising, even as regards working-men in good employment; and I shall recommend some artisans whom I happen to know either to join an insurance office, or take advantage of the government plans.

Jones.—Do so; but do not confine your advices to them. Try to influence every person to insure, whatever be his station. Indeed, till this practice becomes the rule amongst men of all classes, instead of being, as now, the rare exception, I cannot believe that we have attained such a point in civilisation as we have any title to boast of. For what is the predicament of that man who, for the gratification of his affections, surrounds himself with a wife and children, and peaceably lives in the enjoyment of these precious blessings, with the knowledge that, ere three moments at any time shall have passed, the cessation of his existence may throw wife and children

together into a state of destitution? I hold it to be the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own: I would say that it is not more his duty to provide for their daily bread during his life, than it is to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. One part of his income can now be devoted by a head of a family to the necessities of the present; another may be stored up, by means of life-assurance, to provide against the future. And thus he may be said to do the whole of his duty towards his family, instead of, as is generally the case, only doing the half of it. Men are only comparatively indifferent on this subject, because there has as yet been but a brief experience of a system for redeeming widows and orphans from poverty. When life-assurance is as universally understood and practised as it ought to be, he who has not made such a provision, or something equivalent, for the possibility of his death, will, I verily trust, be looked on as a not less detestable wretch than he who will not work for his children's bread; and his memory after death will be held in not less contempt.

[*Jones and Thomson bid each other good-bye, and separate, Thomson resolving not to go home till he has called at an office to fill up a proposal for an assurance upon his life.*]

NOTE.

The assurance principle has been applied with success to the guaranteeing of fidelity in persons holding situations of trust. In this case the calculation is, that out of a large range of instances where individuals of good moral character are intrusted with sums belonging to their employers, a nearly regular amount of defalcation will take place annually, or within some other larger space of time. This may give an unpleasant view of human nature, but it is found to be a true one, and the question which arises with men of business is, by what means may the defalcation be best guarded against. The choice is between a guarantee from one or two persons, and from a trading company. By the former plan, the risk is concentrated upon one or two, who may be deeply injured in consequence: by the other plan, the risk is not merely diffused, it is *extinguished*, for the premiums paid by the insuring parties stand for the losses, besides affording a profit upon the business. Guarantee companies are now established in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large cities; and as they serve a useful purpose, and rather support than deteriorate individual morality, we cordially trust that they will go on and prosper.—ED.



PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

'WOULD you like me to do anything for you, dear mother?' said Lizette, a sweet-tempered girl, to her mother, who was lying to all appearance on her death-bed, in a cottage in the environs of Marseille. 'Would you like me to raise your head a little? I am sure you would—now, I think you will be more comfortable. I am glad I thought of that.'

'Lizette,' said the dying woman, with some degree of effort, 'you kill me with kindness—you are far too good to me.'

'Kindness!—do not speak of such a thing. It is my duty to be kind and attentive to my poor dear mother. You know I would do anything I could think of for you, and it would be all little enough. Do try to compose yourself, dear mother. Perhaps you may yet get well.'

'Never,' answered Dame Margaret; 'I know I have not long to live, and yet I cannot die. Had you been less dutiful, less kind, it would have been easier for me now. I could have endured your want of affection, but your goodness overcomes me. Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to receive kindness from those you have wronged!' And here the poor woman stopped, as if convulsed with some strong emotion.

Lizette exhausted every persuasive to compose the agony of the sufferer, who she imagined was becoming delirious; but all was in vain.

'Dear, dear mother,' said she tenderly, her large black eyes filling with tears, as she fixed them on the agitated countenance of the dying woman; 'do not speak thus. You have never done me any wrong; you have always been the best of mothers.'

'Do not call me mother; I am not your mother.'

'I fear you are suffering a great deal,' said Lizette, not heeding her strange observation.

'O yes,' answered Dame Margaret, who was perceptibly getting weaker; 'I am dying, and cannot appear before God with such a heavy sin upon my conscience, Lizette.'

'If it is a sin, dear mother, you ought to tell it to the curé, and not to me: he will console you. Would you like me to go and call him?'

'Go, my child; but come back quickly: I feel I am very ill.'

When Lizette returned, accompanied by the pastor, they both observed terror in every feature of the dying woman. Lizette fell on her knees at the foot of her mother's bed, and poured out her full heart in prayer.

'Well, Dame Margaret,' said the pastor, seating himself on a stool, and taking the hand of the poor woman, as if to feel her pulse, 'you are ill; but I trust you are at peace with God?'

'No, sir, no,' replied the woman; 'there is no peace for me: I have wronged that innocent child. Oh, Lizette, Lizette,' added she, turning to the young girl, 'promise not to curse me.'

'Dearest mother,' said Lizette caressingly.

'Hush, hush. For pity's sake do not call me mother: it kills me.' And Dame Margaret, then raising herself in the bed, clasped her hands, and with an effort for which she seemed obliged to collect all her remaining strength: 'I am verily guilty, sir. I am not the mother of that child. Lizette, I am not your mother;' and, as if she had but been given strength for this avowal, she fell back in utter exhaustion.

'Explain yourself, and hope still in God,' said the pastor, as he bent over the couch; whilst Lizette's anxious gaze seemed to inquire the meaning of these mysterious words.

Dame Margaret, after a few moments, recovered sufficiently to answer: 'Sixteen years ago I lost my husband, just as I became the mother of a little girl; and I was soon after hired as nurse to the daughter of the Baroness de Pons, who then resided in Marseille. Three weeks had hardly gone by when the child fell sick, and so sick that I thought she was going to die. I was a poor widow. If I lost the nursing, I must lose the money that I intended to lay out in purchasing a bit of ground near my house, which would set me above want for the rest of my days.' Here the dying woman paused,

either to collect strength or to delay a painful confession. The curé pressed her hand, as if to encourage her. 'Alas! your reverence,' she resumed, in broken accents, 'one morning that my poor nursling was lying as if she were dead, a fine coach stopped at my door, and the Baroness de Pons alighted from it, looking very happy, and crying: "My child, my Clotilda. Quick, Dame Margaret; bring me my child." Well, sir, what can I say for myself? My heart failed me. I had not courage to grieve that beautiful young mother, who had come in her joy. Besides, my evil genius kept whispering to me to keep the bit of ground. I took my own child, my little Lizette—she was thought like my nursling—and, without saying a word—it would have stuck in my throat—I put her into the arms of Madame de Pons.'

Lizette was listening with breathless attention, at times involuntarily articulating the words that fell from the lips of the dying woman.

Finding her strength failing, Dame Margaret went on quickly. 'Madame de Pons covered the child with kisses. "How pretty she is!" said she, with all a mother's pride. "She is like a child of four months old, and she only six weeks! How delighted Albert will be to see her so rosy, so healthy!" But all on a sudden—then indeed I trembled—Madame de Pons began to undress the child, to look for a little red mark which her baby had below the elbow.'

'Here it is,' said Lizette in great agitation, as she pulled up her sleeve; 'here it is. Heavenly Father, leave me my senses.'

'Hush!' said the curé, gently laying his hand on the young girl's arm.

'The lady's-maid relieved me from my embarrassment,' continued the nurse; 'for, as you may well guess, the red mark was not to be found. "Did I not tell you so, my lady?" cried she. "I said it was only a heat in the skin, and not the mark of a strawberry; and your ladyship would not believe me; and now, my lady, you see I was right." "Oh, what happiness to have her so strong, so healthy!" was the only answer of Madame de Pons. "How could I have ventured to hope it with such delicate health as I have always had. But I cannot leave her again; I will stay here till she is to be weaned." And this, sir, was the way I changed the children.'

The nurse ceased speaking. There was a profound silence, which Lizette was the first to break. 'And you are not my mother?'

'But I love you as if I were. Had it not been for me, for my cares, you would have died. Lizette, Lizette,' said the poor woman, clasping her trembling hands, 'be not more inexorable than the God before whom I am about to appear. Forgive, forgive me.'

'I do, I do,' said Lizette, throwing herself, bathed in tears, into the arms of her nurse; 'for it was you who made me so big and strong; you loved me, you made me happy. Are not these tears the first you ever caused to flow? Be at peace, my own poor

mother; far from vexing your last moments, your child blesses you.'

'You are a good and generous girl,' said the curé to Lizette. 'As for you, Dame Margaret, though you have done a grievous wrong, Madame de Pons will scarcely blame you, since you have saved her child.'

'But I gave her my own child,' interrupted Dame Margaret; 'and now I must die without one look at her, without one kiss of her sweet lips.'

'Am I not your child too, mother?' said Lizette, in a tone of soft reproach.

'Blessings be on your head, my child, for that one sweet word; it makes death less bitter.' Her voice now failed her, and in a few moments she had ceased to breathe.

II.

One forenoon, shortly after the death of Dame Margaret, a young country girl descended from a diligence which had just arrived at the place of its destination in Paris. Her dress was the costume of the peasantry of Marseille. A short petticoat displayed a pretty pair of ankles, and two small feet in black shoes, with silver buckles. A clear muslin handkerchief trimmed with lace gave to view a neck embrowned by the noonday sun, while a little cap, surmounted by a large hat of black felt, with a broad gold band, shaded a fine and marked countenance. The diligences in France do not set down their passengers in the open street, as is the custom with stage-coaches in England. They drive into a spacious courtyard, to which no strangers for mere curiosity are admitted, and therefore the passengers are not incommoded by a crowd. Lizette, as the young girl was who had now arrived in Paris, having received her trunk, and had it examined by the attendant custom-house officers,* felt herself alone and friendless, and sat down to compose her feelings before venturing out to the long busy streets of which she had seen something in coming through the city. How long she might have sat ruminating on the object of her enterprise, is uncertain; her meditations were suddenly broken in upon by the abrupt request of one of the clerks, that she would move out of the way. Aroused by the discourteous order, the poor girl proceeded to procure a porter, and asked him to shew her the way to the house of Madame de Pons in the Rue de Rivoli; and, as if to prove that she

* More correctly, officers of the octroi. The octroi is a tax collected in every French town for the benefit of the municipality; it is levied in the form of a duty on certain articles entering the town; and so rigorously is this exacted, that the appointed officers search the trunks of travellers, and even the baskets which the country-people bring to market. An enormous sum is thus raised annually by the octroi duties in Paris.

was not mistaken in the address, she drew from her pocket a letter, and handed it to the porter.

'It is quite right; the very thing,' said he: 'follow me.' And taking up the luggage, he proceeded, accompanied by the girl, in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli.

Lizette was almost bewildered with the spectacle of the crowded streets, the dashing of carriages, and the great height of the houses, whose tops, to her imagination, seemed to reach the clouds. She was also struck with the splendour of the public buildings; and when the porter conducted her through the arcades of the Palais Royal, gay with the most elegant shops, and picturesque from the spouting of the jets-d'eau, she thought she was in a place of enchantment. 'How delightful it will be for me to come often to see these grand scenes,' said she to herself—'scenes from which I have been so long kept by an impostor. I shall now soon see this daughter of a peasant who has so long enjoyed my fortune, my name, and my mother's caresses. How proud the girl must be! With what a patronising air she will receive me!—but what pleasure it will be to humble her by giving her this letter from the curé! Oh, how mortified she will be when she reads the dying confession of Dame Margaret!' Indulging such thoughts of bitterness, Lizette followed her guide out of the Palais Royal into the Rue St Honoré, along which she had to go for some way. The sight of the church of St Roche arrested her attention, and gave a salutary turn to her feelings, and the young girl exclaimed: 'Oh, what a vile creature I am! What bad thoughts I have been cherishing! What! shall I, who am about to deprive her of everything, shall I insult her? Will she not have grief enough? Cruel that I am; may God forgive me! I must perform my devotions,' said she, turning quickly to the guide; 'wait here for me one moment.'

'And welcome, miss,' said the porter. 'I am answerable for your luggage,' added he, as he shewed his badge.

The young girl ascended the steps of the church; and as she knelt before the altar, with eyes fixed upon the letter, which she still held in both hands, murmured: 'O my God, give me strength for this hour!—teach me words to say to my mother that she may acknowledge me, that she may love me; for how can a poor girl brought up in the country know how to speak to a great lady! And O my God, soften my heart, and teach me to look kindly upon her who has usurped my place, and give me gentle words to say to her. It was not her fault that she robbed me of everything. Make me kind to her, oh, very kind to her, for I am about to make her very unhappy. I am about to deprive her of one mother, and I have not another to give her—Dame Margaret is dead.' This recollection made her tears flow afresh, and Lizette—for so we shall still call her—remained for some moments as if overwhelmed by the many conflicting feelings that agitated her. At length, relieved by the tears

which she now freely shed, she left the church, and finding the porter where she had left him, both turned into the Rue de Rivoli.

When Lizette reached the door, when her foot was on the threshold of her mother's house, that house which she was about to enter as a stranger, her heart sank within her. But, summoning all her courage, she ascended the steps boldly, and, like most timid persons, who, having by a violent effort overcome their natural character, overact their part, she rang until she broke the bell. The startled footman ran to open the door, and when he saw only a country-girl and a porter with a small trunk, he said somewhat roughly: 'What business have you to ring in such a way?'

'I want to see Madame de Pons,' answered Lizette, affecting a confidence which was fast forsaking her.

'Who in the world is ringing in such a way? I am sure it must wake my lady,' said a waiting-maid in a very sharp tone, who now made her appearance; when, suddenly perceiving the costume of Lizette, she added more civilly: 'From Marseille? Are you the daughter of Dame Margaret?'

The title of daughter of Dame Margaret seemed to arouse all the pride which Lizette had struggled so hard to subdue, and she answered: 'I am the foster-sister of her whom you call Mademoiselle de Pons.'

'Whom we call Mademoiselle de Pons! Well, that is droll enough, my little country-girl. Wait here, child; I will go to Mademoiselle. How delighted she will be to see her little Lizette; she is always talking of her!'

'Do not tell her too suddenly, Gertrude,' said the footman; 'you know how nervous our young lady is.'

'Does the man think I am a fool?' returned the maid rather angrily; 'do not I know better than you can tell me the state of Mademoiselle Clotilda's nerves? Make your mind easy—I will tell her the good news without doing her any harm; wait here for me, my good girl.'

'How much she is beloved and respected!' thought Lizette. 'At length, then, I shall see her and speak to her!'

After the lapse of five minutes, which appeared as many ages to the impatience of the young girl, the distant rustle of a silk dress was heard, and Lizette fixed her eyes with a feeling that was almost terror on the door through which Gertrude had disappeared. It opened, and a tall and beautiful creature ran forward with extended arms, exclaiming: 'Lizette, Lizette; welcome, welcome, my sister'—and taking both her hands with the most winning tenderness, she again said: 'Welcome, most welcome! How thankful I am that God put it into your heart to come to us! How is my nurse? But what is the matter? Have you no kiss for me? Surely you are not afraid of me?'

Lizette was confounded. She was not prepared for such a

reception, and if her gentle and ingenuous nature had ever harboured one feeling of hatred and resentment against her who had so innocently usurped her place, it gave way before these tender manifestations of spontaneous affection.

'Dame Margaret is dead,' answered Lizette. She had scarcely uttered the words, when she felt caressing arms around her neck, and the pressure of soft lips in an affectionate kiss.

'Alas, alas! but together we will weep for her,' murmured Clotilda. 'My poor nurse! And you came off to us at once: you knew you would find here a mother, and a sister too. Is it not so? How I love you for the thought! Yes, you are my sister, and everybody here must love, respect, and obey you. Do you hear me?' added she, turning to the servants who had been drawn into the passage by this little scene; 'this is a second Mademoiselle de Pons: we have shared the same milk; I deprived her of the half of her mother's caresses and cares; surely she has every right to the half of all that belongs to me. I must except, however, the half of my mother's love,' said she, interrupting herself with somewhat of the air of a spoiled child; 'but I will give you some little portion of it, Lizette, so do not be uneasy.'

'Oh, if I could but see her!' said poor Lizette, almost gasping for breath.

'See my mother!' said Clotilda; 'you cannot see her yet; she is in bed; but come with me.'

Lizette shrank back, and Clotilda now perceived the porter, and she instantly ordered that he should be paid and dismissed. 'Come, come, dear sister,' said she; 'the joy of seeing you is too much for me. I feel quite faint; but I care not, it is all delight.' And taking Lizette's hand, she led her through some splendidly-furnished rooms into a small apartment, where wealth had collected all that could be conceived most luxuriously useful and most uselessly luxurious. 'Now you are in my quarters,' said Clotilda, as with gentle force she made Lizette sit down in a large arm-chair, and took a seat on a stool at her feet. 'This is my sitting-room, on the right is my bed-room, on the left my study; at the end of that alcove is a door opening into Gertrude's room; but I will send her to sleep elsewhere, and I will give you her room, so that we shall be together night and day. But perhaps you may not be a sound sleeper, and I may disturb you; I am so often so very ill during the night: I have such bad health, the slightest exertion brings on fever; feel my hand now, is it not burning?—all from the delight of seeing you. Any painful emotion must kill me, I am persuaded; and therefore it is that every one tries to spare me the least vexation. Everybody tries to please me, no one contradicts me, so that I am quite spoiled. But this delicacy I inherit from mamma. My father had a strong constitution, at least I have been told so; for, alas! I never knew him; he died of a fall from his horse about two years

after I was born. But how well you are looking! What fine rosy cheeks you have got, and your arms so firm, so rounded!' added Clotilda, playfully patting Lizette's cheek. 'How happy you must be! It is so sad to be ill, and I am always ill. But you do not answer me. What is the matter? You are cold, reserved. Do you not love me?'

'I am only just arrived,' stammered Lizette, 'and I do not yet know you.'

'And do I know more of you? When two children have been fed with the same milk, and have slept in the same cradle, do they, when they meet, require ages in order to love each other? You are a naughty girl, Lizette, for that speech. Kiss me. Now I will have it so; contradiction always makes me ill.'

III.

Lizette was deeply affected by the sweet caresses of Clotilda, who, as a being all sentiment and of the most delicate health, seemed to the country-girl something different from ordinary mortals. There was novelty in every look and expression of the gentle creature, and as Lizette yielded to her embrace, she timidly returned her friendly kiss. Clotilda, now rising, made Lizette stand up with her, and placed her before a mirror, crying: 'You see you are exactly my size; my frocks will fit you. Your style of dress is pretty, but you must change it for my sake. I should wish so much to see you dressed like me.' And at this moment, in obedience to a feminine instinct, the two young girls cast at one another a furtive glance of rapid survey.

As Clotilda had remarked, all in Lizette breathed health. Her polished forehead, her finely-proportioned figure, which, though tall and robust, was still perfect in its symmetry; her roseate cheeks, her large sparkling black eyes; her whole person, in short, with its young healthful beauty, was a striking contrast to the languid and delicate appearance which Clotilda presented. Of equal height with Lizette, her fragile form seemed bending, yet gracefully bending, under suffering, which clouded her fair face, and obscured the brilliancy of her beautiful eyes; while her long black hair gave to her cheek a pale and sickly hue. Her voice, which, when she began to speak, had somewhat of feverish excitement, became by degrees almost inaudible, and her last words died upon her lips.

The mutual survey caused a momentary silence; and Lizette, steeling herself against the emotion with which the sight of the suffering Clotilda and her touching kindness inspired her, reiterated her desire to see Madame de Pons.

'Impossible just now, dear girl,' answered Clotilda, as she leant for support on the shoulder of Lizette; 'we must not go to mamma's room till noon. Oh, what a simpleton I am! not to be able to bear

any event, sad or gay. My heart is beating—beating so that I can scarcely breathe. I am sure I shall die suddenly some day. But here I am chattering; I am listening only to myself, thinking only of myself; and this poor child, so grave, so silent, while in my selfishness I am making her get up and sit down, without ever inquiring if she wants anything. Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Would you like to undress, to lie down for a little while? I believe I am bewildering you,' resumed she, laughing with charming naïveté.

'Oh, I want nothing—only to see Madame de Pons,' again said Lizette, clasping her hands almost despairingly.

'Well, I will go and try if we can see her. Perhaps you have some message for her from my poor nurse? That letter, I suppose, is for mamma?' said Clotilda, extending her hand for the document, so important to Lizette; but perceiving the almost convulsive grasp with which she still retained it, she resumed: 'You wish to give it to her yourself? Well, just as you like; I will not contradict you. But, as in any case you cannot see mamma for an hour, take off your hat, let down your hair; do here just as you would at home. I will go and see if mamma be awake. But you will be lonely; here is a book for you to read.'

Lizette, for the first time in her life, experienced a feeling of shame. She, who had come to the house so proud of her newly-discovered birth, so haughtily determined to assert her rights, and to mortify her who had usurped her place, now suddenly felt the inferiority resulting from the want of education; but, too proud to dissemble, she coldly said, while her cheek crimsoned, and her eyes sought the ground: 'I do not know how to read.'

Clotilda suffered an exclamation of surprise to escape her; then, in generous fear of having wounded Lizette, she took her in her arms, and, while lavishing upon her almost infantine caresses, cried: 'Forgive me, forgive me! Not for worlds would I have made you blush. But why should you be ashamed, sweet pet? It is only because you were not taught to read, that is all, so never mind. But do not tell it to any one else, I beg of you: for there are people who would be stupid enough to laugh at you, and this would so grieve me. I will teach you myself to read—would you like it?—and to write too, and to sing, and to draw, and do everything that I can do. Tell me, do tell me, would you like it?'

At this fresh instance of disinterested affection and angelic goodness, Lizette felt all the icy barriers give way. Ever since the extraordinary declaration of Dame Margaret, she had experienced neither peace nor happiness. Her mind had been in a constant tumult, her better nature struggling with an ambition of which she had previously had no experience. It was a war of Passion and Principle, victory now inclining to one side, and now to the other, but Principle on the whole maintaining its sway in the conflict.

The kindness of Clotilda, so unexpected, and in a great degree undeserved, gave new force to Principle. Had she been received with the cold indifference she had almost anticipated, the consciousness of injury would have caused her unhesitatingly to proclaim the object of her visit, and, in strict justice, she would have been right. But justice, unblended with compassion—with the charity which suffereth long, and is kind—what miseries may not be produced in its name; how often may it miscalculate and overshoot the mark! Lizette was no casuist. Without staying to reckon with what advantage the blow of justice might be suspended, she felt that it would be cruel to undeceive and render miserable the sensitive being who, with a kindness as uncalculating as her own, had offered to communicate the accomplishments of which she was so deficient. Instead of pronouncing the death-warrant of the fragile creature in the words: 'Go, thou who hast hitherto lived in thy happiness, surrounded by the fond cares of love. Go, thou who hast had till this moment a mother, wealth, illustrious name. Go, thou whose tender arms are still entwined around me: I am come to strip thee of everything—to take from thee mother, wealth, name'—she gazed once more on the pale face of Clotilda; and, abandoning herself to the impulses of her noble nature, excited to the utmost, she in her turn took her foster-sister in her arms, and, covering her cheek with kisses and with tears, exclaimed: 'Keep all, keep all; you are more worthy of all than I am.'

'What am I to keep, dear girl?' said Clotilda in some surprise. 'Have you kindly brought me some souvenir from Marseille?'

'I believe that I am mad,' said Lizette, hiding her face in her hands.

'Mademoiselle,' said Gertrude, gently opening the door, 'my lady is asking for you. She has heard of the arrival of Dame Margaret's daughter, and wishes to see her.'

'Heavenly Father, forsake me not!' murmured Lizette; and her trembling limbs almost refused their office, as she arose to obey the summons.

'Stay here a moment,' said Clotilda, as soon as they reached the door of her mother's room. 'Mamma's first glance, as well as her first caress, must be mine.' And she bounded into the room, while Lizette, involuntarily obeying the order, remained near the half-open door, following the movements of the young girl with a gaze into which her whole soul had passed. Clotilda approached the bed, drew back the curtains, and Lizette looked upon the face of her mother. At the same instant a voice fell upon her ear—the voice of her mother. Oh, if Lizette were not at that moment at her feet, if she did not avow herself, if she did not cry: 'Mother, mother, I am your child!' it was because the mighty emotion she experienced left her powerless to speak or move.

'Well, dearest, what have you done with Lizette?' asked Madame de Pons.

Every pulse of Lizette's heart responded to this name uttered by her mother. She rushed into the room. At the first glance, Madame de Pons started, and exclaimed: 'Those eyes! those eyes! what a wonderful resemblance!'

'Who is she like?' inquired Clotilda, alternately glancing from her mother's agitated countenance to Lizette's large black eyes.

'She has your father's eyes,' said Madame de Pons—'your father's eyes. Oh, why should a stranger have those eyes, and not my Clotilda, my child, the child of our love? Come to me, Lizette; do not cast down your eyes; look up at me—again—again—that glance at once revives and kills me. Poor child! But who is weeping there?' asked Madame de Pons in sudden terror.

Clotilda had thrown herself into a chair, and was weeping bitterly.

'What is the matter, my child?' cried her mother, as she caught her hand.

'I am weeping that I have not my father's eyes, which Heaven has given to Lizette and denied to me,' said Clotilda, with a look of deep sorrow. You will now love Lizette better than me, and look at her more often.'

'Dearest child,' cried Madame de Pons, raising her daughter, and straining her to her bosom—'dearest child, what strange notion have you taken up? Oh, do not weep, I implore of you; you will make yourself ill. Remember the physicians have warned you against giving way to emotion. Clotilda, remember your health is my health, your life is my life. Do not envy this young creature her eyes. See how calmly I can gaze upon them now.'

Lizette, who had been throughout this scene like one in a dream, so entirely had the violence and variety of her emotions overwhelmed her, now awoke to consciousness, and her first impulse was to conceal the letter which she still held in her hand.

Madame de Pons perceiving this movement on the part of Lizette, asked: 'Is it for me, from Dame Margaret?'

'Yes—no—no, madam,' stammered out Lizette; and then, as if overwrought feeling could no longer be restrained, she burst into convulsive sobs, exclaiming: 'I have lost my mother! I have lost my mother!' Exclamation how ill understood! Of all present, the poor child alone knew to what immolation of self it had doomed her—to what a painful sacrifice it had for ever pledged her.

Self-denying Principle had conquered.

IV.

Lizette now took her place in the family of Madame de Pons, as the humble friend and foster-sister of the accomplished though feeble Clotilda: looking for no advantage, immediate or remote, she felt that her fate was not in her own hand, and calmly awaited whatever Providence might determine. Faithful to her noble

disinterestedness, from the time that Principle had overcome the turbulent passions in her breast, she uttered not a word, suffered not a gesture to escape her, which could betray either what she was or what she suffered. Her intercourse with Clotilda was the calm, and gentle, and grateful reception of the lessons, the counsels, the endearments which the generous girl delighted to lavish upon her friend and sister. Thus assisted, she rapidly acquired the accomplishments of which she had the misfortune to be deficient. Clotilda was her constant instructress until she required tuition from professors of the different branches of female education. Without any obvious or positive claim on Madame de Pons, that lady, following the bent of a kind disposition, took charge of her with almost maternal affection, and was delighted to observe the progress she made in her studies, as well as the improvement in her appearance and manners. No longer the rustic belle, Lizette was an accomplished young Parisian; her heart, however, retaining all its original warmth and simplicity.

Accustomed to an hourly intercourse with Clotilda, she learned to subdue all restraint in her company. But with Madame de Pons she never attained this high degree of self-possession. In spite of every effort, it was difficult and painful to give to her trembling voice the tone of mere respect—to school the beaming glance of affection into the look of mere deference. This was indeed a struggle, and a daily, an hourly struggle; for never did she behold the mother of whom she had thus a second time been deprived, that her heart was not in her eyes, upon her lips. This perpetual conflict at length undermined her health, and 'fat, rosy Lizette,' as Clotilda had laughingly called her—while with ready tact catching up the refinement of habit and manner, and the accomplishments of her foster-sister—seemed to catch from her also the pale cheek, the bent and fragile form, and the pensive look of habitual suffering. Two years passed in this way. But there was one eye that noted the secret struggle, one Being upon whom was not lost a single pang endured by the heroic young creature in her generous self-sacrifice; and that compassionate God, who alone knew how severe was the trial, ordained that it should be shortened.

The events of the 'three days' of July 1830, which caused such political changes in France, led also to much private and family distress. The house of Madame de Pons was not immediately within the sphere of commotion, and that lady might have escaped any injury had it not been her misfortune to be returning home from a visit she had been making on the Boulevards, when the popular ferment first assumed the appearance of a revolt. Alarmed with the shouts which were raised, and the report of distant firing, she requested her coachman to drive by a little-frequented thoroughfare to the Rue Rivoli; but this proved an unfortunate movement. The line she had taken conducted her nearly into the heart of a fray,

caused by the seizure of the office of a journalist by the police. The officers and soldiers sent to execute this unpleasant duty, though not opposed on the spot, were not suffered to escape popular indignation. A barrier was raised across the street, and in endeavouring to pass it, they were met by a steady fire of musketry from windows and other quarters, which obliged them to retreat and seek egress in another direction.

Into the midst of this uproar, the carriage of Madame de Pons was almost driven; and in hurriedly wheeling to return, it was overset with a crash on the pavement. The disaster drew for a moment the attention of the crowd, and the poor lady was lifted with compassion from her perilous situation into a neighbouring café. At first she was thought to be killed, but she had only swooned, and every effort was humanely made to restore her to consciousness.

Meanwhile, the absence of Madame de Pons had caused the greatest alarm to Clotilda and Lizette. Rumours of the commotion and booming reports of musketry reached the Rue Rivoli, and scarcely could the two girls be restrained from rushing forth, each animated with the same acute feelings, to seek for her beloved parent. Prevented by the less fervid domestics from taking this dangerous and useless step, they stationed themselves in the balcony to watch her arrival.

'Oh, support me in this dreadful moment, dear Lizette,' said the agonised Clotilda. 'If mamma should be injured, I know I shall die. I am almost dead already. Let me lean upon you. How my heart beats! Ah, did you hear that noise? It is a cannon on the Boulevards. And how is my mother to get home? O God, guard her in this dreadful peril.' So saying, the frail being sunk into a seat overcome with the force of her emotions.

Lizette, with feelings wound up to a similar pitch, was not less anxious for the safety of her mother; but still keeping down the confession of her sufferings, she bore herself through this trying crisis with the heroism of a martyr. Her heart, laid on the altar of Principle, burnt with a pure and steady flame. Affecting a calmness in her agitation, she beseeched Clotilda to compose herself, and tried to shew her that Madame de Pons would certainly be safe among her friends, and that, at any rate, it was not much beyond the time she was to return.

'Ah, it is easy for you to speak so calmly,' said Clotilda; 'she is not your mother; if she were, perhaps you would feel differently.'

Lizette drew her breath convulsively, and pressed her hand on her eyes: for a moment she was almost tempted to declare with what justice she was entitled to feel acutely on account of Madame de Pons. But it was only for a moment. The bright sunshine of mind resumed its power of banishing these dark thoughts, and looking out on the street beneath, she cried with vivacity: 'Look, dear Clotilda, did I not say that your mamma would soon appear;

and there is the carriage turning the corner of the Rue des Pyramids.'

And sure enough there was the carriage; but it was proceeding slowly, as if some accident had occurred; and the two girls, nearly frantic with mingled hopes and fears, ran down stairs, and reached the door in time to see Madame de Pons lifted out to all appearance lifeless. At this sight Lizette for an instant forgot everything, and exclaimed: 'My mother! my mother!—I have lost my mother!—she is dead!' Clotilda uttered a piercing cry of agony, and fell into the arms of her sister.

V.

Except a slight bruise, Madame de Pons had not suffered any personal injury. She had only fainted on the occasion of the accident, and again fainted when about to see her daughter. A physician being sent for, she was immediately restored; but not for an hour was she permitted to speak to those about her. As soon as her feelings were calmed, she asked for her daughter.

'If you please, my lady,' said the waiting-maid, 'Mademoiselle Clotilda has been so much alarmed, that it would be more prudent not to see her just now. If your ladyship would lie down for an hour or two longer, my young lady would by that time be more composed.'

'You are quite right, Gertrude,' said Madame de Pons. 'Implore of her from me to be calm. Doctor,' said she, 'pray go to my daughter; she requires your care more than I do.'

The soft sweet voice of Lizette assuring her that Madame de Pons had only fainted from alarm, and was now quite well, had just recalled Clotilda to consciousness, when the physician entered. He found her very ill: the shock had been too great; and that weak frame and tender nature had wholly given way. The doctor ordered a composing draught, and left her to the care of Lizette.

'Dear Lizette,' said Clotilda, 'I am dying. It is very young to die—to leave my mother, my sister. My head is quite confused. Was it a dream, or did I indeed hear you say: "Mother, mother," when mamma was brought in fainting? At this instant memory recalls a thousand times when your lips appeared forming the word "mother;" and then your face suddenly crimsoned. How many confused recollections crowd upon me at this moment! What can it mean? Those eyes! that marvellous resemblance! Am I mad? Merciful Heaven! there have been such things as children changed at nurse. Lizette, you answer not—you hesitate—you are torturing me! Speak! speak! You would kill me, if my mother's fainting form had not already broken my heart.'

Lizette threw herself, weeping, into Clotilda's arms.

'Ah, you will not speak: you fear to tell me the dreadful reality. But remember, suspense, suspense is tenfold suffering.'

'Be calm, dearest; be calm. When you are well again, I will explain all,' said Lizette, and fondly caressing her, endeavoured to soothe her into something like composure.

'I know all!' exclaimed she with almost frenzied excitement. 'That letter! that letter contained the fatal secret. I see it all. For two years, sweet angel, you have been content to receive at my hands what was yours, and not one word said: "What you give is my own." You have sacrificed everything to me. And while I was robbing you of a mother's affection, of a mother's caresses, you suffered, you wept in silence. For often have I seen you weep; and, mad and selfish as I was, I guessed not, I knew not. Lizette, I may restore all to you; but how atone for those two years of disinterested self-sacrifice? My life, my life is a cheap purchase for the happiness you permitted me to enjoy. Lizette, I am dying.'

'Oh, my sister, do not thus reproach yourself,' exclaimed Lizette, pressing Clotilda to her bosom; 'thou hast been an angel to me. I came to brave thee, and thy gentle goodness disarmed me. I resisted thy caresses, and thou didst but redouble them. I was rude and ignorant; and all that I am, and all that I enjoy, I owe to thee. Thou hast given me more than I could give to thee.'

'Thy heart is like thy sweet face, my own sister,' continued Clotilda, with her tearful eyes fixed upon Lizette; 'but tell me how I deserved from thee so vast a sacrifice. Didst thou love me before we saw each other in Paris?'

'I did not love thee then, Clotilda, forgive me; I did not love thee; but was this a reason that I should kill thee, and thou so frail, so delicate?'

The two young creatures were silent for some moments. Locked in each other's arms, they were mingling their tears, when the approach of a light step made them both start. 'It is my mother!' exclaimed both at the same instant; but Clotilda repeated, in a tone of bitter anguish: 'My mother! I have no mother!'

'Hush, sweet sister,' whispered Lizette; 'why need we undeceive her?'

Clotilda spoke not, but looked her gratitude, and that look thrilled to the very heart of Lizette. The door opened, and Madame de Pons entered. 'I have alarmed thee, my child,' said she; and then, startled in her turn by the change that had passed upon that fair young face, she cried in terror: 'Be calm, dear child, the doctor will be here soon; oh, be calm, sweet Clotilda; drive me not to despair. Have pity on thy poor mother.'

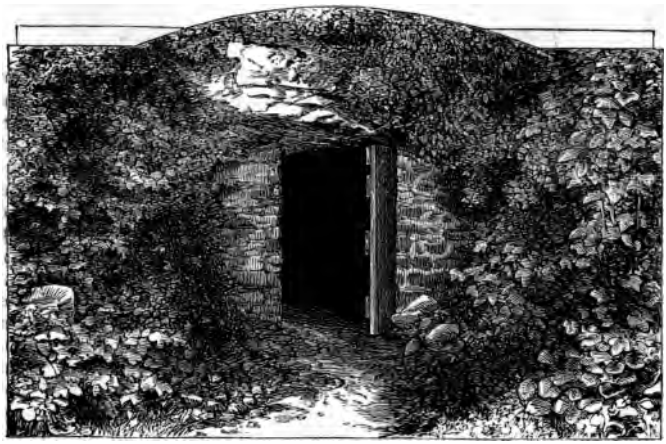
'Mother!' murmured Clotilda almost inaudibly, laying her head upon the bosom of Madame de Pons, who now gave way to convulsive sobs: 'Mother, I die in thine arms; I die happy. Blessings on thee, Lizette; blessings on thee. Forgive me; be happy in thy turn.'

The dying girl extended her hand to her foster-sister. Lizette

covered it with kisses and tears. And now the arms of Madame de Pons clasped only a lifeless corpse. She was forcibly torn from the remains of the desire of her eyes, thus taken from her at a stroke, and carried to her own apartment; and there, when in a paroxysm of despair, she exclaimed: 'I have nothing now to live for. My child! my child! Alas! alas! I have now no child.' Lizette, throwing herself at her mother's feet, presented to her the letter that contained the confession of Dame Margaret, and Madame de Pons fell fainting at her side.

Need it be added that, on her recovery, Madame de Pons was thankful for being spared such a child in the place of her dear Clotilda; and that the amiable Lizette enjoyed the reward she so richly merited, in having so long and so piously sacrificed Passion to Principle.





Entrance to Kent's Cavern.

THE ANCIENT CAVE-MEN OF DEVONSHIRE.

ON the western side of the beautiful Vale of Ilsham, about a mile eastward from the harbour of Torquay in Devonshire, and half a mile from the northern shore of Torbay, stands a small, wooded, limestone hill, containing a large cavern, which, under the name of *Kent's Hole*, has been known from time immemorial, and during nearly half a century has attracted the attention of geologists and archæologists.

In 1846 the Torquay Natural History Society appointed a committee to make an exploration of this cavern, mainly for the purpose of obtaining specimens for their newly established Museum. The results were embodied in a short Report which was read to the Geological Society of London in May 1847, and to the British Association at Oxford in the succeeding month.

In the abstract of it, printed in the annual volume of the latter body, the following statement occurs: 'The important point which we have established is, that relics of human art are found *beneath* the floor of stalagmite. After taking every precaution, by sweeping the surface, and examining most minutely whether there were any traces of the floor having been previously disturbed, we broke through the solid stalagmite in three different parts of the cavern, and in each instance found flint knives closely resembling those in the most ancient barrows. The thickness of the stalagmite is about two feet.' *Stalagmite*, it may be explained, is a deposit of limestone formed by the dropping of water from the roof, this water having dissolved the lime in sinking through the rocks above.

It had been known for upwards of twenty years that by breaking

through the stalagmite in this cavern the remains of animals were to be found in great numbers, and that nearly one-half of them belonged to species which no longer live anywhere in the world. In the passage just quoted, therefore, the committee inferentially expressed the opinion that man had been in Devonshire the contemporary of the extinct cave-mammals, and that the time required for the formation of a sheet of stalagmite two feet thick, added to that which has elapsed since, falls short of his antiquity. In short, it amounted to a declaration on the part of the authors that man was of higher antiquity than had been commonly supposed; and as such it seems to have been understood by the Council of the Geological Society, as they contented themselves with printing in their *Journal* the following brief mention of the communication: '*On Kent's Cavern, near Torquay.*—In this paper an account was given of some recent researches in that cavern by a committee of the Torquay Natural History Society, during which the bones of various extinct animals were found in several situations.'* The most complete silence was observed respecting the 'flint knives,' a fact which is rendered the more significant by the following announcement, which is always printed on the wrapper: 'The Editor of the *Quarterly Journal* is directed to make it known to the public, that the authors alone are responsible for the facts and opinions contained in their respective papers.'

It may be inferred from the foregoing statement that, twenty years ago, the great majority of scientific as well as unscientific men concurred in the opinion that the human race had not occupied this planet for a longer period than from six to seven thousand years. It was not that the proposition of the commingling of human implements with the remains of extinct animals was new to them, for it had been previously and emphatically enunciated by men well qualified for the work, who had made extensive and careful investigations in caverns and elsewhere.

As early as 1828, the Rev. J. MacEnery, who had spent the leisure of three years in exploring portions of Kent's Cavern, announced that there was 'no longer a question of the actual presence of flint implements under the stratified unbroken floor of stalagmite;' and when Dr Buckland suggested that the 'ancient Britons had scooped out ovens in the stalagmite, and that through them the knives got admission to the diluvium below,' he refused to admit the hypothesis, pointed out its utter inadequacy to meet the facts of the case, and closed the discussion by remarking: 'It is painful to dissent from so high an authority, and more particularly so from my concurrence generally in his views of the phenomena of these caves, which three years' personal observation has in most every instance enabled me to verify.'†

* *Quarterly Journal Geological Society*, vol. iii. p. 353 (1847).
† *Trans. Devon. Assoc.* vol. iii. p. 321 *et seq.* (1869).

In 1833, the late Dr Schmerling of Liége published the results of his labours in the numerous caverns in the basin of the Meuse.* From his work, it appears that the floors of many of the caverns were of unbroken stalagmite; that in the cave-earth below, he found remains of extinct and recent animals commingled, and with them, in a few of the caves, the bones of man, including skulls, teeth, and bones of the extremities; that the human remains were of the same colour, and in the same condition as to the amount of gelatine they contained, as those of the accompanying animals; that they were so rolled and scattered as to shew that they were not intentionally buried on the spot; that rude flint implements were dispersed generally through the cave-earth in all the caverns; and that in the cave of Chokier, he discovered a polished and jointed needle-shaped bone, with a hole pierced obliquely through its base.†

In 1840, Mr Godwin-Austen read to the Geological Society of London a paper 'On the Bone-caves of Devonshire.'‡ Speaking of Kent's Hole, in which he had laboured, he says: 'Works of art, such as arrow-heads and knives of flint, occur in all parts of the cave, and throughout the entire thickness of the clay; and no distinction founded on condition, distribution, or relative position can be observed, whereby the human can be separated from the other reliquiæ.' He adds: 'The bones' (of the cave-mammals) 'and the works of man must have been introduced into the cave before the flooring of the stalagmite had been formed.'

The early inquirers, however, did not confine their researches to caverns. In 1847, the late M. Boucher de Perthes published the first volume of his *Antiquités Celtiques*, in which he described some rude unpolished flint implements, which, during the preceding six years, had been found, with bones of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, stag, ox, and horse, at various depths down to thirty feet from the surface, in sand and gravel, in the valley of the Somme, near Abbeville in Picardy. Whilst the author, however, was satisfied that the 'implements' had really been made by man, many of his readers regarded them as accidental natural products; and others, admitting their human origin, believed that M. de Perthes had been imposed on by the workmen. His work, in short, fell as harmlessly on the public as did the Report of the Torquay Committee, which, as has been stated, was read the same year. Nevertheless, within twelve years from that time, a revolution was produced in the opinions of many leading geologists and archæologists. This has not only been sustained by subsequent discoveries, but at present there are certainly very few, probably none, really acquainted with the evidence, who would accept for man the short chronology with

* *Recherches sur les Ossemens Fossiles Découverts dans les Cavernes de la Province de Liége.* Liége, 1833.

† See Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, 1863, pp. 63-74.

‡ *Trans. Geol. Soc. of London*, second series, vol. vi. part ii. pp. 433-489.

which a dozen years ago they were not only content but refused to part. We now proceed to state very briefly to what this remarkable and sudden change was due.

The fishing-town of Brixham, on the southern shore of Torbay, occupies three valleys and the slopes of the four limestone hills which they separate. One of the latter, known as Windmill Hill, reaches the height of 175 feet above mean tide, is bounded on the south by Mudstone Bay, and on the other three sides by deep abrupt valleys. At one hundred feet above mean tide, a road runs along its northern and western sides, and at its base, on the north, is the principal street of the town which communicates with the busy harbour. At present, this street at the north-west angle of the hill is seventy-five feet below the road just mentioned, but within the recollection of persons still living, the sea at high tides reached this point. It is now permanently shut out by the lodgment of rubbish for the formation of the street, by which the bottom of the valley has been artificially raised about fifteen feet.

In November 1857, a dyer named Philp purchased of the Commissioners for the Enclosure of Waste Lands the freehold of a small triangular plot of ground at the north-west angle of the hill, and extending towards its summit from the road already mentioned. As soon as he entered on his purchase, Mr Philp proceeded to convert it into a quarry. During the quarrying operations in January 1858, the removal of a block of limestone disclosed in a north-and-south joint a small vertical hole about sufficiently large to admit a man's fist. A day or two afterwards the workmen missed one of their 'jumpers,' or boring-tools, and supposed it had been stolen. A few days subsequently, a thick block of limestone was quarried at the same spot, and the hole previously noticed was found to be large enough for a man to pass through it. The quarrymen, in fact, had broken into a conical cavity descending vertically into the limestone. Drawn by curiosity to the spot, Mr Philp found the hole to be of no great depth, and at the bottom he saw his lost jumper. He at once descended to recover the tool, when he found himself in a long narrow tunnel. Having obtained a light, he proceeded to explore, and found the tunnel ran southwards into the hill for about fifty feet, whence a second gallery extended westwards. The floor was a continuous sheet of stalagmite, having bones attached to or projecting through it. Returning to the hole through which he had descended, he found reason to believe that the space between his cavern and the road was not occupied with limestone, but with a mass of natural concrete formed of small angular fragments of limestone and stalagmitic matter. A few days' work sufficed to shew the correctness of this opinion, and to lay open a natural entrance to the cavern.

Almost immediately, negotiations were opened with the proprietor for the purpose of making a careful and systematic exploration; a

lease was ultimately secured; at midsummer 1858 the exploration was commenced by a committee under the auspices of the Royal and Geological Societies of London, and the work was completed at the end of one year.

At the meeting of the British Association held at Leeds in September 1858, a member of the committee read a paper on the results which had been obtained, and of which the following is a brief summary: The deposits were, first, or uppermost, a floor of stalagmite, varying from a few inches to upwards of a foot in thickness. Second, cave-earth, composed of red ochreous loam and angular pieces of limestone, and containing rolled fragments of quartz, greenstone, and brown hematite of iron. Though deposits capable of yielding the rounded materials exist in the Brixham district, none of them could have been derived from Windmill Hill; nor could they at present reach it without crossing one of the deep valleys by which it is bounded. Third, or lowest, gravel, mainly consisting of well-rounded fragments of quartz and greenstone, having a tendency to become a more or less firm conglomerate.

Several bones were found on and in the stalagmite, of which two only require to be mentioned here. The first was a fine antler of a reindeer, firmly cemented to, but rising in bold relief from, the upper surface of the floor. The second, a humerus of the extinct cave-bear, lying completely within the stalagmite, about midway in its thickness.

The bones in the cave-earth were those of the ordinary cave-mammals. It was the practice of the workmen, on discovering a bone, to pick carefully away the surrounding matrix before attempting to dislodge it. On one occasion, however, they were directed to cut out intact a mass of the cave-earth in which portions of a few large bones were visible. Subsequently, the late Dr Falconer, by removing the matrix, laid bare the entire left hind-leg of the cave-bear, having all the bones, even the patella and astragalus, in their true anatomical positions. None of the very few bones which the underlying gravel yielded were of any importance.

Upwards of thirty implements and flakes of flint were found; the greater number in the cave-earth, and the rest in the gravel below. Not only were they all beneath the stalagmitic floor, but they were all from nine inches to upwards of twenty feet below its nether surface; whilst nearly forty per cent. of all the bones met with in the cavern were above the uppermost implement or flake. Taken as a whole, the implement zone was lower than that of the bones.

Except in one limited locality, all the objects lay in such a position with regard to the plane of the cave-earth bed, as to betoken the action of a small stream of water which must have flowed continuously through the cavern in one uniform direction.

The following are the principal inferences drawn from the facts by those most familiar with them. 1. The detrital accumulations

were carried into the cavern by a small stream of fresh water, which flowed continuously through it at a time when the bottom of the valley was at or near the level of the external entrances, and when, therefore, materials from the surrounding hills might have been introduced. 2. That man was in Devonshire a contemporary of the reindeer and the extinct cave-animals, since remains of his industry were found not only commingled with their bones, but the floor of stalagmite which sealed up all the tools, contained remains of the cave-bear and the reindeer. 3. That the bones were not fossils washed out of some more ancient formation, and redeposited with relatively modern objects, such as the flint implements, since each member of the bear's leg, for example, was found in its true place, and indicated that when the limb was buried in the cave-earth it was clothed with flesh.

The discoveries at Brixham proved that the advent of man in Devonshire was not only prior to the extinction of the cave-mammals, but occurred at a time so remote that the valleys of the district were at least one hundred feet less deep than they are at present; they were the results, moreover, of a systematic and careful exploration of a virgin cave by a committee of scientific men; and they gave a stimulus to research which, without abatement, has lasted to the present time.

Mr Prestwich, writing in May 1859, says: 'It was not until I had myself witnessed the conditions under which these flint implements had been found at Brixham, that I became fully impressed with the validity of the doubts thrown upon the previously prevailing opinion with respect to such remains in caves.'* Sir Charles Lyell, too, in September of the same year, says: 'The facts recently brought to light during the systematic investigation of the Brixham Cave, must, I think, have prepared you to admit that scepticism in regard to the cave evidence in favour of the antiquity of man had previously been pushed to an extreme.'†

Under the stimulus of the new discoveries, Dr Falconer, in the autumn of 1858, stopped at Abbeville, on his way to Sicily, to see the collection of M. Boucher de Perthes. Being thereby convinced of the importance of the researches, he induced Mr Prestwich to undertake an investigation of the Somme Valley. The results were embodied in a paper which Mr Prestwich read to the Royal Society in May 1859, and in which he enunciated the following conclusions: '1. The flint implements are the results of design and the work of man. 2. That they are found in beds of gravel, sand, and clay, which have never been artificially disturbed. 3. That they occur associated with the remains of land, fresh-water, and marine Testacea (animals with shells), of species now living, and most of them yet common in the same neighbourhood, and also with the remains

* *Phil. Trans.* 1860, part ii. p. 280. † *Report Brit. Assoc.* 1859. p. 93.

of various Mammalia—a few of species now living, but more of extinct forms. And 4. That the period at which their entombment took place was . . . . one apparently immediately anterior to the surface assuming its present form, so far as regards some of the minor features.' *

In a second paper, read to the Royal Society, March 1862, the same author says: 'That we must greatly extend our present chronology with respect to the first existence of man, appears inevitable; but that we should count by hundreds of thousands of years is, I am convinced, in the present state of the inquiry, unsafe and premature. Nevertheless, just as, though ignorant of the precise height and size of a mountain range seen in the distance, we need not wait for trigonometrical measurements to feel satisfied in our own minds of the magnitude of the distant peaks, so with this geological epoch; we see and know enough of it to feel how distant it is from our own time, and yet we are not in a position at present to solve with accuracy the curious and interesting problem of its precise age.' †

The alleged discoveries in Kent's Hole having received their fullest confirmation by those made at Brixham, it was hoped that the large portions of the cavern which remained perfectly intact might, if carefully explored, yield some facts of importance, in addition to such as had been already brought to light. With this view the British Association, in 1864, appointed a committee to investigate Kent's Hole, and placed a liberal sum of money at their disposal for the purpose. The work, under the superintendence of two members of the committee resident at Torquay, was begun in March 1865; at each subsequent meeting of the Association, the committee have been requested to continue their researches, and adequate grants of money have been annually voted; the work has been continued without intermission to the present time, and is still in progress. The committee have presented five annual Reports,‡ from which the following brief statement has been compiled.

Kent's Hole has two entrances in the face of the same vertical cliff, on the eastern side of the cavern hill. They are 54 feet apart, and nearly on the same level. They are about 200 feet above the level of mean tide, and from 60 to 70 feet above the bottom of the adjacent valley, in the same vertical plane. The cavern consists of two parallel divisions, an eastern and a western, having a connecting passage near the northern end, and each containing several chambers and galleries. Up to the present time, the researches of the committee have been carried on exclusively in the eastern division, the extreme length of which is 285 feet, greatest breadth 90 feet, and maximum height 22 feet.

In its northern and central branches, the deposits, in descending

* *Phil. Trans.* 1860, part ii. pp. 308, 309. † *Phil. Trans.* 1864, part ii. p. 303.
‡ See *Reports of the Brit. Assoc. for* 1865-69.

order, were: First, or uppermost, blocks of limestone, which had fallen from the roof, and weighed from a few pounds to upwards of one hundred tons. Second, beneath and between these blocks, a *Black Mould*, varying from three to twelve inches in depth. Third, a *Stalagmitic Floor* of laminated and granular texture, frequently containing blocks of limestone, some of which were of great size, and varying in thickness from three inches to as many feet, but averaging from sixteen to twenty inches. Fourth, a *Black Band*, composed mainly of small fragments of charred wood, and commonly about four inches thick. This was a local deposit, occupying an area of irregular outline, which measured about 100 square feet, and, at its nearest approach, was 32 feet from the northern entrance of the cavern. Throughout about half its area, it was in immediate contact with the nether surface of the stalagmitic floor, from which the remainder was separated by an intermediate layer of red ochreous loam, nowhere exceeding six inches in thickness. Fifth, *Cave-earth*, consisting of red ochreous loam, containing about fifty per cent. of small angular fragments of limestone. Large blocks of limestone, similar to those found above and in the stalagmitic floor, frequently presented themselves; and a considerable number of well-rounded pebbles of grit and quartz, with a few of slate and granite—all of them such as the cavern hill cannot supply—were also met with.

It has been the uniform practice of the explorers to limit their excavations to a depth of four feet beneath the base of the stalagmitic floor. This has failed to take them to the bottom of the cave-earth in the northern and central parts of the eastern division, hence nothing is known respecting its actual depth there. In the southern part of the division, however, the base of the cave-earth has not only been reached, but there have been found vertically beneath it the following lower deposits: Sixth, a stalagmitic floor, sometimes more than three feet thick, eminently crystalline, and by its structure, as well as position, readily distinguishable from that which overlies the cave-earth. In order to distinguish the two stalagmites, that above the cave-earth has been named the *Modern* or *Granular Stalagmitic Floor*, and that below it, the *Old* or *Crystalline Stalagmitic Floor*. Seventh, a *Breccia*, beneath the old stalagmite, composed of red loam, mixed with angular, subangular, and rounded stones, the whole commonly cemented into a concrete of rock-like hardness. This breccia is of unknown depth, and differs from the cave-earth in the darker red of the loam, and the much greater prevalence of stones not derivable from the cavern hill.

In that part of the cavern where the *old stalagmite* and the *breccia* first appeared, there was no *black mould*, nor did it again present itself; but, excepting this as well as the very local *black band*, all the deposits which have been described occurred in the same vertical sections for a considerable distance, and in the foregoing descending

order. In the extreme south of the eastern division, the *cave-earth* had 'thinned out,' and ceased to be continuous, and the *modern* and *old stalagmites* were in immediate contact, except, here and there, where comparatively small patches of *cave-earth*, occurring in 'pockets,' occupied their place between them. The thickness of the united stalagmites amounted in some places to upwards of twelve feet, by far the greater part of which was due to the *old floor*.

It is, no doubt, possible—it may, perhaps, be probable—that, from various causes, objects of different ages may be found lying together in the *cave-earth*, or in the *black mould;* as, for example, a coin unintentionally dropped by a recent visitor in contact with a Romano-British potsherd in the latter. But from the nature of the origination of the *stalagmitic floor* which lies between and separates them, it may be safely concluded—1. That no such anachronisms can occur in it; and 2. That everything which it contains must be of greater antiquity than the most ancient thing in the *black mould* above, and of less antiquity than the most modern article in the *cave-earth* below. There can be no doubt, then, that the foregoing deposits constitute a regular chronological series, the *black mould* and the *breccia* being the most modern and the most ancient terms respectively; and in this order they successively take us further and further back into antiquity. We will now proceed to describe briefly the objects of interest which they contained.

In the *black mould* was found a very large and miscellaneous assemblage of natural and artificial objects, ranging from the present day back through medieval and Romano-British to pre-Roman times. This series included human vertebræ, jaws, teeth, and portions of skulls; remains of bat, badger, wolf(?), fox, hare, rabbit, smaller rodents, pig, sheep, birds, and fishes; terrestrial and marine shells, the latter such as still inhabit the adjacent bay; pebbles of various kinds, probably selected from the neighbouring shore; whetstones and polishing-stones; flint flakes; spindle whorls made of different kinds of stone, some plain, and others ornamented; fragments of curvilineal plates of slate, probably covers of earthenware vessels; amber beads; bone awls, chisels, and combs, the last being of the form and size of a common shoe-lifter, and having the teeth at the broad end; bronze articles, including rings, a fibula, spoon, spear-head, socketed celt, and pin; portions of cakes of smelted copper; and a great number and variety of potsherds, including Samian ware.

The objects in the *modern stalagmite* were not numerous. They consisted of charred wood, marine and land shells; remains of various mammals, including the extinct cave-bear, cave-hyena, tichorine rhinoceros, and mammoth; well-rounded pebbles of various kinds; flint flakes, implements, and cores (that is, remnants of flint nodules from which flakes and implements have been struck); and a portion of a human upper jaw containing four teeth, with a

loose tooth lying near it. Some of the remains of each of the extinct animals were not only in quite the uppermost portion of the stalagmite, but were not even completely covered with it. The human jaw was near its base, where it was twenty inches in thickness.

The *black band* yielded a considerable number of objects of great interest: upwards of three hundred and fifty flint implements and flakes; charred wood in great quantity; bones partially charred; bone-tools, including a well-formed awl, a 'harpoon' or fish-spear barbed on one side, and a portion of a needle having a nicely made eye capable of carrying fine twine; and remains of bear, badger, fox, cave-hyena, rhinoceros, horse, ox, and deer.

The *cave-earth* contained the great harvest of remains of the common cave-mammals, including extinct species, such as the mammoth, cave-bear, &c.; recent species no longer existing in Britain, such as the reindeer, wolf, &c.; and recent species still inhabiting the district, such as the badger, fox, &c.

The remains of the horse and rhinoceros (of the species called tichorine) were extremely abundant, but were probably surpassed by those of the cave-hyena, whose presence was further represented by the bones which he had gnawed, as well as by his bony fæces—sometimes in solitary balls, but occasionally in considerable heaps. The bones lay together without anything like order, remnants of different species were constantly commingled, and in no instance was there met with anything approaching a complete skeleton. Mixed with them, and at all depths to which the *cave-earth* was excavated, indications of man were everywhere found. They consisted of ovoid, lanceolate, and canoe-shaped implements of flint, chipped into form, frequently with great labour and care, but without a trace of polish; numerous keen-edged flakes and chips of the same material, at least, some of which had been obviously struck off in the cavern in making the implements, and were perhaps capable of being utilised; a stone hammer or crusher, which had seen considerable service; whet-stones; a bone pin and two bone 'harpoons'—one of them barbed on both sides, and the other on one side only; and charcoal and charred bones. The three bone implements were found vertically under the *black band*, which it will be remembered was sealed up with a continuous sheet of stalagmite, from eighteen to twenty inches in thickness, over which again lay the *black mould*, a foot thick, and rich in pre-Roman articles; and on this was piled an accumulation of great blocks of limestone, which had fallen from the roof, and were cemented together. The singly barbed 'harpoon' was one foot deep in the cave-earth, that doubly barbed was two feet deep, and the bone pin was found four feet deep, at the very bottom of the excavation, where it lay in contact with the molar of a young rhinoceros. These bone implements had lost their gelatine, and adhered firmly to the tongue.

'Harpoons' and eyed-needles have been found in considerable

numbers in the caverns in the Dordogne, in the south of France. Many of the former have been figured in the *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*, by E. Lartet and H. Christy, now in course of publication; and, with the exception that it is slightly larger, the specimen depicted in fig. 6, plate xiv. B, is strikingly like the best found in Kent's Hole.



In a magnificent slab from one of the French caverns, now lodged in the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, London, there is a beautiful bone needle, which the Kent's Cavern specimen, before it lost its point, must have very closely resembled.

The *old crystalline stalagmitic floor* contained quite as many bones as were met with in the *modern floor;* but, so far as is known, they were the remains of the cave-bear only.

The *breccia*, in many instances, even surpassed the cave-earth in the number of bones buried in it; but there was no variety. They were all of them portions of the cave-bear lying heaped together in the most confused manner. There were no traces of the cave lion, hyena, mammoth, or rhinoceros; no teeth-marks or coprolites. But even here there were indications of man, for a flint flake and a perfectly angular and sharp flint chip were found three feet deep in the *breccia*, mingled with the remains of the bear. The flake is undoubtedly the most ancient human relic that, up to this time, the cavern has yielded.

Such are the principal facts recently discovered in Kent's Cavern. So far as they affect the question of human antiquity, the most important of them appear to be—1. The detection of the human jaw at the base of the *modern stalagmite*, and of the remains of the extinct mammals at the upper surface of the same deposit. 2. The discovery of the *black band*. 3. The presence of the bone implements with the extinct animals below the *modern stalagmite*. 4. The flint flake in the *breccia*. The first and third render it impossible to doubt that man was the contemporary of the mammoth and his compeers; the third renders innocuous the scepticism of which a few persons have confessed themselves capable respecting the human origin of the flint implements, as no one can doubt the handiwork of man in the 'harpoons,' the pin, and the needle; the fourth discloses the existence of man during an earlier chapter in the cavern history than had previously been suspected; and the second not only shews that men tenanted the cavern, but that the *black band* was, in all probability, the hearth around which they assembled to enjoy their meals, and to prepare their implements for war, fishing, the chase, and domestic use.

Not only do the numerous bits of charcoal indicate a long series

of fires, the charred bones imply meals of roasted food, and the flint flakes and chips point to industrial occupation, but the area of the *black band* was such as to secure its being selected by men as the favourite apartment in their cavern home. From its proximity to one of the external entrances, the light of day would be available; it is not subject to any inconvenient amount of drip, even in the wettest seasons; and there is always a sufficient current of air passing through this branch of the cavern to prevent discomfort from smoke when a fire is burning. On neither of these points does there appear to be any uncertainty, for a member of the committee has put each of them to the test of experiment and observation. Fire, moreover, would be needed for cooking, and perhaps for scaring wild beasts; but not to make the cavern tenantable, unless the *black band* represents a cold era, for at present its temperature throughout the day and night, in summer and winter alike, stands permanently at 52° Fahr., or about half a degree above the mean annual temperature of the district.

The *black band*, however, represents but a comparatively brief period near the close of the *cave-earth* era. There is evidence, nevertheless, that man was not a mere visitor during its earlier portions. At all levels in the deposit his presence is manifested—not by his flint implements, which he might have lost during occasional visits—not from the so-called charcoal, which may possibly be a natural product—but by charred bones and keen-edged unused flint flakes.

Had the cavern, like Milber Down, from four to five miles north-west of it, been a repository of flint nodules, man might have visited it for the purpose of getting the raw material, and have rough-hewn his tools on the spot, leaving the flakes behind to attest his visit. He obtained the nodules elsewhere, took them to the cavern—took them *home*—and converted them into implements at his leisure, as is evidenced by the flakes having keen, unworn, unrolled edges, and occasionally one face displaying the original surface of the nodules from which they were dislodged.

But man was not the only inhabitant of the cave. The gnawed bones, and the coprolites still occupying the spot where they were dropped, and retaining their original form, conclusively shew that the hyena also made it his home—not jointly, however, but alternately, with the human tenant. In a climate like ours, *savages* would probably require at least forty square miles each on which to live; and if it be supposed that, for mutual protection and aid, they lived in companies, say of ten persons, they would need four hundred square miles, or an area equivalent to twenty miles in length by as many in breadth, in order to obtain the means of subsistence. Under such circumstances, there must have been frequent migrations from one cavern home to another; and during their absences the hyenas would take possession, to be dislodged on their return.

We learn from the Rev. Dr Tristram that this alternate occupancy takes place in the present day in Tunis and Syria.*

There can be no doubt, from the foregoing facts and considerations, that man was in Devonshire the contemporary of the mammoth and other extinct cave-mammals; and, therefore, that his advent was at a much earlier period than has commonly been supposed; or that his extinct brute contemporaries lived down much nearer to the present day than has been generally believed; or that both these propositions are true. It is at present—it may always be—impossible to convert geological time into astronomical—to say what is the value in years of given changes on the earth's surface, or in the organisms which people it. All that can be attempted at present is to place a series of stepping-stones between the present day and the distant era under consideration, and to determine, where this can be done, what is the least possible chronological value of the interval between any two of them, or between ourselves and the first of the series. There are several modes of attempting this; some of which we shall now proceed to point out.

First, the deposits which the cavern contains. In passing back from the present, we first set foot on the commencement of the accumulation of the *black mould;* and find that, since many of the objects in the deposit over which we have strode are known to be of pre-Roman age, our first step into antiquity cannot have been less, but may have been much more, than two thousand years.

The next stepping-stone occurs at the commencement of the formation of the *modern stalagmitic floor.* In estimating the value of the second interval thus passed over, we are met with the difficulty, that we have no means of determining whether it is wholly or only partially filled by the floor itself; in other words, whether the *black mould* began to accumulate as soon as the formation of the stalagmite was completed. The fact that of the bones with which the *black mould* is crowded, not one belongs to any extinct animal, whilst the remains of at least four species which no longer exist anywhere in the world, are found projecting from the stalagmite above its upper surface, suggests the probability of there being an unrepresented interval between the two formations. But waiving this, there can be no doubt that the stalagmite alone betokens the lapse of a vast amount of time. It is composed of the calcareous matter dissolved by the carbonic acid contained in the water which finds a passage through the roof, and is formed at a rate necessarily less rapid than that at which the solution takes place, since a portion of the limy matter thus dissolved is retained on the roof itself, where it is converted into *stalactites.* If it is assumed that the drainage into the cavern has undergone no important change, the rate of the solution is, in its turn, limited by the amount of rain falling on the

* See *Trans. Devon. Assoc.*, vol. ii. p. 412.

hill, and the amount of carbonic acid it obtains from the atmosphere and from decomposing vegetable matter; and these, unless there have been such alterations in the meteorology, or physical geography, or vegetation of the district, as would of themselves take us into a remote antiquity, cannot be supposed to have differed much from those of the present day. The thin laminæ, too, of which the stalagmite is built up shew that its accretion has been very slow. It is a well-established fact also, that in those parts of the cavern where the floor is unusually thick, the water which at present, in wet seasons, passes through the roof, is unusually copious. Inscriptions occur in many parts of the cavern, and some of them have an important bearing on the question immediately before us. In a chamber known as *The Cave of Inscriptions*, there is the following: 'Robert Hedges of Ireland, Feb. 20, 1688.' It is inscribed on the sloping side of a huge boss of stalagmite rising from a thick floor of the same material, and vertically beneath a point in the roof from which an abundant drip is still depositing on it stalagmitic matter. Both the mass and the position of the boss shew that it must have been formed at a rate far above the average; hence, a given thickness of floor measured by this rate would give an amount of time which could err only in being too small. It must be admitted, however, that in the absence of evidence on the point, the inscription may have been antedated, and to that extent a forgery. Fortunately, Mr MacEnery not only observed it nearly fifty years ago, but described it in the following terms: 'The letters are glazed over, and partly effaced.'* It is obvious that at that time it had been by no means recently cut, and as the description is quite as appropriate now as it was then, there can be no doubt that the inscription is as old as it professes to be.

In another branch, termed *The Crypt of Dates*, inscriptions are extremely numerous, and several of them of higher antiquity than that just named. One extends back to 1615, and another to 1618, and there are good reasons to believe them genuine. They are known to be on stalagmite of great thickness, and exposed to an abundant drip; and yet two centuries and a half have done no more than to glaze them over with a thin calcareous film, which, instead of obliterating, leaves them perfectly legible. At most, the films, in the *Cave of Inscriptions* and the *Crypt of Dates* alike, do not exceed one-twentieth of an inch in thickness. Though it is not forbidden by any known fact, it may be unsafe, and therefore unwise, to take this rate as a chronometer; but even if a much higher rate be taken, it will be seen that the three feet of thickness to which the floor sometimes attains, or even the sixteen or twenty inches which it averages, must be of very great chronological value.

We next, in our backward march, halt at that remote period which

* See *Trans. Devon. Assoc.*, vol. iii. p. 275, 1869.

may be defined as the commencement of the accumulation of that great deposit known as the *cave-earth*, including the formation of the *black band*. In attempting to form some idea of the width of the interval between this and our immediately preceding resting-place, several questions have to be considered.

That the red loam was at least mainly derived from sources external to the cavern, may be inferred from the facts, that all the rounded rock fragments which it contains were necessarily derived from distant localities, and that the soil of the surrounding district consists almost exclusively of the same loam. Minute portions of it may, perhaps, have entered through small tortuous flues, which, possibly, traverse the limestone, from the cavern to the surface of the hill; but that, at least, the great bulk of it was washed in through the two external entrances, may be safely concluded, because there is no other channel of ingress, and also because its highest level is at the entrances, whence it declines in all directions. Hence, as these openings are many feet below the top of the cavern hill, to say nothing of the loftier adjacent heights, the Vale of Ilsham must, in the cave-earth era, have had the same general features and the same water-shed as at present.

That the *cave-earth* was not laid down by the action of a stream of water flowing continuously or intermittently in one direction through the cavern, is manifested by the total absence of even an approach to a stratified or symmetrical arrangement; the stones, for example, lie at every possible angle to the horizon.

That the deposit was introduced in small quantities at widely separated intervals, and not at once by the action of a deluge, is indicated by several facts. 1. Many of the bones and stones at every level in it are invested with films of stalagmite, thus shewing that the portion of the *cave-earth* on which they lay was once the surface of the deposit—for the time being, the cavern floor; and that the objects lay there unburied and exposed to the lime-laden drip from the roof during a period sufficiently long for the formation of the stalagmitic envelope, after which the process was interrupted, and the objects buried by the introduction of a further instalment of *cave-earth*. That such instalments were usually on a very limited scale, is seen in the fact, that the same phenomenon presents itself again and again at every change of level, no matter how small or in what direction. 2. It has been already stated that coprolites of the hyena occasionally occur at different levels in the deposit, adhering to the objects on which they were primarily lodged, and having undergone no change either in volume or in form since they were dropped; thus disclosing, not only a series of successive surfaces, but the gentle character of the inhuming process. 3. The fact that the huge blocks of limestone which had fallen from the roof were found alike below, in, and on the *modern stalagmitic floor*, proves that they did not all fall at one and the same time.

This is evident, too, from a consideration of the agency by which they were brought down. There can be no doubt that this was the filtering of acidulated water through the 'joints,' or close-fitting approximately vertical divisional planes which traverse the roof, which, by its corrosive action it slowly converted into open fissures, until the gravity of an insulated mass overcame its cohesion, and it fell. Obviously, the work must have been very slow, and the great number of blocks incorporated at different levels everywhere in the *cave-earth* must represent a vast amount of time. Now, bones met with on the loam immediately beneath, and in contact with any of those blocks, were invariably crushed, but with their fragments in juxtaposition; thus shewing that the bones were lying on what at the time was the cavern floor, and that the deposit was firm, unyielding, and capable of offering resistance to the falling mass. After the catastrophe, there was brought in a further instalment of loam, which formed a new floor for the time being.

Resuming our journey into antiquity, we next pause at the beginning of the *old floor of crystalline stalagmite.* Though it contains no inscriptions, it shews by its thin laminæ that it was formed slowly; and by its great thickness—sometimes fully twelve feet—that, in all probability, the time over which it extended vastly exceeded that of the *modern granular floor.*

Lastly, we reach the period of the *breccia,* when there was carried into the cavern a loam of darker red, and rock fragments of more distant derivation than those which compose the cave-earth—a period whose antiquity we have no means of fathoming, but which falls short of the antiquity of man in Devonshire.

The successive cave-deposits, then, force on us the conviction that the time requisite for their formation, though not calculable, is very great. If we now turn to their fossil contents, the result will be found to be much the same. Remains of species of mammals still occupying Britain, are found commingled with those of some which, though existing in other parts of Europe, are no longer inhabitants of this country, and of others that had passed away from the surface of the earth before even the times of tradition. Their condition proves that they were all inhumed at the same time, and, therefore, that some species of mammalia belonging to the existing British fauna coexisted with forms that have for ever disappeared. Obviously, the extinction of the latter was not the result of any convulsion, or any great sudden change in the conditions of life. Whatever may have been the cause, it was not equal to the universal and synchronous depopulation of the globe. So far from this being the case, it is eminently probable that the perished forms whose remains have been found in the cavern, disappeared, not all at one and the same time, but successively, and perhaps at wide intervals. The simple fact of so many extinctions, therefore, may in itself be regarded as an indication of the lapse of a very great period. It is

no doubt true that man may have done much to exterminate large animals from a limited area like the British Islands; but it seems eminently improbable that the mammoth, which formerly occupied the whole of the Old and New Worlds, from the Frozen Ocean to the latitude of Rome in the former, and to that of Texas in the latter, could have been utterly annihilated by him alone. Much more difficult is it to believe that he who finds all his efforts foiled when he attempts to rid his premises of rats, should have succeeded in driving out of existence the entire race of such small creatures as the cave-pika, or tailless hare.

Archæologists have found it possible and convenient to divide the time during which man has occupied Western Europe into four great periods: the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, the Neolithic Age (recent stone age), and the Palæolithic Age (ancient stone age). The Iron Age, in which we live, commenced with the introduction of the art of making iron weapons and tools—an era certainly prior to the invasion of this country by the Romans. The Bronze Age was that in which, the art of working iron being unknown, the best tools were made of a mixture of copper and tin. This, in Britain, was necessarily a pre-historic period. During the Neolithic Age, metals being undiscovered, men made and used *polished* stone implements. In the Palæolithic Age, or earliest known human period, man fabricated stone tools, which he chipped into shape, but did not polish. It is not intended to convey the idea that during any but the earliest, no tools characteristic of an earlier period still remained in occasional use. The presence of an iron implement, for example, stamped a period as being within the Iron Age, notwithstanding the presence also of bronze or even stone tools. Now, the extinct cave-mammals had passed away, not only before the earliest use of metals, but before the Neolithic Age commenced. Hence the formation of the *modern stalagmitic floor* in Kent's Hole had been completed before men had hit upon the expedient of increasing the efficiency of their stone tools by polishing them, and this is confirmed by the tools found in the floor itself.

The late Archbishop Whately held that savages, left to themselves, would never emerge from their condition. The proposition can only be accepted as a hyperbolical expression of the undoubted facts, that unaided savages improve so very slowly as to remain apparently stationary during very long periods of time, and that these periods are protracted according as the social condition is low. Apart from all other considerations, then, it may be safely concluded that in Western Europe the Palæolithic Age was of vast duration, and that its commencement dates back in a very remote antiquity—conclusions confirmed by the wide distribution and immense number of *unpolished* flint implements and flakes already discovered.

There are, however, numerous and varied monuments claiming a place between the close of the Palæolithic Age and the dawn of

tradition, and, though independent of one another, all concurring in testifying to a large amount of time. Amongst these are the Peat-bogs and Kitchen-middens of Denmark, the Megalithic structures and Barrows of England and elsewhere, and the Lake-dwellings of Switzerland, which we shall now briefly notice.

One of the most prevalent and luxuriant trees of Denmark is the common beech, and within the times of tradition it has always been so. The peat-bogs of the country, however, furnish us with the means of acquiring a knowledge of its forests in times of higher antiquity. These bogs vary from ten to thirty feet in depth, and contain numerous trunks of trees, arranged necessarily in chronological order. A frequent and characteristic tree in the upper part of the bogs is the pedunculated variety of the common oak; below this is found the sessile variety of the same species; and at still greater depths the Scotch fir is met with. It is obvious that there was a time when the country was occupied by the oak, which is not now common there, and which was supplanted by the beech; that at an earlier period, the oak in like manner displaced the Scotch fir, which previously appears to have been the most prevalent tree of the country, and frequently attained a diameter of three feet. Neither at present nor within the times of history has it been a native of the country, and all attempts to introduce it have proved failures. The peat, therefore, discloses the fact, that in the Danish islands there have been changes in the conditions on which vegetable life depends; and it also shews that the changes have not been very great, since the aspen occurs at all levels in the bog, and still flourishes in the country. It gives information, too, respecting the animals which the forests sheltered, for their remains occur in it, and shews that not only the plants found in the bogs, but the land shells and the mammalia are all of existing species.

It may be impossible to reach the exact chronological value of this vegetable evidence, but we know that eighteen hundred years ago the Romans found the beech in possession of the soil; and as the oak must have been supplanted considerably before that period, we may safely conclude, that the reign of the beech has already lasted two thousand years at least; and as there are no indications that it is about to close, we cannot accept less than 2500 years for the period during which, at least, some forest trees will hold possession of a country to which they are well adapted, and in which they have established themselves. If this be taken as the time which the oak, the immediate predecessor of the beech, retained its supremacy—and the fact that the two varieties of the oak, instead of being contemporaries, succeeded one the other, renders it improbable that this estimate is too great—we are taken to at least 4500 years from the present day in order to witness the Scotch fir yielding its place to its successor. At the very least, therefore, it would seem that we have to transport ourselves 5000

years back into the past, in order to take our stand in the forest of firs which once covered the Danish islands. The era of the close of the *modern stalagmitic floor* of Kent's Hole, however, was more ancient still, for all the mammals which occupied the earliest known forests of Denmark belonged to existing species, whilst at least four of those whose remains the last film of the stalagmite failed to inhume completely, are utterly extinct.

During the period of the Scotch firs, man existed in the Danish archipelago, for Steenstrup took with his own hands a polished flint implement from beneath the trunk of a tree of this species. In fact, from the implements found in the peat, the Neolithic Age corresponds to that of the Scotch fir and the early part of the oak; the Bronze Age to the later oak period; and the Age of Iron very closely coincides with that of the beeches.

Along the Baltic shores of Jutland and the Danish Islands, and rarely more than ten feet above the sea, there are numerous mounds, some of which are 1000 feet long, and vary in breadth from 150 to 200 feet, and in height from three to ten feet. They chiefly consist of castaway shells of oysters and other edible mollusks, and with them there is a plentiful admixture of bones of quadrupeds, birds, and fish, with no inconsiderable number of instruments of stone, horn, bone, and wood, with coarse potsherds, charcoal, and cinders, but no trace of iron or bronze. More than fifty of these shell-mounds, termed by the Danes *Kjökkenmöddings*, or *Kitchen-middens*, or *Kitchen-refuse-heaps*, have been examined by a committee, many thousand specimens have been collected and deposited in the Museum at Copenhagen, and six Reports have been presented.

The mammals represented by the bones are the stag, roe-deer, wild-boar, urus or wild-bull, dog, fox, wolf, marten, otter, porpoise, seal, water-rat, beaver, lynx, wild-cat, hedgehog, bear, and mouse. The first three in the list are by far the most numerous, and together form ninety-seven per cent. of the entire series. The only extinct species is the urus, which, however, was seen by Julius Cæsar, and survived for a long time after. Not only the mammoth and his extinct contemporaries, but the reindeer and musk sheep are entirely absent. The dog appears to have been the only domestic animal, as there are no traces of the domestic ox, horse, or sheep, all of which occur in the *upper* part of the peat-bogs just described, which corresponds to the Iron and Bronze Ages, but are not found in the *lower* portion, or that which answers to the Neolithic Age.

Of the birds, aquatic species are the most frequent, including several kinds of ducks and geese, the wild-swan, and the great auk. There is also the capercailzie, which, from its known habits, is believed to have fed on the buds of the Scotch fir—a tree, as we have seen, prevalent in the country at the most ancient period reached by the peat.

Thirteen species of shells have been found in the mounds, of

which the oyster, cockle, mussel, and periwinkle are the most numerous. The last three still live in the Baltic; but on account of its brackish water, they only attain one-third the size of the same species in the ocean; whilst the oyster exists only, and in inconsiderable numbers, near the entrance of the sea. The specimens found in the refuse-heaps, however, are of the full oceanic dimensions; whence it seems safe to infer, that they point to a time when the ocean waters had freer access to the Baltic.

The stone hatchets and knives found in the mounds had not been merely chipped into shape, but had been sharpened by rubbing.

The foregoing facts, both positive and negative, lead unmistakably to the following conclusions: 1. That the shell-mounds are of very great antiquity. 2. That they fail to reach back to the age of the unpolished flint implements, or of the extinct cave-mammals, but 'are referrible to the early part of the Neolithic Age, when the art of polishing flint implements was known, but before it had reached its greatest development.'*

Megalithic, or great-stone monuments may be said to belong to all countries and to all times. Dr Hooker assures us that there exists within three hundred miles of the British capital of India a tribe of semi-savages who habitually erect them;† they are mentioned in *Genesis;* and Sir J. Lubbock has recently reminded us that some of them were ancient and mysterious even in the days of Homer, as the following passage shews:

> 'On either side,
> Where narrowest is the way, and all the course
> Around is smooth—rise two white stones, set there
> To mark the tomb of some one long since dead,
> Or form a goal for men in ages past.'‡

With a certain class of archæologists, it has in this country been long the habit to ascribe all megalithic structures to the Druids; but this must be regarded as an evasion, not a solution, of the problems of their age, origin, and uses. Nor has the habit been by any means universal: the notion formerly prevalent, and which perhaps is not yet quite extinct in the minds of the country people, is, in many cases, a very different and probably an older one, though it assigns the monuments to a less imposing antiquity. Thus, near Liskeard in Cornwall there are remnants of three large intersecting circles of upright stones which are called the *Hurlers*, in accordance with a legend that they were formerly men, who, playing at the game of hurling on a Sunday, were transformed into stones, as a punishment for their crime, and a warning to future Sabbath-

* See Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed., ch. vii.; also Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 11, *et seq.*

† *Report, British Association*, 1868, p. lx.

‡ *Iliad*, Book xxiii. v. 384, Wright's translation.

breakers. In like manner, a similar monument near Penzance in the same county is known as *Dawn's Mên*, that is, the *Stone's Dance*, or popularly, the *Merry Maidens*, from a legend that they were young women who were petrified for dancing on Sunday. It is obvious that in both these cases, which might be greatly multiplied, the names the monuments now bear were given them since the introduction of Christianity; and that though the bulk of the population of Cornwall must have been direct descendants of the people with whom the Phœnicians traded, they had utterly forgotten everything, or their ancestors never knew anything respecting the real origin of the relics—strong evidence in either case of their great antiquity.

The principal megalithic remains in this country are, of course, Stonehenge and the 'temple' of Abury, both in Wiltshire—the former the more famous, the latter the more extensive. The very voluminous literature of Stonehenge renders it unnecessary, even did our space allow, to do more than state that many of the stones have been hewn, and several of them fitted together with well-cut mortises and tenons, and thus suggest that the builders must have possessed metal tools. Recent experiments, however, prove that flint implements are not only sufficient for the purpose, but that they are more efficient than those of bronze.

During a recent visit to Stonehenge, we felt strongly impressed with a sense of the immediate presence of mystery, and this feeling was intensified by contemplating the far-stretching plain in which the ruin is situated; whilst the numerous tumuli which met the eye on the verge of the horizon in every direction, suggested that they in all probability were coeval, or nearly so, with the mysterious pile, and contained the clue to the age of both. We shall probably not be far wrong in supposing the temple to be somewhat older than the most ancient of the barrows, and that the interments were spread over a great breadth of time, during which the worshippers in the sacred structure lodged their dead in its vicinity.

In 1861, M. Lartet described a small grotto or cave at Aurignac in the south of France, in which had been found no fewer than seventeen human skeletons, under circumstances which warranted the inference that the cave was a place of sepulture during the Palæolithic Age.* Besides this, there is at present no known interment which can be referred to that remote era. The tumuli of which we have now to speak are all more modern, but they do not belong exclusively to one age or race.

In attempting to ascertain the age to which a barrow belongs, at least three things require attention—its structure and external characters, the mode of interment, and the artificial objects which

* See *Ann. des Sci. Nat.* 1861, tom. xv. p. 177; also *Nat. Hist. Rev.* 1862, vol. 2, p. 53, *et seq.*; Lyell's *Antiquity*, p. 181, *et seq.*; and Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed. pp. 310-312.

accompany the body. There are probably no external marks by which the tumuli of the Neolithic, Bronze, and Iron Ages can be distinguished; but those of the first are generally surrounded with a circle of great stones, and contain megalithic chambers; while those of the Bronze period commonly consist of mere earth with heaps of small stones, and occasionally stone cists placed together. In examining their contents, it must not be forgotten that the by no means unusual practice of secondary interment, or the burial of a corpse in a tumulus in which a much earlier occupant had been lodged, continued down to at least the end of the eighth century. With proper care, however, this source of error may be eliminated. The human remains present themselves in three different forms, which, though not without great value as chronological tests, are sometimes ascribable to a particular race rather than to a period. In Western Europe, however, bodies appear to have been usually buried during the Neolithic Age in a contracted or sitting posture. In the Bronze Age, they were commonly burned, and the relics, lodged in vessels of clay, were placed in the barrow; whilst they were placed in an extended position in the Iron Age. It appears to be by no means the rule to meet with artificial objects in tumuli; and when these are present, great care is needed in using them chronologically. Were we sure that they were at the period of the interment objects of everyday life, the case would present no difficulty; but in order to this, it seems desirable to know for what purpose they were buried with the corpse. They may have been articles which the deceased was known to have valued—tokens of the affection of surviving friends—such as may have been supposed likely to be useful in another world, and therefore proofs of a belief in a future state—intended to protect the body from imaginary dangers—or relics of a then bygone civilisation which had acquired a symbolical, perhaps a sacred, meaning and value. Though some degree of uncertainty, therefore, may attach to any one of the foregoing tests in its isolation, it cannot be doubted that when they concur they form a strong body of evidence: a tumulus, for example, consisting of earth only, containing in a clay vessel the ashes of a burned body, as well as articles of bronze, but not of iron, presents a claim to be acknowledged as belonging to the Bronze Age, which it would be very difficult and unphilosophical to set aside; and so on for the other periods.

Tumuli occur in greater numbers and have a wider distribution than even megalithic structures. Our limited space, however, forbids us to do more than to notice those in Britain, and that in the briefest way. The principal investigators have been Sir R. C. Hoare, Mr Bateman, and Rev. Canon Greenwell. They have examined a total of nearly seven hundred interments, the results of which have been tabulated by Sir J. Lubbock,* who concludes that

* See *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed. p. 156, *et seq.*

the tumuli round Stonehenge belong as a whole to the Bronze Age, and that there are comparatively few which can with confidence be referred to an earlier period, however firmly we may believe many of them to be Neolithic.

During the winter of 1853-4, the level of the Swiss lakes being lower than they had ever been known before, attempts were made to reclaim and enclose portions of their strands. Whilst engaged in this task, the workmen discovered heads of piles and various other indications of human agency. Dr Keller soon ascertained the true nature of the discovery; a series of dredgings was commenced; several Reports have been prepared by Dr Keller, and the whole have been translated into English, and given to the public by Mr Lee. The result, in Dr Keller's words, may be briefly stated thus: 'In the very earliest times, groups of families, or probably whole tribes, lived on the borders of the Swiss lakes, not on dry ground, but on a series of piles in the shallows near the shores.'* At present, *Pfahlbauten*, or *Lake-dwellings*, have been discovered in most of the larger and in several of the smaller lakes of Switzerland, and form a total of more than two hundred. A few are of the Iron Age; but the greater number belong almost equally to the Bronze and Neolithic Ages. During the last, they were spread over the whole country. Bronze Age settlements are very rare in the east of Switzerland; and the Iron Age is represented only in the lakes of Bienne and Neufchâtel. Professor Rutimeyer has identified the remains of 32 species of mammals, 26 of birds, 4 of reptiles, and 9 of fresh-water fish—a total of 71, all of which are still living in Europe, with the exception of the *urus*, already stated to have lived within the times of history. Not only the mammoth, but the reindeer, is absent, as in the case of the shell mounds of Denmark. Professor Heer has recognised twenty-two species of plants amongst the numerous remains, and has classified them as cereals, weeds of the corn-field, culinary vegetables, fruits and berries, nuts, oil-producing plants, plants used for dyeing, forest trees and shrubs, mosses and ferns, fungi for kindling fires, and water and marsh plants. Calculations, based on data of a satisfactory nature, but probably insufficient in amount, give an antiquity of from 5000 to 7000 years for the Neolithic settlements.

If we next turn to the character of the climate indicated by the cave-mammals, the conclusions to which we have been led will receive further confirmation. It is well known that remains of the mammoth have been found in great numbers in Siberia, under conditions implying that the animals of which they were remnants lived in, and were adapted to, cold regions. Complete carcasses have been found in the ice-cliffs, having their flesh in such a state of preservation that the wild animals feasted on it, and their skins covered with a woolly hair admirably adapted to resist cold, to which they were no

* Lee's Keller's *Lake Dwellings* (1866), p. 1.

doubt exposed. Remains of the extinct rhinoceros have been found in the same region and under the same conditions. Hence, of the extinct animals found in Kent's Hole, two species are known to have been capable of living in cold climates; and when to this is added the fact, that the reindeer and musk-sheep, living inhabitants of arctic regions, are found commingled with them, we have good reason to suspect that their era in this country was one of comparatively low temperature. It must not be forgotten, however, that though wool-clad in Siberia, the mammoth and rhinoceros may not have had this covering in all latitudes. 'The fine silky fleece,' says Dr Falconer, 'from which the Cashmere shawls are woven, is abundantly developed at the roots of the long hairs of the domestic goat in the plains of Tibet, at and upwards of 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, where a highly rarefied atmosphere is combined with severe winter cold. It grows also on the kiang, the yak, *Cervus Wallichii*, the brown bear of high elevations in the Himalaya, and on the mastiff dog of Tibet. But it disappears entirely from the same goat, and from the dog, in the Valley of Cashmere.'* It would be unsafe, therefore, to conclude from their *bones* alone that the mammoth and his contemporaries represent a climate in Britain colder than that which at present obtains; a knowledge of their *clothing*, however, would go far to settle this question, and, happily, this knowledge is in our possession.

Amongst the remarkable and important discoveries made in the caverns and 'rock-shelters' in France, by Messrs Christy and Lartet, a series of engravings and sculptures on bone and ivory—actual works of art by palæolithic men—are probably the most interesting. They include figures of various animals, such as fishes, the ox, horse, ibex, reindeer, and mammoth. That, however, to which we have to restrict ourselves at present is the fact, that in 1864, there was found in the excavations made by Mr Christy and M. Lartet, under a rock-shelter at La Madelaine, Dordogne, a figure of a mammoth engraved on a fragment of a mammoth's tusk, in which the creature is depicted in his long hair.† From this engraving, the genuineness of which cannot be doubted, two inferences may be drawn: 1. That the palæolithic men of the Dordogne had seen the mammoth in his arctic dress. 2. That such a dress was needed; in other words, that the climate of France, and, therefore, of England also, was much colder during the mammoth era than it is at present. Prior to this discovery, Mr Prestwich, having made a careful analysis of the land and fresh-water shells, of the mammals, and of the plants found in the 'high-level,' or most ancient implement-bearing gravels, in the valleys of the Thames, Seine, and Somme, had been led to the following conclusion: 'A climate where the oak, the yew,

* *Nat. Hist. Rev.*, vol. iii. p. 113 (1863).

† See *L'Homme Fossile*, par H. Le Hon. Deuxième édition, p. 84 (1868). Also Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed. p. 324 (1869).

and the fir (and the bilberry) throve, where reindeer lived, where deer, horse, and ox abounded, and where the rivers were subject to periodical floods, and froze so as to transport large boulders for considerable distances, presents conditions which would probably accord with a mean winter cold of not less than 20°, while it may have been as low as 10°, or even lower. This would be from 19° to 29° under that which now obtains in these regions, taking the winter temperature of the south-east of England and the north-west of France at 39°.'* The same geologist attributed the contortions which are observable in the deposits of the last-named valley to the grounding of contemporary river-ice.† In short, the evidence which has been produced takes man very far back towards that period known to geologists as the 'Glacial Era,' whose date, in years, Mr Croll and others have recently attempted to determine from astronomical data. It may be doubted whether they have achieved any marked success, but the lowest estimate which they have suggested is at least 200,000 years; whilst few geologists, perhaps, will be prepared to admit that the known post-glacial phenomena can be compressed within such narrow limits.

If, from the cavern and its contents, we turn, lastly, to the district in which it stands, we shall find that the changes which have occurred in its physical geography since the introduction of the *cave-earth* are calculated, equally with the foregoing considerations, to impress us with the lapse of a very great amount of time. We have seen that the *cave-earth* was introduced in small quantities, at widely separated intervals, through the two entrances of the cavern; and that the Vale of Ilsham had at that time the same general features and the same water-shed as at present; hence, unless the rainfall of the district exceeded that of the present day by very many thousand times—a hypothesis which has only to be suggested in order to be immediately rejected—the bottom of the valley during the era in question must have been a little, and but little, below the level of the entrances, instead of from 60 to 70 feet, as at present. Ordinarily, a small rivulet flowed harmlessly by and below the cavern, leaving it tenantable for man or beast; but in times of great flood, the swollen stream would find access to it, carry in a thin layer of mud and stones, inter the objects scattered on the surface, overspread the existing floor, and form a new one. So long as the bottom of the valley maintained its level, the cavern would be subject to occasional inundations; but if the stream, by its erosive action, deepened the channel through which it flowed, it would ultimately deprive itself of the power of effecting an entrance. Its volume might be, at times, and not less frequently, as much swollen as before, but its general level would be lower.

In short, all the facts of the two famous Torbay caverns point

* *Phil. Trans.* 1864, part ii. p. 281. † Ibid., p. 288.

irresistibly to the conclusion, that the *cave-earth* era was separated from the present day by at least the time occupied, by small rivulets, in deepening Ilsham Vale upwards of 60 feet, and Brixham Valley fully 100 feet. We shall now proceed to shew that this time fails to fill the interval in which it occurred.

In almost all the inlets of Torbay, there are exposed at low-water peaty masses, consisting of vegetable matter and tough blue clay of unknown depth. Amongst the former are numerous vertical stumps of trees of considerable size, projecting slightly above the peat, and sending their roots and rootlets to considerable distances into the clay. There can be no doubt that they are the remains of a forest; that they still occupy the soil and area on which they grew; that they have been submerged by the entire district having sunk to a lower level; and that the movement was so uniform as not to alter the relation of the trunks and roots to the horizon. These masses of peat are portions of the well-known Submerged Forest, which covers at least part of the bottom of Torbay, where it has been traced seaward to the five-fathoms line.

Similar and coeval forests exist on all the shores of the British seas and channels, and everywhere present the same phenomena. They have been described by several observers, from Leland in the sixteenth century to geologists of the present day, and they indicate a general, uniform, and tranquil subsidence, to the amount of at least seventy feet, of the British archipelago and Western Europe generally.

The plant-remains belong to species which at present occupy the adjacent dry lands, and there are mixed with them the bones and teeth of mammoth, long-fronted ox, red deer, horse, and wild hog. In the Torbay forest, a human implement, made of the antler of the red deer, was found twelve feet below the surface.*

From the foregoing facts, it is obvious that at least a part of the era of the forests belonged to that of the extinct mammals, and that the subsidence was subsequent to the first appearance of man in Devonshire.

It was stated in an early part of this paper, that within the recollection of persons still living, the sea at high-water spring-tides reached a point in the valley vertically beneath the Brixham Cavern. It is added by competent observers who have examined it, that the bottom of this valley was not the native limestone rock, but a mass of peat on and in blue clay, extending towards the sea. In fact, this inlet resembled the others of Torbay, in being occupied by a tongue of the Submerged Forest.

Here, then, we have evidence that since the bone-and-implement-bearing red loam was carried into the cavern the following changes have been wrought in the district: 1, or earliest. The depth of the

* See *Trans. Devon. Assoc.* vol. i. pp. 36-38 (1865).

valley was increased by at least 100 feet. 2. After this was completed, the valley was partially re-filled by the lodgment in it of a mass of blue clay. 3. In this clay grew a forest, which afforded a home to various animals, some of them belonging to extinct species. 4. The entire country underwent a gradual, uniform, and tranquil subsidence to the extent of at least 70 feet. 5. To the time required for these changes must be added that which has elapsed since the last of them, the amount of which we will now proceed to investigate.

It is possible to obtain information on the minimum value of the period immediately under consideration—the time which has elapsed since the submergence of the forests—from the volume of the deposits overlying the forest ground, the amplitude of the existing foreshore, and human history.

In many Cornish valleys there are thick deposits washed from the adjacent hills, and containing a sufficient amount of tin to tempt the miner to dig through them in all directions, for the purpose of obtaining the metal. Some of these 'stream-works' have been carefully described by competent observers, and amongst the most notable are those of Pentuan, Carnon, and Lower St Columb. The Pentuan works, which were described in 1829 by Mr Colenso, lay in a valley varying from 300 to upwards of 600 feet in width, near the harbour of Pentuan. The deposits were confined to the terminal four miles, and at their base had a mean inclination, seaward, of about half a degree.

The uppermost stratum, 20 feet in depth, consisted chiefly of river-sand and gravel. Then followed 20 feet of sea-sand, containing trees lying in all directions, remains of red-deer, oxen, a large whale, and, near the bottom, human skulls. After this came five other distinct deposits, chiefly of silt and sea-sand, containing a variety of animal and vegetable remains, and a piece of oak shaped by man. One of these deposits was a vegetable band of leaves, hazel-nuts, sticks, and moss, about 40 feet below the sea-level. Below all this lay the 'tin ground' on the solid rock, and having at its upper surface stumps of trees, with their roots in their natural position. An oyster-bed was found here.

The succession and character of the deposits at Carnon and St Columb, described by Mr W. J. Henwood and Sir H. de la Beche, were essentially the same as at Pentuan. Everywhere the forests were found immediately on the 'tin ground.' At Carnon, human skulls occurred *in* the forest, which was 67 feet below high-water.

From the foregoing sections it may be inferred: 1. That since the submergence, detrital matter has been lodged on the forest ground to the depth of from 60 to 70 feet. 2. That, with the exception of the upper bed, the whole is exclusively marine, as oyster-shells were fastened to the stumps of the trees. 3. That the deposits were accumulated slowly, since they were distinctly stratified, dissimilar in character, and contained marine shells in the position

of living mollusks; and that they represent a great amount of time.

Except in a very few cases, a vertical movement of the land necessarily destroys the existing foreshore as a whole, by either raising it above the sea-level or causing its permanent submergence. In either case, the waves immediately attack their new boundary, and, by causing it to recede further and further, form a new strand. The rate of retrocession is necessarily variable, since it depends on the exposure and structure of the coast. It is obvious, however, that its breadth and the rate of its formation would suffice for the determination of the time which has elapsed since the last change of level. In this paper the existing foreshore will be regarded as the space between the cliffs which the waves assail at spring-tide high-water, and the line of breakers at the corresponding low-water, during the most violent gales. It is obvious that since they *both* travel landward, the space between them can never exceed, but may fall short of, the area on which the sea has encroached since the last vertical movement of the land. Even in the south-west of Devonshire, where the crystalline rocks are eminently capable of resisting the waves, the foreshore is fully a quarter of a mile broad. This is surpassed in many other parts of the county, where the cliffs are composed of less durable materials. It is difficult to believe that this can be the work of less than several thousand years.

The utter silence of history respecting the occurrence of any general and permanent submergence, may be regarded as a proof that the forests were carried down before the commencement of the Christian era. Readers of the early Saxon chroniclers cannot but feel that they take their stand on the existing levels, and engineers state that the Roman embankment at the Wash is on precisely the same level as the new one built outside to exclude the tide. There are, moreover, on different parts of the coast of England, what may be called natural test-objects, which are so peculiarly connected with the present relative level of sea and land, that an upheaval or a subsidence of a very few feet would be distinctly indicated, as either would entirely change their existing characters.

One of these is the well-known Holy Island, or Lindisfarne, on the coast of Northumberland, whose geography is characterised by Sir Walter Scott in the lines:

> 'For, with the flow and ebb, its style
> Varies from continent to isle.'
>
> —*Marmion*, Canto ii. stanza 9.

Scott, however, was not the first to describe the peculiar character of Holy Island. It was noticed 1100 years before by the Venerable Bede, who says of it: 'Which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island; and

again, twice in the day, when the shore is left dry, becomes contiguous to the land.'*

When it is remembered that Bede was born in 673, on the coast between the Tyne and Wear, almost within sight of Lindisfarne; that at seven years of age he was placed in the abbey of Wearmouth; that in 682 he removed thence to the newly founded abbey of Jarrow on the Tyne, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died in 735; that he was not only an ecclesiastic, but a writer of ecclesiastical history; and that all the churches from the Tyne to the Tweed, and many of those from the Tyne to the Humber, had their beginning from the monastery of Holy Island, it cannot be doubted that he had every opportunity and motive to make himself perfectly acquainted with the history and condition of a spot which he undoubtedly held sacred. We may safely conclude, then, that there has been no change of relative level of sea and land on the coast of Northumberland during the last 1300 years.

Probably no spot is better calculated to give information on this question than the picturesque St Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which, like Lindisfarne, is an island and a peninsula at every high and low water alternately. It is about one-third of a mile from the nearest point of the mainland, and the isthmus which connects them at low-water is then about six feet above the sea-level, whilst at high-water it is twelve feet below it. This isthmus, moreover, consists in great part of the outcrop of the slate rocks of the district, planed down to an approximate level by the action of the waves. It is obvious that an upheaval to the extent of twelve feet would convert the Mount into a permanent peninsula, and that a subsidence of six feet would make it for ever an island. The Mount appears to have been regarded as a holy place as early as the fifth century, when St Keyna and St Cadoc visited it as pilgrims. Its sanctity was subsequently increased by the alleged apparition of St Michael on it. In 1044, Edward the Confessor gave a charter to a body of monks established there; and in 1070 the pope granted that all the faithful who enriched the church on it with their benefactions and alms, or visited it, should be forgiven a third part of their penances. As may be expected, it attracted a great number of visitors; its literature is somewhat voluminous; and everything affecting it has been carefully recorded.

From the detailed description of it by Leland (1533–40) and William of Worcester (1478), the incidental mention of it by Bishop Lacy (1425), and the statement in the Confessor's charter (1044) that it was *juxta mare*, or next the sea, it may be concluded that its condition has remained unchanged for upwards of eight hundred years. The earliest mention of it, however, is the following famous passage in Diodorus Siculus (9 B.C.), and takes us ten and

* *Eccles. Hist.*, Bohn's ed., book iii. ch. iii. p. 112.

a half centuries farther into antiquity, when its condition was the same as at present: 'They that inhabit the British promontory of Belerium' [the Land's End], 'by reason of their converse with merchants, are more civilised and courteous to strangers than the rest are. These are the people that make the tin, which, with a great deal of care and labour, they dig out of the ground, and that being rocky, the metal is mixed with some grains of earth, out of which they melt the metal, and then refine it; then they cut it into square pieces like a die, and carry it to a British island near at hand called Iktis; for at low tides, all being dry between them and the island, they convey over in carts an abundance of tin in the meantime. There is one thing peculiar to those islands which lie between Britain and Europe, for at full sea they appear to be islands, but at low water, for a long way, they look like so many peninsulas. Hence the merchants transport the tin they buy of the inhabitants to Gaul; and for thirty days' journey they carry it on packs on horses' backs through Gaul to the mouth of the river Rhone.' *

From this passage it may be inferred that the description was from one who had visited the locality; that the Iktis was near the Land's End; that no place in the district afforded superior accommodation and shelter for maritime trade; that it was adjacent to the tin country; and that it was the only commercial station in Britain, or that all others were comparatively recent. On the other hand, the Mount answers admirably in every respect to the description; it is in the midst of the most productive tin mines of Cornwall; and besides it there is no island which can be supposed to be that described by the historian. It is accordingly held by all who have given careful attention to the question, that the Iktis and St Michael's Mount are one and the same semi-island; and that nineteen centuries have failed to produce any change in its condition.

We may, perhaps, with advantage recapitulate at this point the various positions we have established respecting the *Antiquity of man in Devonshire.* Since the era of that tranquil, uniform, and general subsidence which resulted in the submergence of the forests whose remains are found on the strands of all the British seas and channels, thick accumulations have been lodged on the forest ground, and broad foreshores have been cut; and yet nineteen centuries have failed to produce an appreciable change in the character of St Michael's Mount, or in its relation to the mainland. Prior to this subsidence, was the growth of the forests, which afforded food and shelter to the mammoth and his contemporaries; before this, again, was the period of the deposition of the blue clay and the 'tin ground,' in which the forests subsequently grew; earlier still was the epoch of the excavation of the valleys, in whose bounding hills the caverns of South Devon are situated; at a still more remote period,

* Book v. chap. 22.

when the bottoms of the valleys were at least one hundred feet above their present levels, the characteristic red loam was carried into the caverns, in some cases, as at Brixham, by the action of persistent streams, and in others, as in Kent's Hole, by the fitful agency of land-floods; still farther back was the period of the *old crystalline stalagmitic* cavern floor, sometimes twelve feet thick; and in a still more hoary antiquity, the *breccia* had been carried into the same cavern. Great as is the age of this *breccia*, it does not exceed the antiquity of man in the south-west of England.

The cave-men of Devonshire were the contemporaries of many species of animals, once widely spread over the world, but which had become extinct before the era of the Scotch fir in Denmark; a tree which is not only incapable of growing now in that part of Europe, but had been superseded there by the oak, which, in its turn, and upwards of two thousand years ago, was itself supplanted by the beech—prior to the date of the earliest Kitchen-middens of the same country—much earlier than the erection of Stonehenge, Abury, and the other megalithic monuments, as well as the tumuli of Western Europe, whose age is wrapped in an obscurity so dense as to have been the theme of much and long-continued speculation and many hypotheses—and far anterior to the earliest of the Pfahl-bauten recently discovered in the Swiss lakes. The ancient cave-mammals, whose extinction was due neither to man nor to sudden convulsion, and was probably spread over a great breadth of time, betoken a climate colder than that which at present obtains. Those earliest known men of Devon were ignorant of the use of metals; and though the tools they made of flint were sometimes elaborately chipped into shape, they were invariably left unpolished. In addition to these, they formed awls and fish-spears of bone, the latter being skilfully and even elegantly executed. They wore clothing, which they sometimes stitched together, using for that purpose carefully made bone needles; and occasionally they fastened their dresses with stout bone pins. They kindled fires and cooked their food; but as no engravings, sculptures, or other indications of art have yet been found, they must be regarded, perhaps, as inferior to their French contemporaries. To what race they belonged, is unknown; nor is there anything to shew whether or not they were the degraded descendants of superior ancestors. Those who hold that they were, are, of course, prepared to admit that there were men more ancient still than those old cave-dwellers; and they may be called on to account for the fact, that whilst superior and older men would have left a greater number and variety of tools in older deposits, nothing of the kind has yet been met with anywhere. Be this as it may, it is at least eminently probable that the cradle of the human race was not in a climate so ungenial as ours; and that, therefore, the earliest men of Devonshire, though they take us into a very remote antiquity, stop far short of the first appearance of man upon the earth.

Although for several reasons we have confined ourselves chiefly to the caverns of Devonshire, they are by no means the only depositories of this kind of proof of the antiquity of man on the globe. We have already noticed briefly the interesting discoveries made in the caverns of the Dordogne in the south of France; and the following quotation from Dr J. H. Bennet's *Winter in the South of Europe*, shews that similar testimony has been found in caves near Mentone, on the border of the Mediterranean.

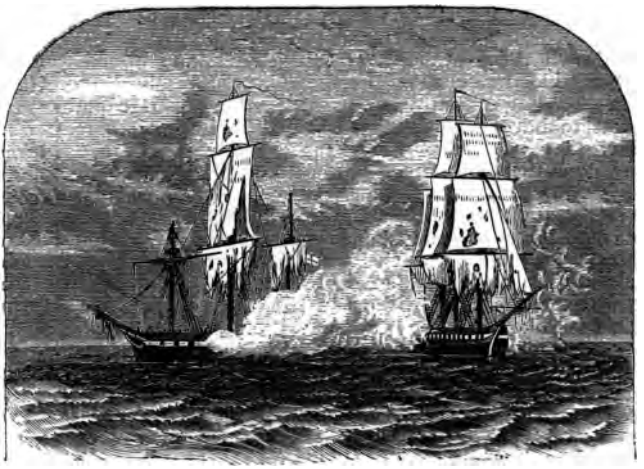
'On the shore (near Mentone), at the eastern extremity of the inner bay, in the "red rocks," as they are called, are several good-sized caves, which contain in great abundance organic remains—the bones of large and small mammifers—imbedded in hard sand and calcareous matter. The organic remains thus imbedded cover the floor to a depth of many feet, and are mixed with the flint weapons and utensils and knives, which have excited so much attention during the last few years; testifying as they do to the existence of races of savage men in far back pre-Adamite times.

'The existence of flint weapons among the bones found in the Mentone caverns was first noticed, I believe, in 1858, by M. Forel, a Swiss geologist. He published, in 1860, a memoir,* in which he gives the result of his researches. M. Forel's investigations were principally made in the third and fourth caves, counting from Mentone. He found a great quantity of broken bones, shells, remains of crustacea, and pieces of charcoal. Along with these he discovered many fragments, splinters of flint, and also many arrow and lance heads, spear points, and triangular pieces of flint, evidently intended for knives. The bones belonged to stags, sheep, boars, horses, wolves, dogs, cats, rabbits, a large carnivorous animal, and one to the *Bos primigenius*, a large bull which belongs to the glacial period.

'During the winter of 1862, Mr Moggridge continued these researches, with great care, in the second cavern, and among great masses of bones also found the flint instruments above enumerated, some of them in a perfect state. Pieces of charcoal were likewise found mixed with them.'

* *Notice sur les Instruments en Silex et les Ossements trouvés dans les Cavernes à Menton.* Moyes. 1860.

The illustration of the entrance to Kent's Cavern, given on the first page, is taken from a beautiful photograph by Mr F. Bedford, Torquay.



THE LIFE OF A SAILOR-BOY.

I WAS born at Wanstead, in Essex, about seven miles from London, in the year 1798. My father having died while I was young, I was, along with a brother and sister, left to the charge of my mother, who, marrying again, transferred us to the house of her husband—a carpenter by occupation at Bladen, near Woodstock, and in the employ of the Duke of Marlborough. My father-in-law appeared to be in comfortable circumstances. He resided in a neat house, built of stone, shaded by a noble apricot-tree, and ornamented with a small but pretty garden. This, together with another similar tenement, was his own property. To add to my satisfaction, I perceived that he was kind to my mother, and also to myself. With the country around I was equally well pleased. Fine farms, with large flocks of sheep quietly grazing on the hillsides, fields surrounded with fragrant hawthorn hedges, and old farmhouses, with their thatched roofs and massive ricks, met the eye on all sides; while cultivated gardens and numerous wild-flowers added their charms to the scene.

At Bladen, my time flew very rapidly away for two or three years, until, like most children, I began to sigh for deliverance from the restraints of home. I had already left school, and being now about thirteen years of age, had been employed in the pleasure-grounds of Blenheim Palace. This, however, was too tame an occupation for a lad of my spirits. I heard tales of the sea from cousins with whom I had resided for a short time; my imagination painted a life on the

great deep in the most glowing colours; my mind grew uneasy; and, in short, like many other heedless lads, I resolved on being a sailor. Finding my desires so strong, my kind-hearted mother made interest to have me taken on board a ship-of-war—a matter not difficult in those times—and on the 12th day of July 1810, I turned my back on the quiet hamlet of Bladen, and my face towards scenes of noise, dissipation, storms, and danger. My mother accompanied me in the stage to London, and then taking a boat, we proceeded down the Thames to a spot below Gravesend, where lay the *Macedonian*, the frigate on which I was to be put aboard. Need I say that, when left by my mother on the deck of the vessel, tears were mutually shed; and when the departing boat carried her from my sight, I felt like one alone in the world?

On the morning after my arrival, I was put into a 'mess.' The crew of a man-of-war is divided into little communities of about eight each, called *messes*. These eat and drink together, and are, as it were, so many families. The mess to which I was introduced was composed of your genuine weather-beaten old tars. But for one of its members, it would have suited me very well; this one, a gruff old fellow named Hudson, took it into his head to hate me at first sight. He treated me with so much abuse and unkindness, that my mess-mates soon advised me to change my mess, a privilege which is wisely allowed, and which tends very much to the good-fellowship of a ship's crew; for if there are disagreeable men among them, they can in this way be got rid off; it is no unfrequent case to find a few, who have been spurned from all the messes in the ship, obliged to mess by themselves.

This unkindness from the brutal Hudson rather chilled my enthusiasm. The crew, too, by some means had an impression that my mother had brought me on board to get rid of me, and therefore bitterly abused her. Swearing I had heard before, but never such as I heard there. Nor was this all; in performing the work assigned me, which consisted in helping the seamen to take in provisions, powder, shot, &c. I felt the insults and tyranny of the midshipmen. These minions of power ordered and drove me round like a dog, nor did I and the other boys dare to interpose a word.

These things reminded me of what had been said to me of the hardships of sea-life in a man-of-war. I began to wish myself back in my father's house at Bladen. This, however, was impossible; and to add to my discouragement, they told me I was entered on the ship's books for life. Dreary prospect! But although somewhat grieved with my first experience of sailor-life, I secretly-struggled against my feelings, and with the most philosophic desperation resolved to make the best of my condition. We were kept busily at work every day until the ship's stores were all on board, and our frigate was ready for sea. Then two hundred more men, draughted from receiving ships, came on board to complete the number of our

crew, which, after this addition, amounted to full three hundred men. The jocularity, pleasantry, humour, and good feeling that now prevailed on board our frigate somewhat softened the unpleasantness of my lot, and cultivated a feeling of reconciliation to my circumstances. Various little friendships which sprang up between me and my shipmates threw a gleam of gladness across my path; a habit of attention, respect, and obedience in a short time secured me universal good-will. I began to be tolerably satisfied.

Many boys complain of ill usage at sea. I know they are subjected to it in many instances; yet in most cases they owe it to their own boldness. A boy on shipboard, who is habitually saucy, will be kicked and cuffed by all with whom he has to do; he will be made miserable. The reason is, I imagine, that sailors being treated as *inferiors* themselves, love to find opportunity to act the *superior* over some one. They do this over the boys, and if they find a saucy, insolent one, they shew him no mercy. Permit me, then, to advise boys who go to sea to be civil and obliging to all; they will be amply repaid for the effort it may cost them to make the trial, especially if they gain the reputation, as I did, of being among the best boys in the ship.

A vessel of war contains a little community of human beings, isolated, for the time being, from the rest of mankind. This community is governed by laws peculiar to itself; it is arranged and divided in a manner suitable to its circumstances. Hence, when its members first come together, each one is assigned his respective station and duty. For every task, from getting up the anchor to unbending the sails, aloft and below, at the mess-table or in the hammock, each task has its man, and each man his place. A ship contains a set of *human* machinery, in which every man is a wheel, a band, or a crank, all moving with wonderful regularity and precision to the will of its machinist—the all-powerful captain.

The men are distributed in all parts of the vessel; those in the tops are called foretop-men, maintop-men, and mizentop-men, with two captains to each top, one for each watch. These top-men have to loose, take in, reef, and furl the sails aloft, such as the topgallant sails, top-sails, topgallant royal, and top-sail studding-sails. Others are called forecastle-men, waisters, and the after-guard; these have to loose, tend, and furl the courses—that is, the fore-sail, the main-sail, and lower studding-sails; they also have to set the jib, flying-jib, and spanker; the after-guard have a special charge to coil up all ropes in the after-part of the ship. Others are called *scavengers;* these, as their not very attractive name imports, have to sweep and pick up the dirt that may chance to gather through the day, and throw it overboard. Then come the boys, who are mostly employed as servants to the officers. Our captain had a steward and a boy; these acted as his domestic servants in his large and stately cabin, which, to meet the ideas of landsmen, may be called his house.

The lieutenants, purser, surgeon, and sailing-master had each a boy; they, together with the two lieutenants of marines, who were waited upon by two marines, form what is called the ward-room officers. The ward-room is a large cabin (I mean large for a ship, of course) below the captain's, where they all mess together; aft of this cabin is a smaller one, which serves as a species of store-room. Besides these accommodations, every ward-room officer has his state-room, containing his cot, wash-stand, writing-desk, clothes, &c. The gunner, boatswain, and some others, are also allowed a boy; and a man and boy are appointed to be the servants of a certain number of midshipmen.

Another arrangement is that of forming the ship's company into watches. The captain, first-lieutenant, surgeon, purser, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, armourer, together with the stewards and boys, are excused from belonging to them, but are liable to be called out to take in sail: some of the last-mentioned are called *idlers*. All others are in watches, called the larboard and starboard watches.

Stations are also assigned at the guns to the whole crew. When at sea, the drummer beats to quarters every night. This beat is a regular tune. I have often heard the words sung which belong to it; this is the chorus—

'Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men;
We always are ready: steady boys, steady!
To fight and to conquer again and again.'

At the roll of this evening drum, all hands hurry to the guns. Eight men and a boy are stationed at each gun, one of whom is captain of the gun, another sponges and loads it, the rest take hold of the side tackle-falls, to run the gun in and out; while the boy is employed in handing the cartridges, for which he is honoured with the name of powder-monkey.

Besides these arrangements among the men, there are from thirty to forty marines to be disposed of. These do duty as sentries at the captain's cabin, the ward-room, and at the galley during the time of cooking; they are also stationed at the large guns at night, as far as their numbers run. When a ship is in action, and small-arms can be brought to bear on the enemy, they are stationed on the spar-deck; they are also expected to assist in boarding, in conjunction with several seamen from each gun, who are armed with pistols and pikes, and called boarders.

The great disparity of numbers between the crew of a merchant ship and that of a man-of-war, occasions a difference in their internal arrangements and mode of life scarcely conceivable by those who have not seen both. This is seen throughout, from the act of rousing the hands in the morning to that of taking in sail. In the merchantman, the watch below is called up by a few strokes of the handspike

on the forecastle; in the man-of-war, by the boatswain and his mates. The boatswain is a petty officer, of considerable importance in his way; he and his mates carry a small silver whistle or pipe, suspended from the neck by a cord. He receives word from the officer of the watch to call the hands up. You immediately hear a sharp shrill whistle; this is succeeded by another and another from his mates. Then follows his hoarse rough cry of 'All hands, ahoy!' which is forthwith repeated by his mates. Scarcely has this sound died upon the ear, before the cry of 'Up all hammocks, ahoy!' succeeds it, to be repeated in like manner. As the first tones of the whistle penetrate between decks, signs of life make their appearance. Rough uncouth forms are seen tumbling out of their hammocks on all sides, and before its last sounds have died away, the whole company of sleepers are hurriedly preparing for the duties of the day. No delay is permitted, for as soon as the before-mentioned officers have uttered their imperative commands, they run below, each armed with a rope's-end, with which they belabour the shoulders of any luckless wight upon whose eyes sleep yet hangs heavily, or whose slow-moving limbs shew him to be but half awake.

With a rapidity which would surprise a landsman, the crew dress themselves, lash their hammocks, and carry them on deck, where they are stowed for the day. There is a system even in this arrangement; every hammock has its appropriate place. Below, the beams are all marked; each hammock is marked with a corresponding number, and in the darkest night a sailor will go unhesitatingly to his own hammock. They are also kept exceedingly clean. Every man is provided with two, so that while he is scrubbing and cleaning one, he may have another to use. Nothing but such precautions could enable so many men to live in so small a space.

A similar rapidity attends the performance of every duty. The word of command is given in the same manner, and its prompt obedience enforced by the same unceremonious rope's-end. To skulk is therefore next to impossible; the least tardiness is rebuked by the cry of 'Hurrah, my hearty! bear a hand! heave along! heave along!' This system of driving is far from being agreeable; it perpetually reminds you of your want of liberty; it makes you feel sometimes as if the hardest crust, the most ragged garments, with the freedom of your own native hills, would be preferable to John Bull's 'beef and duff,' joined as it is with the rope's-end of the driving boatswain.

We had one poor fellow, an Irishman, named Billy Garvy, who felt very uneasy and unhappy. He was the victim of that mortifying system of impressment prevalent in Great Britain in time of war. He came on board perfectly unacquainted with the mysteries of sea-life. One of his first inquiries was where he should find his bed, supposing they slept on shipboard on beds the same as on shore. His messmates, with true sailor roguishness, sent him to the boat-

swain. 'And where shall I find a bed, sir?' asked he of this rugged son of the ocean.

The boatswain looked at him very contemptuously for a moment, then rolling his lump of tobacco into another apartment of his ample mouth, replied: 'Have you got a knife?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, stick it into the softest plank in the ship, and take that for a bed!'

As our fare was novel, and so different from shore living, it was some time before I could get fully reconciled to it: it was composed of hard sea-biscuit, fresh beef while in port, but salt pork and salt beef at sea, pea-soup and burgoo. Burgoo, or, as it was sportively called, skillagallee, was oatmeal boiled in water to the consistency of hasty pudding. Sometimes we had cocoa instead of burgoo. Once a week we had flour and raisins served out, with which we made 'duff,' or pudding. To prepare these articles, each mess had its cook, who drew the provisions, made the duff, washed the mess kids, &c. He also drew the grog for the mess, which consisted of a gill of rum mixed with two gills of water for each man. This was served out at noon every day; at four o'clock P.M. each man received half a pint of wine. The boys only drew half this quantity, but were allowed pay for the remainder—a regulation which could have been profitably applied to the whole supply of grog and wine for both boys and men. But those were not days in which temperance triumphed as she does now, though I believe the British navy has not yet ceased to dispense the 'drink that 's in the drunkard's bowl' to her seamen.

Shortly after our captain came on board, his servant died somewhat suddenly, so that I had an early opportunity of seeing how sailors are disposed of in this sad hour. The corpse was laid out on the grating, covered with a flag; as we were yet in the river, the body was taken on shore and buried, without the burial-service of the Church of England being read at the grave—a ceremony which is not omitted at the interment of the veriest pauper in that country.

I have purposely dwelt on these particulars, that the reader may feel himself initiated at once into the secrets of man-of-war usages. He has doubtless seen ships-of-war with their trim rigging and frowning ports, and his heart has swelled with pride as he has gazed upon these floating cities—the representatives of his nation's character in foreign countries: to their internal arrangements, however, he has been a stranger. I have endeavoured to introduce him into the interior: a desire to make him feel at home there, is my apology for dwelling so long on these descriptions.

After various delays, we were at last ready for sea, and under sailing orders. The tide and wind were both propitious; then came the long-expected cry of the boatswain: 'All hands up anchor, ahoy!' The crew manned the capstan in a trice, and running

round to the tune of a lively air played by the fifer, the huge anchor rapidly left the mud of the Thames, and hung at the bows of our frigate. Then came the cry of 'All hands make sail, ahoy!' As if by magic, she was immediately covered with canvas; the favouring breeze at once filled our sails, and the form that had lain for weeks inert and motionless on the waters now bounded along the waves like a thing of life. Rapidly we ran down the Channel, and before we had well got under-weigh, came to an anchor again at Spithead, under shelter of the Isle of Wight.

Short as was the period between weighing anchor off Gravesend and our arrival at Spithead, it gave opportunity for one of those occurrences which are a disgrace to the naval service of any nation, and a degradation to our common humanity, which the public opinion of the civilised world should frown out of existence—I allude to the brutal practice of flogging.

A poor fellow had fallen into the very sailor-like offence of getting drunk. For this the captain sentenced him to the punishment of four dozen lashes. He was first placed in *irons* all night; the irons used for this purpose were shackles fitting round the ankles, through the ends of which was passed an iron bar some ten or twelve feet in length: it was thus long, because it was no unfrequent case for half-a-dozen men to be ironed at once. A padlock at the end of the bar held the prisoner securely. Thus placed, he was guarded by a marine until the captain bade the first-lieutenant prepare the hands to witness the punishment. Upon this the lieutenant transmitted the order to the master-at-arms. He then ordered the grating or hatch full of square holes to be rigged; it was placed, accordingly, between the main and spar decks, not far from the main-mast.

While these preparations were going on, the officers were dressing in full uniform, and arming themselves with their dirks; the prisoner's messmates carried him his best clothes, to make him appear in as decent a manner as possible. This is always done, in the hope of moving the feelings of the captain favourably towards the prisoner.

This done, the hoarse, dreaded cry of 'All hands ahoy to witness punishment!' from the lips of the boatswain, pealed along the ship as mournfully as the notes of a funeral knell. At this signal the officers mustered on the spar-deck, the men on the main-deck. Next came the prisoner, guarded by a marine on one side, and the master-at-arms on the other; he was marched up to the grating. His back was made bare, and his shirt laid loosely upon his back; the two quarter-masters proceeded to seize him up; that is, they tied his hands and feet with spun-yarns, called the seizings, to the grating. The boatswain's mates, whose office it is to flog on board a man-of-war, stood ready with their dreadful weapon of punishment, the cat-o'-nine-tails. This instrument of torture was composed of nine cords, a quarter of an inch round, and about two feet long, the ends tipped

with fine twine. To these cords was affixed a stock two feet in length, covered with red baize. The reader may be sure that it is a most formidable instrument in the hands of a strong, skilful man. Indeed, any man who should whip his horse with it would commit an outrage on humanity which the moral feeling of any community would not tolerate; he would be prosecuted for cruelty; yet it is used to whip MEN on board ships-of-war.

The boatswain's mate is ready, with coat off and whip in hand. The captain gives the word. Carefully spreading the cords with the fingers of his left hand, the executioner throws the cat over his right shoulder; it is brought down upon the now uncovered herculean shoulders of the MAN. His flesh creeps—it reddens as if blushing at the indignity; the sufferer groans; lash follows lash, until the first mate, wearied with the cruel employment, gives place to a second. Now two dozen of these dreadful lashes have been inflicted; the lacerated back looks inhuman; it resembles roasted meat burnt nearly black before a scorching fire; yet still the lashes fall; the captain continues merciless. The executioners keep on. Four dozen strokes have cut up his flesh, and robbed him of all self-respect; there he hangs, a pitied, self-despised, groaning, bleeding wretch; and now the captain cries: 'Forbear.' His shirt is thrown over his shoulders, the seizings are loosed, he is led away staining his path with red drops of blood, and the hands, 'piped down' by the boatswain, sullenly return to their duties.

Such was the scene witnessed on board the *Macedonian* on the passage from London to Spithead; such, substantially, is every punishment seen at sea, only carried sometimes to a greater length of severity. Sad and sorrowful were my feelings on witnessing it; thoughts of the friendly warnings of my old acquaintance filled my mind, and I inwardly wished myself once more under the friendly roof of my father at Bladen. Vain wish! I should have believed the warning voice when it was given.

Flogging in the navy is more severe than in the army, though it is too bad to be tolerated there, or indeed anywhere. Other modes of punishment might be successfully substituted, which would deter from misconduct without destroying the self-respect of the man. I hope the day will come when a captain will no more be allowed to use the 'cat' than he is now to use poison. It should be an interdicted weapon.*

Though I have spoken severely of the officers of the navy, let it not be thought that the whole class of naval officers are lost to the finer feelings of humanity. There are many humane, considerate men among them, who deserve our highest respect. This was the case with the first-lieutenant of the *Macedonian*, Mr Scott. He abhorred flogging. Once when a poor marine was under sentence, he pled hard

* In the British royal navy, there have been vast improvements since the period here referred to; and the condition of the sailor is greatly ameliorated.—ED.

and successfully with the captain for his respite. This was a great victory, for the captain had a profound hatred of marines. The poor soldier was extremely grateful for his intercession, and would do anything for him to shew his sense of the obligation.

Our frigate had orders to convey between two and three hundred troops from Portsmouth to Lisbon, to assist the Portuguese against the French. The soldiers were stowed on the main-decks, with very few conveniences for the voyage; their officers messed and berthed in the ward-room. Having taken them on board, we again weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the breeze on our way to Lisbon.

As usual, we who were landsmen had our share of that merciless disease, sea-sickness; as usual, we wished the foolish wish that we had never come to sea; as usual, we got over it, and laughed at ourselves for our sea-sick follies. Our good ship paid little attention, however, to our feelings; she kept along on her bounding way, and after a week at sea we were greeted with the pleasant cry of 'Land, ho!' from the mast-head. As it was now near night, we lay off and on until morning; at daybreak we fired a gun for a pilot. The wind being nearly dead ahead, we had to beat about nearly all day. Towards night it became fair, and we ascended the Tagus. This river is about nine miles wide at its mouth, and is four hundred and fifty miles in length; it has a very rapid current with steep fertile banks. Aided by a fine breeze, we ascended it in splendid style, passed a half-moon battery, then shot past Belem Castle into the port of Lisbon, about ten miles from its mouth. Here we found a spacious harbour filled with shipping. Besides numerous merchantmen, there were two ships of a hundred guns, several seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, with a large number of transports, all designed for the defence of Lisbon against the French.

After lying some time at Lisbon, we proceeded on a cruise to the Spanish coast, and returned to our station. We were shortly ordered on another cruise, and being in want of men, we resorted to the press-gang, which was made up of our boldest men, armed to the teeth; by their aid we obtained our full numbers. Among the merchant-seamen taken were a few Americans, who were seized in spite of their protections, which were often taken from them and destroyed. Some were released through the influence of the American consul; others, less fortunate, were carried to sea, to their no small chagrin. The duties of the press-gang being completed, we once more weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the gales of the Bay of Biscay.

A few days after we had fairly got out to sea, the thrilling cry of 'A man overboard!' ran through the ship. It was followed by another cry of 'Heave out a rope!' then by still another of 'Cut away the life-buoy!' Then came the order: 'Lower a boat!' Notwithstanding the rapidity of these commands, and the confusion

occasioned by the anticipated loss of a man, they were rapidly obeyed. The ship was then hove to; but the cause of all this excitement was already a considerable distance from the ship. It was a poor Swede, named Logholm, who, while engaged in lashing the larboard anchor stock, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. He could not swim, but somehow he managed to keep afloat until the boat reached him, when he began to sink. The man at the bow ran his boat-hook down, and caught the drowning man by his clothes; these, however, tearing, he lost his hold, and the unfortunate Swede sunk once more. Again the active bowsman ran the hook down, leaning far over the side, and he now luckily got hold of his shirt-collar. Dripping and apparently lifeless, they drew him into the boat. He was soon under the care of the surgeon, who restored him to animation. It was a narrow escape.

We now reached the island of Madeira, and thence crossed the Atlantic to the coast of Virginia. About this time the prevailing topic of conversation among our men and officers was the probability of a war with America, and a feeling of our own success was confidently entertained. As yet, however, there were no hostilities, and our vessel returned, first to Lisbon, and then to England. For some time we lay at Plymouth, where the vessel was repaired and newly painted. After these and other preparations for another cruise were completed, the hoarse voice of the boatswain rang through the ship, crying: 'All hands up anchor, ahoy!' In an instant the capstan bars were shipped, the fifer was at his station playing a lively tune, the boys were on the main-deck holding on to the 'nippers,' ready to pass them to the men, who put them round the 'messenger' and cable; then, amid the cries of 'Walk round! heave away, my lads!' accompanied by the shrill music of the fife, the anchor rose from its bed, and was soon dangling under our bows. The sails were then shaken out, the ship brought before the wind, and we were once more on our way to sea. We were directed to cruise off the coast of France this time; where, as we were then at war with the French, we were likely to find active service.

We first made the French port of Rochelle; from thence we sailed to Brest, which was closely blockaded by a large British fleet, consisting of one three-decker, with several seventy-fours, besides frigates and small-craft. We joined this fleet, and came to an anchor in Basque Roads, to assist in the blockade. Our first object was to bring a large French fleet, greatly superior to us in size and numbers, to an engagement. With all our manœuvring, we could not succeed in enticing them from their snug berth in the harbour of Brest, where they were safely moored, defended by a heavy fort, and by a chain crossing the harbour, to prevent the ingress of any force that might be bold enough to attempt to cut them out. Sometimes we sent a frigate or two as near their fort as they dared to venture, in order to entice them out; at other times the whole fleet would get under-

weigh, and stand out to sea; but without success. The Frenchmen were either afraid we had a larger armament than was visible to them, or they had not forgotten the splendid victories of Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. Whatever they thought, they kept their ships beyond the reach of our guns. Sometimes, however, their frigates would creep outside the fort, when we gave them chase, but seldom went beyond the exchange of a few harmless shots. This was what our men called 'boy's play;' and they were heartily glad when we were ordered to return to Plymouth.

After just looking into Plymouth harbour, our orders were countermanded, and we returned to the coast of France. Having accomplished about one-half the distance, the man at the mast-head cried out: 'Sail, ho!'

'Where away?' (what direction?) responded the officer of the deck. The man having replied, the officer again asked: 'What does she look like?'

'She looks small; I cannot tell, sir.'

In a few minutes the officer hailed again, by shouting: 'Mast-head there! what does she look like?'

'She looks like a small sail-boat, sir.'

This was rather a novel announcement; for what could a small sail-boat do out on the wide ocean? But a few minutes convinced us that it was even so; for from the deck we could see a small boat with only a man and a boy on board. They proved to be two French prisoners of war who had escaped from an English prison, and, having stolen a small boat, were endeavouring to make this perilous voyage to their native home. Poor fellows! they looked sadly disappointed at finding themselves once more in British hands. They had already been in prison for some time; they were now doomed to go with us in sight of their own sunny France, and then be torn away again, carried to England, and imprisoned until the close of the war. No wonder they looked sorrowful, when, after having hazarded life for home and liberty, they found both snatched from them in a moment by their unlucky rencontre with our frigate. I am sure we should all have been glad to have missed them. But this is only one of the consequences of war.

Having joined the blockading fleet again, we led the same sort of life as before; now at anchor, then giving chase; now standing inshore, and anon standing out to sea; firing, and being fired at, without once coming into action.

Determined to accomplish some exploit or other, our captain ordered an attempt to be made at cutting out some of the French small-craft that lay inshore. We were accustomed to send out our barges almost every night in search of whatever prey they might capture; but on this occasion the preparations were more formidable than usual. The oars were muffled, the boat's crew increased, and every man was armed to the teeth. The cots were got ready on

board, in case any of the adventurers should return wounded. Cots are used to sleep in by ward-room officers and captains—midshipmen and sailors using hammocks. But a number of cots are always kept in a vessel of war for the benefit of wounded men; they differ from a hammock in being square at the bottom, and consequently more easy. Notwithstanding these expressive preparations, the brave fellows went off in as fine spirits as if they had been going on shore for a drunken spree. Such is the contempt of danger that prevails among sailors.

We had no tidings of this adventure until morning, when I was startled by hearing three cheers from the watch on deck; these were answered by three more from a party that seemed approaching us. I ran on deck just as our men came alongside with their bloodless prize—a lugger laden with French brandy, wine, and Castile soap. They had made this capture without difficulty; for the crew of the lugger made their escape in a boat on the first intimation of danger.

Though without any positive information, we now felt pretty certain that our government was at war with America. Among other things our captain appeared more anxious than usual: he was on deck almost all the time; the 'look-out' aloft was more rigidly observed; and every little while the cry of 'Mast-head there!' arrested our attention. It is customary in men-of-war to keep men at the fore and main mast-heads, whose duty it is to give notice of every new object that may appear. They are stationed in the royal yards, if they are up; but if not, on the topgallant yards; at night a look-out is kept on the fore yard only. Thus we passed several days, the captain running up and down, and constantly hailing the man at the mast-head; early in the morning he began his charge 'to keep a good look-out,' and continued to repeat it until night. Indeed, he seemed almost crazy with some pressing anxiety.

Sunday (December 25, 1812) came, and it brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of the captain might dictate; sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vest, and blue or white trousers; with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats ornamented with black ribbons, and with the name of our ship painted on them. After muster we frequently had church-service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader in a very different manner.

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the mast-head shouted: 'Sail, ho!'

The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming: 'Mast-head there!'

'Sir?'

'Where away is the sail?' The precise answer to this question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask: 'What does she look like?'

'A square-rigged vessel, sir,' was the reply of the look-out.

After a few minutes, the captain shouted again: 'Mast-head there!'

'Sir?'

'What does she look like?'

'A large ship, sir, standing toward us!'

By this time most of the crew were on deck eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting: 'Keep silence fore and aft!' Silence being secured, he hailed the look-out, who, to his question of 'What does she look like?' replied: 'A large frigate bearing down upon us, sir!'

A whisper ran along the crew that the stranger ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of 'All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!' The drum and fife beat to quarters, bulk-heads were knocked away, the guns were released from their confinement, the whole dread paraphernalia of battle were produced, and after the lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band, who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below on the berth-deck, with orders given in our hearing to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

As the approaching ship shewed American colours, all doubt of her character was at an end. 'We must fight her,' was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success was accordingly made. The guns were shotted, the matches lighted; for although our guns were all furnished with first-rate locks, they were also provided with matches, attached by lanyards, in case the lock should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders—who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols—how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted the men to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson: 'England expects every man to do his duty.' In addition to all these preparations on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small-arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and to use their muskets provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail-trimmers, to assist in working the ship should it be necessary to shift her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main-deck. It was my duty to supply my gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged for this purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys; we received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to our respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood, awaiting orders in motionless suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main-deck; this was followed by the command: 'Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot!'

Then came the order to 'wear ship,' and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I at first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter-deck guns, but it proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as I had never heard before, next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing, after a few minutes' cessation, recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shot strike the sides of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully tremendous thunder-storm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet as it will reveal the horrors of war, and shew at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of this dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the poor fellow below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied

with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had a grape or canister shot sent through his ankle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him in his arms and hurried with him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter-deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation the agonised boy lifted up both hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye-witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and as he could not live, threw him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble-hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart. He fell, and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr Scott, our first-lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might; I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiriting in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, that it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we had several boys and men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four-pound shot had also gone through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick cot to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball; another man, going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. One of our midshipmen likewise received a severe wound, and the ward-room steward was killed. A fellow named John, who for some petty offence had been sent on board as a punishment, was carried past me wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood-drops fall pat, pat, pat on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the

general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

I have often been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and the dead is too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind; still, what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters would have been certain death from the hands of our own officers; to give way to gloom, or to shew fear, would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and insure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheerfully. I thought a great deal, however, of the other world; every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all the earth.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our port-holes like leaden rain, carrying death in their train. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appalling work than even their own death-giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls, each as large as two or three musket balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What, then, with splinters, cannon-balls, grape, and canister poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of Terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages; for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty, while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and maintop masts were gone; the mizen-mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall: we were in the state of a complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter-deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory or escape was alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled; many of our men were killed, and many more wounded. The enemy would without doubt bear down upon us in a few moments, and, as she could now choose her own position, would doubtless rake us fore and aft. Any further

resistance was therefore folly; so, in spite of the hot-brained lieutenant, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our colours. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath; more than I wished to see again on a week day. His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Macedonian* was now the prize of the American frigate *United States.*

I now went below to see how matters appeared there. The first object I met was a man bearing a limb, which had just been detached from some poor sufferer. Pursuing my way to the ward-room, I necessarily passed through the steerage, which was strewed with the wounded: it was a sad spectacle, made more appalling by the groans and cries which rent the air. Some were groaning, others were swearing most bitterly, a few were praying, while those last arrived were begging most piteously to have their wounds dressed next. The surgeon and his mate were smeared with blood from head to foot; they looked more like butchers than doctors. Having so many patients, they had once shifted their quarters from the cockpit to the steerage; they now removed to the ward-room; and the long table, round which the officers had sat over many a merry feast, was soon covered with the bleeding forms of maimed and mutilated seamen.

I now set to work to render all the aid in my power to the sufferers. Our carpenter, named Reed, had his leg cut off. I helped to carry him to the after ward-room; but he soon breathed out his life there, and then I assisted in throwing his mangled remains overboard. We got out the cots as fast as possible, for most of the men were stretched out on the gory deck. One poor fellow who lay with a broken thigh begged me to give him water. I gave him some. He looked unutterable gratitude, drank, and died. It was with exceeding difficulty I moved through the steerage, it was so covered with mangled men, and so slippery with streams of blood. There was a poor boy there crying as if his heart would break. He had been servant to the boatswain whose head was dashed to pieces. Poor boy! he felt that he had lost a friend. I tried to comfort him, by reminding him that he ought to be thankful for having escaped death himself.

Here also I met one of my messmates, who shewed the utmost joy at seeing me alive, for he said he had heard that I was killed. He was looking up his messmates, which he said was always done by sailors. We found two of our mess wounded. One was the Swede, Logholm, who fell overboard and was nearly lost, as formerly mentioned. We held him while the surgeon cut off his leg above the knee. The operation was most painful to behold, the surgeon using his knife and saw on human flesh and bones as freely as the butcher at the shambles does on the carcass of a beast! Our other messmate suffered still more than the Swede; he was sadly mutilated

about the legs and thighs with splinters. Such scenes of suffering as I saw in that ward-room I hope never to witness again. Could the civilised world behold them as they were, and as they often are, infinitely worse than on that occasion, it seems to me that they would for ever put down the barbarous practices of war by universal consent.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the victor ship. I was left, with a few others, to take care of the wounded. My master, the sailing-master, was also among the officers who continued in the ship. Most of the men who remained were unfit for any service, having broken into the spirit-room and made themselves drunk; some of them broke into the purser's room, and helped themselves to clothing; while others, by previous agreement, took possession of their dead messmates' property. For my own part, I was content to help myself to a little of the officers' provisions, which did me more good than could be obtained from rum. What was worse than all, however, was the folly of the sailors in giving spirits to their wounded messmates, since it only served to aggravate their distress.

The great number of the wounded kept our surgeon and his mate busily employed until late at night, and it was a long time before they had much leisure. I remember passing round the ship the day after the battle. Coming to a hammock, I found some one in it, apparently asleep. I spoke; he made no answer: I looked into the hammock; he was dead. My messmates coming up, we threw the corpse overboard; that was no time for useless ceremony. The man had probably crawled into his hammock the day before, and, not being perceived in the general distress, bled to death! O war, who can reveal thy miseries!

When the crew of the *United States* first boarded our frigate, to take possession of her as their prize, our men, heated with the fury of the battle, exasperated with the sight of their dead and wounded shipmates, and rendered furious by the rum they had obtained from the spirit-room, felt and exhibited some disposition to fight their captors. But after the confusion had subsided, and part of our men were snugly stowed away in the American ship, and the remainder found themselves kindly used in their own, the utmost good feeling began to prevail. We set to work to cleanse the ship, using hot vinegar to take out the scent of the blood, that had dyed the white of our planks with crimson. We also aided in fitting our disabled frigate for her voyage. This being accomplished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

I soon felt myself perfectly at home with the American seamen; so much so, that I chose to mess with them. My shipmates also participated in similar feelings in both ships. All idea that we had been trying to shoot each other so shortly before seemed forgotten. We ate together, drank together, joked, sung, laughed, told yarns;

in short, a perfect union of ideas, feelings, and purposes seemed to exist among all hands. A corresponding state of unanimity existed, I was told, among the officers.

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement. The seas swarmed with British cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the *United States* would elude their grasp, and reach the protection of an American port with her prize. I hoped most sincerely to avoid them, as did most of my old shipmates: in this we agreed with our captors, who wisely desired to dispose of one conquest before they attempted another. Our former officers, of course, were anxious for the sight of a British flag, but we saw none; and after a prosperous voyage from the scene of conflict, we heard the welcome cry of 'Land, ho!' The *United States* entered the port of New London; but, owing to a sudden shift of the wind, the *Macedonian* had to lay off and on for several hours. Had an English cruiser found us in this situation, we should have been easily recovered; and as it was extremely probable we should fall in with one, I felt quite uneasy; until after several hours, we made out to run into the pretty harbour of Newport. We fired a salute as we came to an anchor, which was promptly returned by the people on shore.

While we lay here a few days, several of our men contrived to run away. I would have done so too, but for the vigilance of the prize-officers, who were ordered to keep us that we might be exchanged for those Americans who had fallen into British hands. My desire for freedom at length prevailed over prudence, and I made my escape, glad to be rid of the tyranny to which I had been so long exposed. But this step, which, on reflection, I do not commend, brought another evil. I was destitute of any means of support, and after numerous ineffectual efforts to get employment on land, I again took to a seafaring life—this time, however, entering myself on board a United States brig of war, the *Syren*, carrying sixteen guns. I was then in the seventeenth year of my life. I was recommended by acquaintances to ship myself under a false name; but, in defiance of my fears, I entered under my own proper name of Samuel Leech.

My first impressions of the American service were very favourable. The treatment in the *Syren* was more lenient than in the *Macedonian*. The captain and officers were kind; while there was a total exemption from that petty tyranny exercised by the upstart midshipmen in the British service. As a necessary effect, our crew was as comfortable and happy as men ever are in a man-of-war.

Our brig had before this taken in her guns, consisting of two long nine-pounders, twelve twenty-four-pound carronades, and two forty-two-pounders. Our crew was composed of about one hundred and twenty-five smart active men. We were all supplied with stout leathern caps, something like those used by firemen. These were crossed by two strips of iron covered with bear-skin, and were

designed to defend the head in boarding an enemy's ship, from the stroke of the cutlass. Strips of bear-skin were likewise used to fasten them on, serving the purpose of false whiskers, and causing us to look as fierce as hungry wolves. We were also frequently exercised in the various evolutions of a sea-fight; first using our cannon, then seizing our cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and cutting to the right and left, as if in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Thus we spent our time from early in the fall until after Christmas, when we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for sea.

As we lay waiting for our final orders, a report reached us that a large English brig of war, called the *Nimrod*, lay in a cove somewhere near Boston Bay. Upon this information, our officers planned a night expedition for the purpose of effecting her capture. Our intended mode of attack was to run close alongside, pour a broadside upon her, and then, without further ceremony, board her, cutlass in hand. So we took in our powder, ground up our cutlasses, and towards night got under-weigh. A change in the wind, however, defeated our designs, and we put into Salem harbour, with no other result than the freezing of a man's fingers, which happened while we were furling our sails. Thus ended our first warlike expedition in the *Syren*.

Shortly after this affair we received orders to start on a cruise to the coast of Africa, and, in company with the *Grand Turk*, a privateer, set sail from Salem. Passing the fort, we received the usual hail from the sentry of 'Brig, ahoy! where are you bound to?'

To this salutation the first-lieutenant jocosely answered: 'There and back again, on a man-of-war's cruise.' Such a reply would not have satisfied a British soldier; but we shot past the fort unmolested. After two days, we parted company with the *Grand Turk*, and, by the aid of a fair wind, soon found ourselves in the Gulf Stream; where, instead of fearing frozen fingers, we could go barefooted and feel quite comfortable.

We now kept a sharp look-out at the mast-head, but met with nothing until we reached the Canary Islands, near which we saw a boat-load of Portuguese, who, coming alongside, talked in their native tongue with great noise and earnestness, but were no more intelligible to us than so many black-birds.

While off the African coast, our captain died. His wasted body was placed in a coffin, with shot to sink it. After the service had been read, the plank on which the coffin rested was elevated, and it slipped into the great deep. The yards were braced round, and we were under-weigh again, when, to our surprise and grief, we saw the coffin floating on the waves. The reason was, the carpenter had bored holes in the top and bottom: he should have made them only in the top.

After the funeral, the crew were called aft, and the first-lieutenant, Mr Nicholson, told us that it should be left to our decision whether

he should assume the command and continue the cruise, or return home. We gave him three hearty cheers, in token of our wish to continue the cruise. He was a noble-minded man, very kind and civil to his crew, and the opposite in every respect to the haughty, lordly captain with whom I first sailed in the *Macedonian*. Seeing me one day with rather a poor hat on, he called me aft and presented me with one of his own, but little worn. 'Good-luck to him,' said I in sailor phrase as I returned to my messmates; 'he has a soul to be saved.' We also lost two of our crew, who fell victims to the heat of the climate.

One morning the cry of 'Sail, ho!' directed our attention to a strange sail, which had hove to, with her courses hauled up. At first we took her for a British man-of-war brig. The hands were summoned to quarters, and the ship got ready for action. A nearer approach, however, convinced us that the supposed enemy was no other than our old friend the *Grand Turk*. She did not appear to know us; for no sooner did she see that our craft was a brig of war, than, supposing us to belong to John Bull, she crowded all her canvas, and made the best of her way off. Knowing what she was, we permitted her to escape without further alarm.

The first land we made was Cape Mount. The natives came off to a considerable distance in their canoes, clothed in nothing but a piece of cloth fastened round the waist, and extending downward to the feet. As we approached the shore, we saw several fires burning; this, we were told, in the broken English spoken by our sable visitors, was the signal for trade. We bought a quantity of oranges, limes, cocoa-nuts, tamarinds, plantains, yams, and bananas. We likewise took in a quantity of cassada, a species of ground root, of which we made tolerable pudding and bread; also a few hogs and some water.

We lay here several days, looking out for any English vessels that might come thither for purposes of trade.

Meanwhile we began to experience the inconvenience of a hot climate. Our men were all covered with blotches or boils, probably occasioned by so sudden a transition from extreme cold to extreme heat. What was worse still, we were in want of a plentiful supply of water. In consequence of this, we were placed on an allowance of two quarts per diem to each man, which occasioned us much suffering; for after preparing our puddings, bread, and grog, we had but little left to assuage our burning thirst. Some, in their distress, drank large quantities of sea-water, which only increased their thirst, and made them sick; others sought relief in chewing lead, tea-leaves, or anything which would create moisture. Never did we feel more delighted than when our boat's crew announced the discovery of a pool of fine clear water.

While cruising along the coast, we one night perceived a large ship lying at anchor near the shore. We could not decide whether

men, who shipped among our crew. We also took with us a fine black spaniel dog, whom the men called by the name of Paddy. This done, we proceeded to watch for fresh victims on which to wreak the vengeance of the war-spirit.

The next sail we met was an English brig called the *Adventure*, which had a whole menagerie of monkeys on board. We captured and burned her just as we did the *Barton*. Her crew was also disposed of in the same manner. One of them, an African prince, who had acquired a tolerable education in England, and who was remarkably polite and sensible, shipped in the *Syren*. His name was Samuel Quaqua.

We now remained at St Thomas several days, carrying on a petty trade with the natives. Our men bought all kinds of fruit, gold-dust, and birds. For these things we gave them articles of clothing, tobacco, knives, &c. For an old vest I obtained a large basketful of oranges; for a handful of tobacco, five large cocoa-nuts—a profitable exchange on my side, since, although I drew my tobacco of the purser, I fortunately never acquired the habit of using it; a loss I never regretted. My cocoa-nuts were far more gratifying and valuable when we got to sea, parched with thirst, and suffering for water, than all the tobacco in the ship.

From St Thomas we proceeded to Angola, where we stayed long enough to clean, paint, and refit our brig from stem to stern. This was the last port we intended to touch at on the coast of Africa. Our next anchorage was to be in Boston harbour—at least so we purposed; but the events of war frustrated our intention.

To accomplish our object, we had to run the gantlet through the host of English cruisers that hovered about like birds of prey along both sides of the Atlantic coast. This enterprise appeared so impossible to my mind while we lay at Angola, and the fear of being retaken and hung operated so strongly on my imagination, that more than once I determined to run away and find a refuge among the Africans; but my better judgment prevailed, and I continued at my post.

Still, I used every possible precaution to escape detection in case of our capture. In accordance with the custom of our navy at that period, I let my hair grow long behind. To change my looks more effectually, instead of tying mine in a cue as the others did, I let it hang in ringlets all round my face and neck. This, together with the effect of time, caused me to appear quite a different lad from what I was when a boy on board the *Macedonian*. I also adopted that peculiarity of dress practised by American men-of-war's-men, which consisted in wearing my shirt open at the neck, with the corners thrown back. On these corners a device was wrought, consisting of the stars of the American flag with the British flag underneath. By these means I hoped to pass for a genuine Yankee without suspicion, in case we should fall into English hands.

Having finished our preparations, we left Angola for Boston. We reached the island of Ascension in safety, where was a post-office of a truly patriarchal character. A box is nailed to a post near the shore. Ships that pass send to the box, and deposit or take out letters as the case may be. This is probably the cheapest general post-office establishment in the world.

We had scarcely left this island before the cry of 'Sail, ho!' arrested every ear. Supposing her to be a large merchantman, we made towards her; but a nearer approach made it doubtful whether she was an Indiaman or a man-of-war. The captain judged her to be the latter, and tacked ship immediately. He was unwilling to place himself in the situation of an American privateer, who, mistaking a seventy-four for a merchantman, ran his ship close alongside, and boldly summoned her to haul down her colours. The captain of the other ship coolly replied: 'I am not in the habit of striking my colours.' At the same moment the ports of his ship were opened, and disclosed her long ranges of guns yawning over the decks of the privateer. Perceiving his mistake, the privateer, with admirable tact and good-humour, said: 'Well, if you won't, I will;' and pulling down his bunting, surrendered to his more powerful foe. To avoid such a mistake as this, our captain made all sail to escape the coming stranger, which was now bearing down upon us under a heavy pressure of canvas, revealing, as she gained upon our little brig, that she bore the formidable character of a seventy-four gun ship under English colours.

Of course fighting was out of the question. It would be like the assault of a dog on an elephant, or a dolphin on a whale. We therefore crowded all possible sail, threw our guns, cables, anchors, hatches, &c. overboard, to increase her speed. But it soon became apparent that we could not escape. The wind blew quite fresh, which gave our opponent the advantage: she gained on us very fast. We shifted our course, in hopes to baffle her until night, when we felt pretty sure of getting out of her way. It was of no use; she still gained; until we saw ourselves almost within gunshot of our opponent.

In this extremity the captain ordered the quarter-master, George Watson, to throw the private signals overboard. This was a hard task for the bold-hearted fellow. As he pitched them into the sea, he said, 'Good-bye, brother Yankee;' an expression which, in spite of their mortifying situation, forced a smile from the lips of the officers.

The sound of a gun now came booming through the air. It was a signal for us to heave to, or to look out for consequences. What might have been, we learned afterwards, for a divison of the crew of the seventy-four had orders to sink us if we made the least shew of resistance. Finding it useless to prolong the chase, our commander reluctantly ordered the flag to be struck. We then hove

to, and our foe came rolling down upon us, looking like a huge avalanche rushing down the mountain-side to crush some poor peasant's dwelling. Her officers stood on her quarter-deck, glancing unutterable pride, while her captain shouted: 'What brig is that!'

'The United States brig *Syren*,' replied Captain Nicholson.

'This is his Britannic majesty's ship *Medway*!' he answered. 'I claim you as my lawful prize.'

Boats were then lowered, the little brig taken from us, and our crew transferred to the *Medway*, stowed away in the cable tier, and put in messes of twelve, with an allowance of only eight men's rations to a mess—a regulation which caused us considerable suffering from hunger. The sight of the marines on board the *Medway* made me tremble, for my fancy pointed out several of them as having formerly belonged to the *Macedonian*. I really feared I was destined speedily to swing at the yard-arm: it was, however, a groundless alarm.

This event happened July 12, 1814. Only eight days before, we had celebrated the independence of the United States. Now, we had a fair prospect of a rigorous imprisonment. Such are the changes which constantly occur under the rule of the war-spirit.

The day subsequent to our capture we were marched to the quarter-deck with our clothes-bags, where we underwent a strict search. We were ordered to remove our outside garments for this purpose. They expected to find us in possession of large quantities of gold-dust. What little our crew had purchased was taken from them, with a spirit of rapacity altogether beneath the dignity of a naval commander.

Our short allowance was a source of much discomfort in this our prison-ship. But in the true spirit of sailors, we made even this the subject of coarse jests and pleasant remark. Enduring this evil, we proceeded on our course. When the *Medway* arrived at Simon's Town, about twenty-one miles from the Cape of Good Hope, we met the *Denmark*, seventy-four, on her way to England with prisoners from Cape Town. The captain had hitherto intended to land us at the latter place, but the presence of the *Denmark* led him to change his purpose, and land us at Simon's Town.

The journey from this place to the Cape was one of great suffering to our crew. We were received on the beach by a file of Irish soldiers. Under their escort we proceeded seven miles, through heaps of burning sand, seeing nothing worthy of notice on the way but a number of men busily engaged in cutting up dead whales on the sea-shore.

After resting a short time, we recommenced our march, guarded by a new detachment of soldiers. Unused to walking as we were, we began to grow excessively fatigued; and after wading a stream of considerable depth, we were so overcome that it seemed impossible to proceed any farther. We lay down, discouraged and wretched,

on the sand. The guard brought us some bread, and gave half a pint of wine to each man. This revived us somewhat. We were now placed under a guard of dragoons. They were very kind, and urged us to attempt the remaining seven miles. To relieve us, they carried our clothes-bags on their horses; and overtaking some Dutch farmers going to the Cape with broom-stuff and brush, the officer of the dragoons made them carry the most weary among us in their wagons. It is not common for men to desire the inside of a prison, but I can assure my readers we did most heartily wish ourselves there on that tedious journey. At last, about nine o'clock P.M., we arrived at Cape Town, having left one of our number at Wineburg through exhaustion, who joined us the next day. Stiff, sore, and weary, we hastily threw ourselves on the hard boards of our prison, where, without needing to be soothed or rocked, we slept profoundly until late the next morning, when we took a survey of our new quarters. We found ourselves placed in a large yard surrounded by high walls, and strongly guarded by soldiers. Within this enclosure there was a building or shed composed of three rooms, neither of which had any floor. Round the sides stood three benches or stages, one above the other, to serve for berths. On these we spread our hammocks and bed-clothes, making them tolerably comfortable places to sleep in. A few of the men preferred to sling their hammocks as they did at sea. Here also we used to eat, unless, as was our frequent practice, we did so in the open air.

We remained in prison at the Cape till carried away in the ship *Cumberland* to England. Stopping by the way at St Helena, we were removed to the *Grampus*, a transfer which greatly alarmed me, since the more men who saw me, the greater of course was my chance of detection. Luckily, no one knew me, and I arrived with my companions in safety at Plymouth. I was equally fortunate here, and remained undiscovered till I was transferred with others to a vessel which was to take us in exchange to America. I pass over the circumstances of the voyage, and only mention that we were all landed in due time at New York.

My resolution had been to quit the sea and settle down on land, but on returning to New York all such fancies vanished, as they had done before. I spent my hard-won earnings foolishly like others, and, like them, when reduced to straits, again sought employment as a sailor. On this occasion I shipped on board the *Boxer*, commanded by Captain Porter, a man, as it proved, of stern disposition.

[The *Boxer*, which was a brig-sloop, had, as I understand, been captured from the English a short time previously, and in a manner which I may describe as illustrative of naval warfare. The encounter took place at no great distance from Portland, in the United States, on the 5th of September 1813. The *Boxer*, possessing twelve eighteen-pound carronades and two sixes, was commanded by

Captain Blyth: and his antagonist, the American brig-sloop *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain Burrowes, was armed with fourteen eighteen-pound carronades and two nines. Captain Blyth is spoken of as having been one of the bravest officers in the British service; and it is said that, prompted by the ardour of his temperament, he would encounter any foe, however great were the odds against him. In the beginning of August 1811, when acting as first-lieutenant of the *Quebec*, cruising between the Texel and Elbe, he volunteered, with a small select party, to cut out some French gun-boats; and, by the most daring intrepidity, his enterprise was successful. For this gallant action he was promoted to the command of the *Boxer*—which was by no means suited to his impetuous character. The *Boxer* was one of a set of brigs which had been respectively named after favourite hounds of one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and built, as was afterwards discovered, on an improper model, whether as respects strength of timber or sailing powers. Eager to meet an enemy's ship, Captain Blyth, while lying off Portland, observed the *Enterprise* approaching on the horizon, and immediately bore up to engage, leaving on shore the surgeon and two midshipmen, who were away 'shooting pigeons.' After manœuvring a few hours on various tacks to try rates of sailing, the two vessels, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, commenced firing at the distance of half pistol-shot apart. In the very first broadside, an eighteen-pound shot passed through Captain Blyth's body, and shattered his left arm, causing instant death; and about the same moment a musket-ball fired from the *Boxer* mortally wounded Captain Burrowes. The command of the *Boxer* now devolved upon her only lieutenant, David M'Creery, and that of the *Enterprise* on Lieutenant Edward M'Call. At half-past three the *Enterprise* ranged ahead, and rounding to on the starboard tack, raked the *Boxer* with starboard guns, and shot away her maintop-mast and fore-topsail-yard. The American then set her fore-sail, and, taking a position on the starboard-bow of her now wholly unmanageable antagonist, continued pouring in successive raking fires until forty-five minutes past three, when the *Boxer* surrendered. This defeat was caused not only by the damages done to the vessel, but by the weakened condition of the *Boxer's* crew. The lieutenant-commander, owing to the imprudent absence of the two midshipmen, had not an officer beneath him, and the master's mate and three seamen deserted their quarters during the action. Besides her commander, the *Boxer* had three men killed and seventeen wounded, while the *Enterprise*, besides her commander, had three or four killed and eleven wounded. The prize was carried into Portland; and there, on the 7th of September, the bodies of the two commanders were buried with military and civic honours.]

Refitted for the American service, the *Boxer* was now ready for a cruise, and I prepared to do my duty on board as an ordinary seaman. Formerly, I had been entered only as a boy; but now, as a

rated seaman, I had a station assigned me in the foretop, instead of being a servant to any of the officers. I was also appointed to be one of the crew of the captain's gig. This made my lot one of more fatigue and exposure than in any former voyage—a proof of which I very soon experienced. It being now late in the fall, the weather became very cold. One afternoon, the pennant having got foul of the royal mast, an officer ordered me to go up and clear it. I had no mittens on; it took me some time to perform my task; and before I came down, one of my fingers was frozen. Thus it is, however, with the poor tar; and he thinks himself happy to escape with injuries so slight as this. We shortly received sailing-orders, and were soon under-weigh, bound to the Balize in the Gulf of Mexico. Here we cruised about some time, visiting New Orleans and other places, and keeping an outlook for pirates, with which these seas were then unhappily infested. This was a duty requiring great vigilance, and we were kept constantly at our posts. The most irksome duty of a sailor is to keep watch at night in the tops. Often have I stood for hours on the royal yard, or topgallant yard, without a man to converse with. Here, overcome with fatigue and want of sleep, I have fallen into a dreamy, dozing state, from which I was roused by a lee lurch of the ship. Starting up, I have shuddered at the danger I had so narrowly escaped. But notwithstanding this sudden fright, a few minutes had scarcely elapsed before I would be nodding again. This of course was a highly punishable offence.

When the weather was rough, we were indulged with permission to stand on the fore-topsail yard, or on the topgallant cross-trees; and if the ship rolled heavily, we lashed ourselves to the mast for safety. I can assure my readers there is nothing desirable in this part of a sailor's duty. In whatever the pleasure of a life at sea consists, it is not in keeping a look-out from the mast-head at night. But the most disagreeable of all is, to be compelled to stand on these crazy elevations when half dead with sea-sickness. Some suppose that sailors are never sea-sick after the first time they go to sea. This is a mistake; it is very much with them as with landsmen in respect to being sick in a coach. Those who are of bilious temperaments are always affected, more or less, when they ride in a coach or sleigh: while others are never sick on these occasions. So with seamen; some are never sea-sick, others are sick only when going out of port, while some are so in every gale of wind. It is almost needless to say that for sailors no allowance is made for sea-sickness; they must in all cases remain at their posts until it is time to be relieved.

Our cruise terminated after a few skirmishes, and we returned to New York, where I left the service, as I trusted for ever. As it occurred, my services as a seaman in a war-vessel would not long have been required. The peace between England and France in 1814, by opening the continent to American commerce, hitherto excluded by British policy, naturally removed one of the grounds of quarrel,

and opened the way for peace with the United States. On the 24th of December 1814, a treaty of peace, accordingly, was effected at Ghent, which left, however, the question of right of search and other matters on the ground on which they had previously stood. The Americans, as is well known, were most successful in their naval warfare; but, after all, that was a trifling compensation for ruined commerce; and for being brought to the very verge of national dismemberment. The losses of the British never made any distinct impression on the nation, otherwise than teaching a tolerably sound lesson in discretion, and leading to many important improvements in naval affairs. I sincerely trust that both nations, united by a thousand inextricable ties, and profiting by experience, will in all time coming avoid every description of warlike collision, and exist in the happiest terms of amity and peace.

[In taking leave of the sea, it may be expected that I should say a few words respecting the life of a sailor. As I have already mentioned, the profession of a sailor has its hardships, but these were much greater at the time of my service than they are now, after a lapse of twenty years. The duties of the men are now exactly regulated, and their comforts are cared for in many ways. On board of each vessel in the British navy there are now means for instruction, a library, and the savings of the men are carefully secured for them, or transmitted to their wives or friends. On shore also, there are at various ports establishments called 'Sailors' Homes,' where discharged seamen may reside at a moderate expense till engaged in a new vessel. At sea, as on land, steadiness, temperance, good temper, forbearance, and other good qualities, are sure to command respect, notwithstanding the severities of discipline. It is likewise most advantageous for a man to possess a good education; for the more he can make himself useful, and be depended on, the greater is his chance of promotion. A properly-bred sailor should, at the very least, be able to *reef and steer*—that is, adapt the sails to the wind whichever way it blows, and govern the vessel by the helm and compass. But besides these comparatively simple duties, he should likewise be able to throw and calculate by the log, to work a reckoning, take an observation, find the longitude, and keep a log-book, in which all necessary particulars of the voyage are daily inscribed. The log is a contrivance for ascertaining the rate of speed at which a vessel goes. It consists of a long cord, having an oblong and loaded piece of wood attached to one end. This wood, when heaved overboard, remains stationary in the water, and consequently, as the vessel advances, the line must be let out from a reel held in the hand. The line is marked by knots and half-knots, representing miles and half-miles, and the number of these run off indicates the number of miles which the vessel is going at per hour. Every common seaman can cast the log, and calculate the speed of the vessel from it; but few can do any more, because

they are contented to remain in ignorance, and inclined to spend their leisure time in trifling amusements rather than in study. Of course such persons cannot expect to rise in their profession.]

It is astonishing how many cases are on record of individuals who, with scarcely any other education than what has been procured on shipboard, and while serving in subordinate and laborious situations, have attained distinction. The celebrated English navigator, Dampier, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, would have grown up in a state of ignorance, had he not exerted himself in self-instruction after he went to sea. Davis, the discoverer of the Straits which bear his name, also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge, both of science and literary composition, while engaged with the duties of his profession. Every one is acquainted with Cook's humble origin, and his distinguished career. By his own persevering efforts did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself. But, better still than even all his fame—than either the honours he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This alone is true temporal happiness—a reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity and endurance. Vancouver was a sailor formed under Cook, and to him we owe an interesting and ably-written account of the voyage which he made round the world in 1790 and the four following years. Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, a popular poem, spent his life from childhood at sea. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man-of-war, one of the best situations in the royal navy, and which can be held only by a man of education. Robert Drury, who wrote an account of the island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, was also a self-taught sailor. Drury was only fourteen years of age when he set out on his first voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked, in returning home on the island just mentioned, where he remained in captivity for fifteen years; so that, when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, wrote an account of his shipwreck and residence in Madagascar, which remains a popular work till the present day. Other cases might be mentioned, but these are enough to shew that the hardships of a sailor's life are no serious bar to improvement, provided he be true to himself, and be guided by a proper sense of duty.

Unfortunately for myself, my neglect of moral improvement, the abandonment of my country's service, and my headlong folly and improvidence, were errors now to be expiated. Having thrown myself adrift, with but slender resources, and far distant from my friends, I experienced the fate of many a disbanded and penniless tar. What hand to turn to for the means of subsistence I knew not. Determined at any rate to make an effort, I went about to different parts of the country seeking employment. I was not successful; and at length my money was all gone, and my shoes more than half worn out. When reduced to this sad extremity, and on the brink of despair, I was so fortunate as to discover an old shipmate; and through his kind influence, his brother-in-law employed me to work in his cloth-dressing establishment. As I was ignorant of the business, and was not really needed, my board was to be my only compensation. I lived here happily for some time, and then got employment of a more lucrative kind in another establishment, where I settled, and have since remained, thankful to have attained a haven of rest after the turmoils and dangers of a sea-life.*

* The foregoing narrative is abridged, with some alterations, from a small work entitled *Thirty Years from Home, or a Voice from the Main Deck, being the experience of Samuel Leech.* (Boston, 1843.)



MADAME ROLAND

AND

THE GIRONDINS.

EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.



JEANNE MANON PHLIPON was born in Paris, in the year 1754, of obscure but respectable parents. Her father, who was an engraver of some talent, was an active and industrious man; and her mother was a woman of a superior mind, and endowed with most amiable qualities. Manon was, even when a mere child, distinguished for a lively and gentle disposition, great quickness of apprehension, and diligence in her studies. She was not four years of age when she knew how to read; and from that moment, to supply her with a sufficient quantity of books, was the only necessary care of her parents for the earlier part of her education. Everything which she could lay hold of she read, and that too, with singular advantage. So absorbed was she when reading, that the only successful method which was found of withdrawing her attention from her books, was by offering her flowers, of which she was passionately fond: indeed, books and flowers continued to the end of her life, even under the most trying circumstances, to afford her exquisite pleasure.

Her great intelligence, and her desire for study, inspired one of her uncles, the Abbé Bimont, with the idea of teaching her Latin. She eagerly embraced the proposal; but the abbé not having much time to spare, it appears that she did not make great progress in this language. As she grew up, her parents, who were resolved to let her have as good an education as their limited means would

permit, had her taught writing, geography, music, and dancing. She also learned drawing; and such was her ardour for study, that she would often rise at five o'clock in the morning, and, although only half-dressed, prepare her lessons and exercises. It may easily be imagined that the progress which she made was astonishing; and it need hardly be remarked, that she became a great favourite with her teachers, who found almost as much pleasure in imparting knowledge to her, as she did in receiving it from them. But her passion for study is well exemplified by the following anecdote. Happening to find an old treatise on heraldry, and doubtless pleased with the coloured engravings, she mastered its contents in an extremely short time; and one day she surprised her father, who was wholly unconscious of her newly acquired knowledge, by telling him that a seal, which he was then engraving, was executed in violation of heraldry. On consideration, he found she was correct, and from that moment she became his guide on this subject.

After finishing these preliminary studies, she was placed in a convent for twelve months; and in the quietness of this retreat, her mind was matured by the care and kind attentions of the instructors with whom she daily associated. The succeeding twelve months she spent with her grandmother; after which she returned to the parental home. Her time was now divided between reading and superintending some of the household concerns. Her favourite authors appear to have been Tasso, Thomson, Fenelon, and Plutarch. Of the last, which she read when only eight years of age, she confesses that she was passionately fond; and it was doubtless from the glorious examples of ancient patriotism and virtue recorded by that writer, that she imbibed many of the feelings and opinions which she afterwards possessed. The education which she received was, upon the whole, far more solid than brilliant; and if Manon was somewhat deficient in frivolous talents, she was well versed in ancient and modern history, astronomy, metaphysics, mathematics, and philosophy. She was as remarkable for modesty and an amiable disposition as for learning: hence she endeared herself to all who knew her. Her personal appearance was prepossessing. She was tall in figure, but with a countenance more fascinating than beautiful.

Several years of her life passed thus away in peace and happiness. Her chief recreation was going out with her parents on pleasure excursions in the beautiful vicinity of Meudon, a small village near Paris; but, with the exception of this relaxation, she lived in complete retirement. She received several advantageous offers of marriage, but refused them all. The impaired health of her mother was the only cause of grief which disturbed her happiness: this gave her serious uneasiness; and although there seemed no immediate cause for fear, she always felt unwilling to leave her alone. One day this beloved parent, who was then to all appearance well,

persuaded her to go and see her old friend, Sister Sainte-Agathe. Manon reluctantly complied: on her return, she found her mother dying. She had been suddenly struck with paralysis, was already speechless, and almost unconscious. In a few hours she breathed her last.

The shock was so severe, that Manon was thrown into a violent fever, which for a long time threatened to terminate fatally; and though eventually she recovered, an extreme languor afflicted her for several months. However, she continued her studies; and she even wrote a few philosophical treatises, but merely for her own amusement, and without any intention of ever publishing them. The unsettled state of her father's affairs induced her to leave his house, and to reside in the convent of which she had formerly been an inmate, and where she found her old friend Sister Sainte-Agathe. This was almost her only comfort; for her reduced means did not allow her to board in the convent, and the privations which she was called to endure were severe. About this time Monsieur Roland de la Platière, a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, in easy though not affluent circumstances, and with whom she had been acquainted for some years, renewed an offer of marriage which he had formerly made to her, and to which, without giving him a positive refusal, she had delayed returning an answer. A correspondence existed between them, but had been discontinued by the desire of her father. Monsieur Roland was twenty years her senior; his manners were austere; but, being a man of rigid honesty and principle, he was fully able to appreciate Manon's merit. She was now twenty-five years of age, and had long felt an esteem for him, which his disinterested offer in her straitened circumstances only increased; she consequently consented, and in a short time became Madame Roland. This union, which took place in 1780, proved happy. She was much beloved by her husband, and ever testified for him the most tender regard and affection.

Monsieur Roland was inspector of several important manufactories, notwithstanding which he spent the first year of his married life in Paris, engaged in the publication of different commercial works. It was then that Madame Roland began—what she ever afterwards continued to do—to work with him, and assist him in his literary compositions. Her only relaxation from what proved a laborious task, was attending lectures upon natural history and botany. Four years she also spent with her husband at Amiens, where she gave birth to her only child, a daughter, whom she refused to give out to nurse according to the general custom, but insisted on bringing her up herself. It was indeed, a great characteristic of Madame Roland, that neither her literary nor political occupations made her forget her domestic duties. From Amiens they went to Lyon, in the neighbourhood of which they settled, at Villefranche, in the family mansion of Monsieur Roland, where his aged mother

and elder brother already resided. On the death of the former, they removed to Thezée, where Madame Roland spent many happy hours, being perfectly idolised by the inhabitants, to whose wants and illnesses she assiduously administered. Her mode of life she playfully describes in a letter to a friend, written by the fireside during a heavy fall of snow. Her husband is writing, her daughter knitting, and she occasionally pausing in her epistle to speak to the one and superintend the work of the other. But this happy period of her life was not to be of long duration. The Revolution of 1789 broke out, and with it both the elevation and misfortunes of that celebrated woman, who, after spending so many years of her life in obscurity, was destined to enact a striking part in the leading events of the day.

MINISTRY OF ROLAND.

Louis XVI., a benevolent but somewhat weak-minded man, was the reigning monarch of France, and though he at first shewed himself favourable to the principles of the Revolution, he possessed neither the firmness nor courage necessary to control its excesses. The Legislative Assembly, which consisted of the representatives of the people, sent to act for them from every part of France, was divided into three distinct parties—the *Girondins*, the *Montagnards*, and the *Plaine*. The first took their name from the department of the Gironde, whence most of them came: they professed an ardent love of freedom, tempered by a noble, generous feeling of humanity. They were young; for the greater part clever, heroic, and eloquent; but rash, inexperienced, and too confident in the justice of their cause. Brissot, of whom it was recorded that, after having lived like Aristides, he died like Sidney; the handsome and noble-minded Barbaroux; the eloquent Vergniaud, Valazé, Louvet, Gensonné, were the principal men amongst them. The Montagnards, or Mountaineers—so named from the elevated benches on which they sat in the Assembly—were undisguised republicans, proclaiming the absolute sovereignty of the people, and asserting that all restraint was but slavery. Marat, Robespierre, Danton—all the fiercest democrats of France—were its firm supporters. The Plaine, or Plain—thus termed in opposition to the Mountaineers, and on account of its occupying the floor of the place of assembly—was a moderate but weak party, of little influence.

Monsieur Roland and his wife shewed themselves, from the commencement, ardent partisans of the changes introduced. Roland was one of the first members elected for the new municipality of Lyon; and his wife, in her letters to a friend in Paris, recalling those days of her youth when she often wept at not having been born a Spartan or Roman maiden, enthusiastically added, that now her country had nothing to envy in the republics of antiquity. In another letter she alludes, with equal ardour, to the dawn of freedom;

and although conscious that she could never behold its great and real blessings, she rejoices in them for the sake of future generations. This enthusiastic mood soon gave way to gloomy and well-founded apprehensions. In the early part of 1791 she accompanied her husband to Paris, whither he had been sent to the National Assembly by the city of Lyon. She became an auditor of the legislative meetings, and from what she saw there, her fears only increased. She left Paris in September for Villefranche, impressed with a deep sense of coming evil. Both she and Roland, however, soon returned to Paris, which they found in the greatest imaginable confusion.

It was in this state of things, towards the beginning of 1792, that thoughts began to be entertained of choosing Roland for one of a new ministry, which was to consist chiefly of men belonging to the Girondin party. Roland had the deserved reputation of being strictly honest, and he was known by several clever works on political economy, which shewed him to be perfectly qualified for the post to which he was destined. All these considerations, without any solicitation on his part, influenced those in power to bestow on him the post of Minister of the Interior. Most people, notwithstanding Roland's well-acknowledged merit, were astonished at this nomination; for the simplicity of his manners and appearance offered a striking contrast with that of the courtiers of the still gay and punctilious court of Louis XVI.; and Madame Roland relates how her husband, on his first presentation at court, threw the master of the ceremonies into the greatest consternation by appearing with a round hat, and strings instead of buckles to his shoes.

Roland conducted himself with great prudence and integrity in his new situation; but notwithstanding his many eminent qualities, it must be confessed that his wife—so far his superior in mental qualifications—had an equal share with him in government. Her influence extended from that which she exercised over her husband's mind, to the entire Girondin party. She had selected for her own use, in the vast hotel then inhabited by Roland, the smallest drawing-room: it was very simply furnished—books, a scrutoire, and a few chairs were almost all that it contained. The greater number of those persons who came to converse with Roland on affairs of state, and who had any intimacy with him, chose to speak to him there, and in Madame Roland's presence, rather than in his own study. She was thus not only made conversant with the most important occurrences of the times, but was also well acquainted with the persons of the actors in them. The ministry of Roland was short; and singularly enough, his wife was the instrument, though not the cause, of his dismissal. The Girondins, who foresaw the dangers which threatened Louis XVI., were anxious to see him abandon his mistaken policy of endeavouring to conciliate all parties for firmer and more direct principles of action. Roland, from his

situation, was the fittest person to intrust with this delicate office of expostulation and advice, and it was resolved that he should write to the king. Madame Roland was the author of the letter, which was couched in bold, but firm and respectful language. Had the hapless monarch known how to profit by the advice it contained, many misfortunes might have been avoided. It was sent on the 11th of June (1792), and on the same day Roland was dismissed.

A few weeks after, on the 10th of August, the first step to anarchy was taken. A violent outbreak took place; the king was, with his family, imprisoned in the Temple, and deposed. Monarchy was declared to exist no longer in France, which now took the name of a Republic; whilst the Legislative Assembly, though consisting of the same members, received the appellation of National Convention. The Girondin ministry was recalled, and Roland resumed his post. For once the two opposite parties of the Mountain and the Gironde were united in acts and principles; and the names of Brissot, Barbaroux, Robespierre, and Danton were amongst the most popular of the day. But whilst the Girondins thus indulged, with Madame Roland, in fancied security and dreams of national freedom, the Mountaineers met at the club of the Jacobins, and there organised one of the most dreadful plots which ever disgraced humanity; we allude to the massacres of September. These massacres, in which the unfortunate beings then shut up in the different prisons of Paris were literally butchered, and also the slaughter of the king, whom the Girondins vainly endeavoured to save by proposing an appeal to the people, effectually, and for ever, separated the two parties. The Girondins indignantly declared that they would never again act in concert with men capable of approving of such atrocities; and two days after the king's execution, Roland resigned his post of minister. The death of Louis XVI. (21st January 1793) was, for the Girondins, the forerunner of their fall. They felt this to be the case; and from that moment the struggle between them and the Mountaineers became incessant and desperate. Madame Roland saw that the cause of freedom was lost. 'We are under the knife of Robespierre and Marat,' said she to a friend, in one of her letters bearing date 5th September 1792. In another letter of the 9th of the same month, and addressing the same person, she expresses herself thus: 'You knew my enthusiasm for the Revolution; well, I am now ashamed of it. It has been sullied by monsters; it is hideous.'

THE MOUNTAINEERS AND THE GIRONDINS.

The Mountaineers, or Jacobins, as they were now more generally called, who aimed at supreme power, determined first to get rid of all their antagonists, and began with the Girondins. As the mass of the people still looked upon their representatives with much respect, and as at that time any attempt made on their safety would

have assuredly failed, the Jacobins did not resort to the plan of openly accusing them of treason, so as to procure their arrest, but came to the horrible resolve of murdering them while assembled in the Convention. The night of the 10th of March was fixed for executing this plan; but the Assembly, though ignorant of the precise nature of the danger by which it was threatened, got some intimation of the plot, and held permanent sittings. On the evening of the 10th of March, the wife of Louvet, a Girondin, who resided in the Rue St Honoré, near to the meeting-house of the Jacobins, heard a tumult in the club, and, anxious for her husband's safety, she penetrated into the hall, and thus became a witness of the fearful scenes which nightly took place in that sanguinary assembly. Horrible threats and calumnies against the Girondins now formed the theme of their vociferations; and it was at length unanimously decided to sound the tocsin (the alarm-bell of Notre Dame), to rouse the people, close the city gates, and march in two divisions on the Convention and the houses of the ministers. This much having, after a stormy discussion, been agreed upon, the lights were extinguished, swords were drawn, and the Jacobins rushed forth to find the *Cordeliers* (members of another club), to proceed with them in a body towards the Convention.

Warned by his wife, Louvet hastened to seek the Girondins at the house of a colleague named Pétion. He found them calmly conversing together of their danger, and little disposed to believe it. All that he could do was to prevent them from going to the Convention that evening. As he urged Pétion to seek some safer place of refuge, the latter opened the window, put out his hand, and coolly replied: 'It rains; there will be nothing done to-night.'

Pétion was right. The absence of the twenty-two members from the Convention, the troops headed by Beurnonville, minister of war, and perhaps the rain, rendered the attempt of the Jacobins abortive; and the 10th of March, which was to have seen the Girondins overthrown, passed off harmlessly.

The indignation of the members of the Convention, on learning this intended assault, was proportionate to the greatness of the offence; but no vigorous measures were taken. The Girondins injudiciously forbore to follow up this manifest advantage. It was in vain that the committee, who had projected these murders, was denounced as guilty of insurrection. 'It is to be feared,' said Vergniaud, a leading Girondin, at the conclusion of an eloquent speech on the growing tyranny of the Jacobins, 'that the Revolution, like Saturn, may devour its own children, and engender despotism, with all its attendant calamities.' These prophetic words produced some effect on the Assembly, and they finally agreed to form a commission of twelve persons to examine into the plots and machinations of the Jacobins. This commission made several important discoveries, laying open to the public view some of the

projected atrocities of the Mountain party. Several Jacobins were arrested and thrown into prison, and the exasperation of their friends on hearing this was extreme. On the night of the 27th of May the Convention received several threatening messages, demanding the abolition of the commission, and the freedom of the imprisoned Jacobins. To enforce this petition, the deputations entered the hall with their usual weapons—pistols and sabres—whilst their friends besieged from without the palace of the Tuileries, where the sittings of the Assembly were held. This may be said to have been the great turning-point of the Revolution. It was a bold attempt of the violent to crush the moderate party; and all depended on the moderates holding determinedly to constitutional rights. From what ensued, however, it will be seen that they quailed before the monsters who aimed at their overthrow; and from this moment law and justice were at an end.

As the armed wretches who had entered the Convention became more menacing, some of the members endeavoured to shew that, by this outrageous proceeding, all freedom of action was gone. But this was denied by Garat, the Jacobin Minister of the Interior; and, in a fit of timidity, the Girondins assented to a decree for abolishing the commission, and liberating the prisoners. Their proper policy ought to have been to quit the Assembly, unless the officers of the Convention had protected them from insult. But for their apparent pusillanimity the poor Girondins are not without excuse. The principles of constitutional liberty were very imperfectly understood in France; and violence was continually mixed up with peaceful debate.

On hearing that their object was gained, the people immediately dispersed, a large number of them proceeding to free the prisoners, who were liberated in triumph, and who, on seeing what force had done, determined that it should also effect the utter ruin of the Girondins. But the Convention, indignant at what had passed, the next day re-established the commission of the twelve, whose members received orders to examine more strictly than ever into the machinations of the Mountain party.

The exasperation of the Jacobins on hearing this rose to a fearful height. As soon as the news was spread, they paraded the streets in gloomy silence, and with dark and threatening glances. The Girondins received several urgent warnings to be on their guard. In short, both parties were in such a state as when a conflict is daily to be expected. Such was the excitement of the people on the evening of the 30th of May (1793), that several Girondins spent the night in a lonely room, armed and prepared to make a desperate resistance. The sound of the tocsin awoke them in the morning. At six they left their asylum, and proceeded to the Convention. Several times they were on the point of being stopped by groups of ill-looking men, but their arms protected them. One of them,

Rabaut St Etienne, a well-meaning but somewhat timorous man, continually repeated as they went along: '*Illa suprema dies*' ('This is the last day!') The sentence was prophetic.

No disturbances occurred on the 1st of June; yet it was evident that this was but the calm of the coming storm. But on the 2d, threatening rumours were once more afloat. The drum and tocsin might be heard, armed men filled the streets, and it was now evident to all that the ruin of the Gironde party was at hand. Indeed, on the morning of that day the state of parties was such, both within and without the Convention, that a collision, and one fatal to the weaker Girondins, seemed inevitable. The adherents of the Jacobins armed themselves, and took oath that they would not rest till the accusation and arrest of certain obnoxious Girondins had been effected. Towards evening they gathered their arms and ammunition on the large place before the Hôtel de Ville, and were exhorted by Marat, then one of their leaders, to do their duty. Marat himself rang the great bell or tocsin of the Hôtel de Ville, and, when they had all met, proceeded with them to the Place du Carrousel, near the Tuileries, which they reached a little after ten o'clock at night. Meanwhile the Girondin members who had determined on going to the Convention, found, when they reached the Assembly, that they were much divided. Many, apparently in their interest, advised them to submit, and resign their seats; but this they indignantly rejected.

Lanjuinais, one of their leaders, rose, and in an eloquent and vehement speech demanded by what right the Convention was thus insulted, and why the *générale*, or muster, might even then be heard in the streets, and under the very windows of the palace? He was frequently interrupted by loud cries; several of the Mountaineers rose to answer; but before they could speak, and when the last words had scarcely passed his lips, a tumultuous crowd of Jacobins entered the Convention. They demanded, with arms in their hands, and with threats in every word and look, that twenty-two of the Girondins should be accused and arrested. But the majority of the members, who felt that, if they yielded, all would be lost, resisted both their threats and petitions; and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. While the tumult was at its height, an armed mob of 20,000 men surrounded the hall, and by their menaces alarmed even the wretches who had stirred them into rebellion. To the disgrace of the Convention, it tampered with, and yielded to, this illegal force; and, according to order, passed a decree against the twenty-two Girondins. All of this ill-fated party who could be found were immediately arrested.

IMPRISONMENT OF MADAME ROLAND.

During the winter of 1792–3, M. Roland and his wife lived in constant apprehension of being assassinated. Along with all the

other Girondins, they were viewed with suspicion, and it was evident that a crisis was approaching in their fate. An attempt was made, by a wretch called Viard, to implicate Madame Roland in a fabricated plot against the nation, said to have been got up in London. The subject being brought before the Convention, it was resolved that Madame Roland should appear at the bar. She readily obeyed the summons. On being asked her name: 'Roland,' she answered; 'a name of which I am proud, for it is that of a good and honourable man.' Several other questions were put to her, such as: If she knew Viard—when she had seen him—and what had passed between them. To this she calmly replied that Viard had twice written to her to obtain an interview; that she had seen him once; and after some conversation, having discovered him to be a spy, had dismissed him with the contempt he deserved. Such was the calm dignity of her behaviour, the simplicity of her answers, and the evident falsehood of Viard's accusation, that the president declared her to be entirely free from suspicion; and, amidst the applause of the greatest part of the members, decreed the honour of the sitting to belong to her. But as the public, which consisted chiefly of Jacobins, remained silent, Marat rose, and pointing to them, gloomily observed: 'Look at the public; it is wiser than you are.' But notwithstanding the efforts of her enemies, this attempt which they had made to bring her into disgrace and contempt, only added new lustre and honour to her untarnished fame.

Roland having resigned his office in January 1793, they lived from that time up to the month of May in retirement and comparative security; but when the ruin of the Girondins seemed unavoidable, they prepared themselves for the worst. It was towards half-past five o'clock on the memorable evening of the 31st of May, that six armed men came to arrest Roland, with an order of the revolutionary committee. Roland protested, and refused to recognise the authority of a body which had not yet received the sanction of law. The men hesitated, and departed without putting the order into execution. Though she was at that time seriously ill, Madame Roland, alarmed for her husband's safety, immediately resolved to go to the Convention, protest against this illegal proceeding of the Mountaineers, and ask for redress. This course was dangerous, but it was the only one which remained; and without even waiting to change her morning gown, merely throwing a shawl over her person, she hastened towards the Tuileries, threading her way through a crowd of armed men, by whom the palace was then surrounded. All her efforts were vain, and she could not succeed in gaining admittance. She hastened back to her husband: he had left the house by a back-door, and was now concealed at the abode of a friend. On consulting with him, she determined to go again to the Convention; but she found that the sitting was over. The people had conquered.

On returning home at midnight, although greatly fatigued by the

exertion she had undergone in her weak state, her first care was to write a note to her husband, to be delivered to him early in the morning. She was hardly seated, when a knock was heard at the door: a deputation from the Commune had come to inquire after Roland. She refused to reveal his hiding-place; and they retired much dissatisfied, leaving a sentinel at the door of her apartment, and a body of guards below. Madame Roland now finished her note, confided it to a faithful female servant, and having taken a slight supper, retired to rest. She soon fell into a deep slumber; but had not slept above an hour, when her servant awoke her, announcing that several men wanted to speak to her. She appeared, and was immediately shewn an illegal warrant for her arrest, and in which the cause of her apprehension was not even stated. She was, moreover, informed that the seal of the republic was to be affixed to every closet, cupboard, and piece of furniture in her apartment, the windows not excepted. In his blind zeal, one of the men even insisted on sealing up a pianoforte, and on being dissuaded from doing so, he began measuring it.

Although well aware of the illegality of the warrant, Madame Roland submitted, perceiving in this case the uselessness of resistance. She merely asked, and obtained leave, to take some of her wearing apparel with her, and to put aside some of her daughter's clothing. She was, meanwhile, much annoyed by the presence of all the idle loiterers of the neighbourhood, who, having found the door open, filled the apartment almost to suffocation. Surrounded by this rude crowd, she once more sat down to her desk, and began writing a letter to a friend to whom she meant to intrust her daughter. She was immediately asked for that person's name; but firmly refusing to tell it, she tore up the half-finished missive. At seven next morning she was informed that everything was in readiness, and that she was to be conducted to prison. She calmly bade her daughter and servants farewell, gently exhorting them, as they bitterly wept around her, to bear their affliction with patience and resignation. When she had left her apartment, and reached the street, she found a hackney-coach in waiting: she advanced towards it between two rows of armed men, who followed the coach when she was within.

With the exception of a few women, who cried out after her: 'To the guillotine!' the crowd was silent. When they arrived at the prison—the Abbaye—Madame Roland was ushered into a dark room, occupied by several men lying on camp-beds, and from this she was made to ascend a narrow and dirty staircase to the porter's apartment. As there was yet no cell prepared for her, the porter's wife, a kind and compassionate woman, offered her the use of her own room for the day. The commissioners who had brought her gave strict orders concerning the manner in which she was to be treated. But the porter and his wife, who were both good and considerate people, did not follow them very closely, the instructions

being merely verbal. She was accordingly, after breakfast, allowed to write a letter to the National Assembly on her illegal arrest, and was promised the permission of seeing some of her friends. At ten that evening, her cell being ready, she entered it for the first time. It was a wide, but bare room, with four very dirty walls; it had a small chimney, and a window with double grating, which hardly admitted light; the bed was a mere pallet, with a pillow. Notwithstanding the dismal tolling of the tocsin, which might be heard during the whole night, she was so overpowered by fatigue, that she slept until twelve next day.

While in her prison, Madame Roland shewed how much the horrors of such a confinement may be alleviated by a cheerful and contented spirit. Her first care on rising was to arrange her cell as comfortably as possible. She covered a small table with a white cloth, and placed it near the window, to serve as her writing-desk. To keep it clean, she resolved to take her meals on the stove. Two large hair-pins, which she fixed in a shelf, were used, instead of pegs, to hang her clothes on. And these preparations Madame Roland made as cheerfully as when superintending the arrangements of her splendid drawing-room in the minister's hotel. This being done, her next care was to get a few books. Thomson's *Seasons*, one of her favourite works, she already had with her; and she asked for Plutarch's *Lives*, Hume's *History of England*, and Sheridan's *Dictionary*. By thus reading, and writing her reflections on what she read, she contrived to pass her time much more agreeably than might be expected.

She could hear, even in her solitude, that Paris was far from being quiet; the drum, and sounds of tumult from without, constantly reached the prison, and proclaimed that the force of the popular insurrection was increasing. She dined for that day in the apartment of the porter's wife. On entering the room, she perceived her faithful female servant. On beholding her mistress, the poor girl burst into tears; nor could Madame Roland herself, notwithstanding her fortitude, behold her grief unmoved. The next day Madame Roland impatiently waited for the morning's paper. She knew, from the tumult which had taken place without, that something important had occurred, and she feared the worst. On reading the news of the decree of arrest against the twenty-two Girondins, she let the paper fall, exclaiming, in a mingled burst of grief and indignation, that the cause of freedom was now for ever lost. She thought more of France than of her own situation; and even the state of her country was forgotten when she remembered that her husband was now a houseless fugitive in the provinces, whilst for her daughter she had scarcely been able to procure an asylum. But these were thoughts which she strove to banish, and if possible to forget, in the steps which she now took to effect her liberation. Her mode of life in the prison was, after that, the next thing to consider. The regulations were severe

enough: five livres (a sum equal to about four shillings) had formerly been allotted to every prisoner for his daily maintenance. When Roland was minister, he found this allowance much too high, and had it reduced to two livres (one-and-eightpence). As government provided the prisoner with nothing—his cell and some straw to lie on excepted—the porter of the prison received one livre a day for whatever furniture he might put into the cell; another livre—namely, tenpence—remained for the prisoner's food. This was of course wholly insufficient; but the prisoners were allowed to provide themselves with whatever they chose from their own purse. Madame Roland, however, resolved, with that singular stoicism which led her to accustom herself at once to the worst of any position, to conform as much as possible to the prison allowance. She began by leaving off her breakfast of coffee and chocolate, instead of which she took bread and water. Her dinner consisted merely of the common prison fare—coarse meat and vegetables. That economy was not her object by this singular conduct, is proved by the fact, that the money she thus spared she caused to be distributed among the poorer prisoners. The only indulgence she allowed herself was what in childhood she had most loved, and which still continued to be her only solace—books and flowers.

Notwithstanding the active efforts of the few friends who still remained true to her in her misfortunes, the epoch of freedom seemed very distant. Her letter to the Assembly remained unanswered; similar applications to the Minister of the Interior, and to the sectional authorities of the neighbourhood to which she belonged, met with a like fate. She was therefore much surprised when, on the twenty-fourth day of her imprisonment, she was unexpectedly liberated. The order for her liberation stated that there was 'nothing against her.' Madame Roland immediately took a coach and hastened to her house; but hardly had she passed the doorway, when two men once more arrested her in the name of the law. The cause of this cruel deception was, that her first apprehension being illegal, her enemies, more than usually anxious to secure her, had seen no better means of effecting this than by liberating her, and arresting her a second time. With a heavy heart she submitted, and was taken to the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where she often regretted her room of the Abbaye.

On reaching this new prison, she learned that she must either share the cell of some other prisoner, or be shut up in a room so small that she could hardly move in it. Even the large cell to which she was taken was only about twelve feet long and six wide. Two beds, two small tables, and two chairs almost filled the apartment. She learned that government gave nothing towards the maintenance of the prisoners, with the exception of brown bread, and a dish of beans daily, neither of which she found it possible to eat. It is not to be supposed that the severe shock she had

experienced on finding her dreams of freedom and happiness so suddenly destroyed, was without its effect upon even one of her firm and resigned spirit. Several days elapsed before she regained her wonted composure. When she was somewhat settled in her new dwelling, she resumed her usual occupations—studying the English language, and practising drawing. Three sincere and devoted friends, Champagneux, Bosc, and Grandpré, visited her in her prison as often as prudence would allow. The first, who knew her privations and her pride, only occasionally ventured to make her small presents of fruit. Bosc more freely gave her beautiful plants and flowers, which he procured from the national garden of plants in Paris. But neither the kindness of her friends nor her own efforts succeeded in making her cell in Sainte-Pelagie tolerable; and after a time, the jailer's wife, taking pity on her, caused her removal to a better and more cheerful apartment, and even procured her a pianoforte, which afforded her many an hour of recreation during the tedious months of her imprisonment.

This change made Madame Roland as happy as she could be in a prison. There was little to remind her of her captivity; and instead of an ill-looking and rude jailer, the head-jailer's wife, the gentle Madame Bonchaud, now daily visited her, attending to her wants with the kindest solicitude. Nay, such was the affection she had conceived for her prisoner, that she even offered to facilitate her escape. Although much moved at this proof of devotion, Madame Roland firmly refused; nor could the entreaties of her friend Champagneux, and of Madame Bonchaud herself, induce her to change her mind.

The indulgences which she owed to the kindness of Madame Bonchaud were not permitted her long; they reached the ears of those in power, who, deeming them incompatible with republican equality, severely reprimanded the jailer, ordered the pianoforte to be removed, and Madame Roland to be once more closely confined to her cell. This change she bore with her usual calm fortitude; nor was her resignation lessened by the prospect now held out of her speedy trial and condemnation. Miss H. M. Williams, an English lady then residing in France, thus mentions a visit which she paid to Madame Roland, with whom she was well acquainted.

'I visited her in the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where her soul, superior to circumstances, retained its accustomed serenity, and she conversed with the same animated cheerfulness in her little cell as she used to do in the hotel of the minister. She had provided herself with a few books, and I found her reading Plutarch. She told me that she expected to die; and the look of placid resignation with which she said it, convinced me that she was prepared to meet death with a firmness worthy of her exalted character. When I inquired after her daughter, an only child of thirteen years of age, she burst into tears; and at the overwhelming recollection of her husband

and child, the courage of the victim of liberty was lost in the feelings of the wife and the mother.

During her stay in the Abbaye and in Sainte-Pelagie, Madame Roland wrote her admirable *Memoirs* and *Notes for History*. The *Memoirs* she confided to her devoted friend Champagneux. She also intrusted some papers to Miss Williams, who was unfortunately obliged to destroy them.

FATE OF THE TWENTY-TWO GIRONDINS.

Meanwhile, though a few of the Girondins had effected their escape, the rest were at first kept prisoners in their own houses, and afterwards removed to the Luxembourg, and thence to La Force. Two of them, on account of ill health, were allowed to remain in the Luxembourg, and there await their trial. These were La Source and Sillery. The first was a Protestant minister of Languedoc, and a member of the National Convention; the latter, a man of about sixty, and better known as the husband of the celebrated Madame de Sillery, Countess of Genlis, shared his captivity. Both were seen in that prison by Miss H. M. Williams (herself then a prisoner), authoress of the interesting *Letters from France*, from which we extract the following abridged account:

'Our apartment, with two others adjoining, was separated from the public room by a little passage and a door, which the officers carefully locked at night. It happened that these apartments were then occupied by two individuals, in whose society we had passed some of the most agreeable hours of our residence in France. These persons were Sillery and La Source, two of the members of the Convention, who had been long in close confinement, and who were now on the point of appearing before that sanguinary tribunal; whence, after the most shocking mockery of justice, they were inhumanly dragged to the scaffold. Sillery, on account of his infirmities, had with much difficulty obtained permission from the police for his servant to be admitted into the prison during the day, together with an old female friend, who, on the plea of illness, had implored leave to attend as his nurse. Sillery's friend and his servant being allowed to go in and out of his apartment, the door was not constantly locked, although he and La Source were closely confined, and not permitted to have any communication with the other prisoners. The second night of our abode in the Luxembourg, when the prisoners had retired to their respective chambers, and the keeper had locked the outer door which enclosed our three apartments, La Source entered our room. We were obliged to converse in whispers, whilst we kept watch successively at the outer door, that if any step approached, he might instantly fly to his chamber. He had much to ask, having been three months a close prisoner. In the solitude of his prison, no voice of friendship, no accents of pity, had reached

his ear; and after our arrival, he used, through the lonely day, to count the hours till the prison gates were closed, till all was still within its walls, and no sound was heard without, except at intervals the hoarse cry of the sentinels, when he hastened to our apartment. La Source, at his second visit, was accompanied by Sillery, a man of about sixty years of age, but who had lived freely, like most men of his former rank in France; and from this dissipated life, had more the appearance of age than belonged to his years. The mind of Sillery was somewhat less fortified against his approaching fate than that of La Source. The old man often turned back on the past and wept; and sometimes inquired, with an anxious look, if we believed there was any chance of his deliverance. Alas! I have no words to paint the sensations of those moments. To know that the days of our fellow-captives were numbered—that they were doomed to perish—that the sanguinary tribunal before which they were going to appear was but the pathway to the scaffold—to have the painful task of smothering our feelings, while we endeavoured to soothe the weakness of humanity by hopes we knew were fallacious, was a species of misery almost insupportable. They had, however, in their calamity, that support which is of all others the most effectual under misfortune. Religion was in La Source a habit of the mind. Impressed with the most sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, he reposed, with unbounded confidence, in that Providence in whose hand are the issues of life and death. Sillery, who had a feeling heart, found devotion the most soothing refuge of affliction. He and La Source composed together a little hymn adapted to a sweet solemn air, which they called their evening service. Every night before we parted they sung this simple dirge in a low tone, to prevent their being heard in the other apartments, which made it seem more plaintive. Those mournful sounds, the knell of my departing friends, yet thrill upon my heart.

"Calm all the tumults that invade
Our souls, and lend thy powerful aid.
Oh! source of mercy, soothe our pains,
And break, O break, our cruel chains!
To Thee the captive pours his cry,
To Thee the mourner loves to fly;
The incense of our tears receive—
'Tis all the incense we can give.

Eternal Power, our cause defend!
O God, of innocence the friend!
Near Thee for ever she resides,
In Thee for ever she confides.
Thou know'st the secrets of the breast,
Thou know'st the oppressor and the oppressed:
Do Thou our wrongs with pity see,
Avert a doom offending Thee.

But should the murderer's arm prevail;
Should tyranny our lives assail;
Unmoved, triumphant, scorning death,
We 'll bless Thee with our latest breath.
The hour, the glorious hour will come,
That consecrates the patriot's tomb;
And with the pang our memory claims,
Our country will avenge our names."

'La Source often spoke of his wife with tender regret. He had been married only a week when he was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly, and was obliged to hasten to Paris, while his bride remained in Languedoc, to take care of an aged mother. When the Legislative Assembly was dissolved, La Source was immediately elected a member of the National Convention, and could find no interval in which to visit his native spot, or his wife, whom he saw no more. In his meditations on the chain of political events, he mentioned one little incident which seemed to hang on his mind with a sort of superstitious feeling. A few days after the 10th of August, he dined in the Faubourg St Antoine with several members of the Legislative Assembly, who were the most distinguished for their talents and patriotism. They were exulting in the birth of the new republic, and the glorious part they were to act as its founders, when a citizen of the Faubourg, who had been invited to partake of the repast, observed that he feared a different destiny awaited them. "As you have been the founders of the republic," said he, "you will also be its victims. In a short time you will be obliged to impose restraints and duties on the people, to whom your enemies and theirs will represent you as having overthrown royal power only to establish your own. You will be accused of aristocracy; and I foresee," he added with much perturbation, "that you will perish on the scaffold." The company smiled at this singular prediction; but during the ensuing winter, when the storm was gathering over the political horizon, La Source recalled the prophecy, and sometimes reminded Vergniaud of the man of the Faubourg St Antoine. Vergniaud had little heeded the augur; but a few days previous to the 31st of May, when the Convention was for the first time besieged, La Source said again to Vergniaud: "Well, what think you of the prophet of the Faubourg St Antoine?" "The prophet of the Faubourg St Antoine," answered Vergniaud, "was in the right."

'The morning now arrived when La Source and Sillery, together with nineteen other members of the Convention, were led before the revolutionary tribunal. When the guards who were to conduct them arrived, the other prisoners crowded to the public room to see them pass, and we shut ourselves up in our own apartment. They returned about five in the evening, and we had no opportunity of seeing them till midnight, when they related to us what had passed.

The conduct of the judges and the aspect of the jury were calculated to banish every gleam of hope from the bosoms of the prisoners. The judges permitted, with reluctance, anything to be urged in their defence; and the jury listened with impatience, casting upon their victims looks of atrocity, in which they might easily read their fate: yet, in spite of these unhappy omens, our friends returned from the tribunal with their minds much elevated.

'A few days before the sanguinary trial had ended,' continues Miss Williams, 'the administration of the police sent orders that the Englishwomen confined in the Luxembourg should be removed the next day to a convent in the Faubourg St Antoine. With what keen regret La Source and Sillery received this intelligence! A thousand times they thanked us for the danger we had risked in receiving them, and for the sympathy which had soothed the last hours of their existence; a thousand times they declared, that if it were yet possible their lives might be preserved, they should consider themselves for ever bound to us by the most sacred ties of gratitude and friendship; but they felt, alas! how small was the chance that we should meet again in this world. Sillery cut off a lock of his white hair, which he begged I would preserve for his sake, and La Source gave me a similar relic. They embraced us with much emotion. They prayed that the blessing of God might be upon us. We mingled our tears together, and parted to meet no more.'

The conduct of the Girondin prisoners confined in the Conciergerie, where they had been transferred from La Force, is not described as less noble or less resigned by the Baron H. de Riouffe, who also happened to be their fellow-prisoner, but who was fortunately forgotten by his enemies, and thus survived the Reign of Terror. They were calm and resigned: hope they had none. Brissot never betrayed the least anxiety for his own fate, but often mourned over that of France. He was thoughtful, but with a grave and dignified demeanour, worthy of the cause for which he had lived, and for which he was now called upon to suffer. Gensonné seemed to feel a noble disdain for the tyrants who oppressed his country: their names never once passed his lips. Vergniaud was the same as ever, grave and gay by turns. At times his fellow-prisoners would gather around him, listening to that impassioned eloquence with which he was gifted, and which was so soon to be lost to the world for ever. On other occasions he would divert their thoughts from their present situation by the inexhaustible fund of mirth and anecdote which he possessed. Valazé seemed to have lost every other feeling in that of the glorious martyrdom which awaited him.

But of all those heroic and hapless men, none exited deeper emotions of pity than the two brothers-in-law, Ducos and Fonfrède. Both had the full enjoyment of their liberty till the act of accusation appeared, in which they had not the least suspicion that they should

be included. Ducos might have escaped, but he preferred sharing the fate and prison of his relative. Both calmly submitted to their fate; and yet, by losing life, they lost all that could endear it—an immense fortune, and beloved wives and children. Fonfrède, less resigned than his friend, took one of the other prisoners apart on the last day of their trial. He began speaking to him of his wife and children, and as he uttered the names of those he so tenderly loved, he could not refrain from shedding tears. Ducos saw him, and tenderly consoled him, not striving to disguise his own emotion. This happened twenty-four hours before their execution. For the first two sittings of their judges, the Girondins were allowed to speak in their defence, and the impassioned eloquence of Vergniaud had well-nigh won their cause, melting to tears even the fierce assassins present—the same who had taken a part in the massacres of September. This being perceived, he and the other prisoners were forbidden to speak, and, by a bitter perversion of all justice, were condemned unheard.

On hearing his sentence, La Source merely repeated those words of one of the ancients: 'I die at a moment when the people have lost their reason, but you will die when they recover it.' All behaved with remarkable firmness, embracing one another, and crying out: 'Long live the Republic!' One alone amongst them, Valazé, swooned and fell. 'Thou art afraid,' said Gensonné, raising him up—he was dead! He had stabbed himself to the heart with a small dagger concealed amongst his papers. The court immediately ordered that the dead body should be conveyed on a car to the place of execution, and beheaded like the other prisoners. Vergniaud was provided with poison, but threw it away on hearing his doom, preferring to die with his friends Ducos and Fonfrède. They were condemned on the night of the 30th of October 1793. On their return to the Conciergerie, their fellow-prisoners, who were anxiously waiting to know the result of their trial, might hear the signal they had agreed upon in case they should be condemned—the patriotic songs with which they all at once filled their cell; and throughout the whole of that dreadful night did those songs of freedom break upon the silence of the dungeons of tyranny. They also spent part of the few hours now allotted them in conversing on the future destinies of France. They partook of a light supper, during which the servant of Duprat waited upon them. Duprat, seeing him weep, gently comforted him; thanking him with much kindness for his past services, and confiding his wife to his care. This servant afterwards sold a small annuity which he possessed, to relieve the distress into which the wife of his former master had fallen.

The next day they were led to the guillotine. Sillery was executed first. He bowed gravely to the people, and behaved with great firmness. When they had reached the foot of the scaffold, the twenty-one Girondins embraced one another, once more singing the

national anthem of the Marseillaise, and crying out aloud: 'Long live the Republic!' In a few minutes they had perished; and of those heroic, eloquent, and noble-minded men, nothing now remained —nothing—but an immortal memory.

TRIAL OF MADAME ROLAND.

On the 31st of October 1793, the day of the execution of the twenty-two Girondins, Madame Roland was transferred from Sainte-Pelagie to the Conciergerie, which her valued friends had just left for the scaffold. She was placed in a bare and miserable dungeon. The bed on which she lay she owed to the kindness of another prisoner, who gave it up to her. Although the weather was very cold, no covering was allowed her. The next day she underwent a long examination before Judge David. She was very strictly questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondins. Without concealing this well-known fact, she strove to clear herself from the calumnies cast upon her; but, not even waiting for her answer, they asked new questions, to which she found it very difficult to reply. This vexatious examination lasted three hours. Although she was obliged to undergo several other examinations like the first, neither her composure nor her resignation forsook her. She never shewed or felt greater calmness of mind than at this trying epoch of her life; and the singular contrast which her womanly attractions and appearance offered to the heroic feelings by which she was now more than ever actuated, is eloquently described by Riouffe. Although past the prime of youth, she was still fascinating; her elegant figure had lost none of its dignity, and her large dark eyes were still full of expression and sweetness. She would often speak at the iron grating which divided the part of the prison in which men were confined from that which she inhabited; and the noble and heroic thoughts which then passed her lips, and above all, perhaps, the exquisite melody of her language, would draw the prisoners around her, making them listen, as though entranced by the touching instances of courage and womanly feeling which she daily and unconsciously offered. She often spoke of the Girondins, calling them *our friends;* but she mentioned their names without either sorrow or regret; for she was already purified by her approaching fate from almost every earthly feeling and weakness.

Occasionally her usual resignation failed her. The woman who waited on her one day said to Riouffe: 'Before you, she appears strong; but when she is in her room, she will often stay for three hours at a time leaning against the window, and weeping.' The prisoners themselves often beheld the traces of tears on her cheeks, although she strove to conceal them. She remained but a week in the Conciergerie, and already her gentleness had endeared her to all. The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau Lagarde, visited her to

receive her last instructions. Madame Roland drew a ring from her finger, and said: 'To-morrow I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance cannot avail aught for me, and would but endanger you, without saving my life. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard.'

When led to the tribunal, she attired herself in white, as a symbol of her innocence. She had been refused the means of dressing her long dark hair, which fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders, increasing the more than common loveliness of her appearance. Her bearing before the tribunal was firm and full of dignity. Witnesses, by whom nothing could be proved, were called against her. One of these was a lady, her daughter's governess, who, greatly alarmed for her own life, consented to speak against Madame Roland, from whom, whilst attending her daughter's education, she had received every mark of kindness and attention, being, moreover, intrusted with a thousand francs a month (£40) to distribute to the poor. What she said, although it tended to criminate Madame Roland, was vague and unsatisfactory. But a touching contrast to this base ingratitude was offered by the faithful female servant already alluded to, whom neither threats nor persuasions could induce to say anything prejudicial to her mistress.

Madame Roland's defence, which she composed herself, has been deservedly pronounced by Alison, the historian, one of the most touching things of the whole French Revolution. 'The accusation against me,' she remarked, 'is founded wholly on the supposition of my being an accomplice with men called conspirators; yet although I cannot be called upon to give an account of my private affections, I may glory in them as I do in the whole course of my conduct, and I have nothing to conceal from the world.' Alluding to her refusal to escape, she said: 'I was earnestly conjured to escape from my prison, and received offers of assistance to convey me to whatever place I should think proper. I was deterred from accepting these offers from considerations both of duty and of honour. Of duty, because I would not injure those to whose care I was committed; of honour, since in all cases I should prefer exposing myself to the consequences of every possible vexation, rather than incur the appearances of guilt by a flight unworthy of my character. . . . It would have been easy for me to have avoided this trial, which I foresaw; but I thought it more becoming to meet it. I thought that I owed this example to my country. I thought that if I should be condemned, I should leave to my tyrants the odium of sacrificing a woman who had no other crime than perhaps some talents, of which she seldom availed herself; great zeal for the interests of mankind; courage to adhere to her unfortunate friends; and to render homage to truth at the hazard of her life. Those who have true greatness of soul throw away selfish feelings, remember that

they belong only to the species, and look to futurity for their reward. . . . I await my sentence. When innocence mounts the scaffold, to which it is condemned by error or wickedness, it reaches the goal of triumph. May I be the last victim that shall be sacrificed! I shall leave with joy this unhappy land, which is destroying the good, and drinking in the blood of the just. . . . God of Heaven! enlighten this unhappy people, for whose liberty I breathe my warmest vows! Liberty!—to those great souls it eminently belongs who despise death, and who can meet it with courage; but it was not formed for those weak minds who compound with crime, while they conceal their self-love and their cowardice under the name of prudence. It was not formed for those profligate men who, creeping forth from a sink of wretchedness, run and bathe in the blood that streams from the scaffold. But it is the guardian of a wise and humane people, who practise justice, despise flatterers, know their true friends, and revere truth.'

The simple eloquent appeal from which the above passages are quoted, availed but little. It proved her innocence. The only crime imputed to her was her friendship for the Girondins—but this did not soften her obdurate tyrants. Finding she could not be implicated otherwise, the president asked her whether she was not aware of her husband's place of refuge. She replied that, whether she knew it or not, she would not reveal it; and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature. Upon this she was condemned. On her sentence being read to her, she rose and said: 'You judge me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness upon the scaffold.' On her return to the prison, she passed beneath the narrow portal with a rapidity which almost seemed to betoken joy; and, by a sign, she informed the other prisoners of her condemnation. The remainder of the day she spent in great composure and serenity of mind. She had opium in her possession; but although she might, by taking it, have escaped a fearful death on the scaffold, she nobly and rightly disdained to commit suicide, and resolved to submit to her fate, however bitter it might be. Her last recorded thoughts are full of solemn grandeur and dignity. They conclude by a touching and final farewell to life, and all that she had most loved on earth. Besides this, she wrote several letters; one to her devoted servant, who, at the risk of life, still remained true to her mistress, and gave her the most touching proofs of affection; another to her daughter, and which, though short, is fraught with maternal tenderness and feeling. 'Be worthy of thy parents,' says she at the end of this letter; 'they bequeath thee great examples, and if thou knowest how to profit by them, thine shall not be a useless life.' This daughter, having succeeded in escaping the notice of the revolutionary tyrants, subsequently married the son of Champagneux, the

same who received from Madame Roland her *Memoirs*, and gave her in her prison every mark of attachment.

On being led to the scaffold, Madame Roland's firmness did not desert her, and she was called upon to give a singular proof of courage and generosity. She was accompanied to the place of execution by a man destined to share her fate, but who evinced an unutterable horror for the fearful death which awaited him. In her attentions to this hapless man, and in her endeavour to inspire him with courage, Madame Roland was unremitting, and partly successful.

At the guillotine, when more than one person is executed, the first who dies is at least spared the fearful and lingering torture of beholding the death of the others. This was therefore considered a privilege, and had been granted to Madame Roland as a woman. But seeing the terror of her companion, she said to him: 'Go first; let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood shed.' She then turned to the executioner, and begged that this sad indulgence might be granted to her fellow-sufferer. The man hesitated, telling her that he had received orders that she should perish first. 'But you cannot, I am sure,' said she with a smile, 'refuse the last request of a lady?' Her request was at once complied with. When her turn came to ascend the scaffold, Madame Roland gazed on the gigantic statue of Liberty, which, as though in bitter mockery, had been placed near the guillotine; and bowing gravely before it, pronounced the memorable words: 'O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'

Thus, on the 9th November 1793, died this heroic and hapless woman, worthy, by her talents and virtues, of a better fate. She perished the victim of tyranny, at the age of thirty-nine, though she appeared much younger.

It is said that, when in the fatal cart, and on her way to the scaffold, such were the unusual emotions which filled her breast, that she asked for pens and paper to write. The request was refused; but Champagneux, who relates this anecdote, says he is convinced that, had it been granted, she would have written at the foot of the scaffold with as much composure and serenity of mind as in her study. Her death filled all those who had known her with deep grief. On learning it for the first time, Buzot the Girondin, and her intimate friend, was delirious for several days. Her faithful female servant presented herself before the revolutionary tribunal which had condemned her mistress, and asked to die on the same scaffold on which she had perished. Such were the transports of her grief, that the sanguinary jury, who daily doomed so many to death, declared that she was mad, and dismissed her as such. A man named Lecocq, who had been employed by Madame Roland in some menial capacity, and who had conceived the most devoted attachment for her, appeared also before the

tribunal, and made the same application; but which in his case met with success. He was condemned, and immediately guillotined.

Madame Roland had foretold that her husband would not survive her; nor was she mistaken. He was, at the time of her death, concealed in the house of a friend near Rouen. The news of her fatal end filled him with grief and despair. He immediately resolved to die; nor could the persuasions and entreaties of his friends dissuade him from putting his project into execution. His first intention was to go immediately to Paris, appear in the Convention, and there, after solemnly upbraiding the Mountaineers with the murder of his wife, either perish by their hands, or die like her on the scaffold. But on reflecting that if he were judicially put to death, his property would become forfeited to the state, and his only child be left destitute, he resolved to perish by his own hand. Not to endanger the safety of those persons to whose kindness he owed his present asylum, he left their house, and, after bidding them a last and affectionate farewell, proceeded alone along the road which leads from Rouen to Paris. Some passengers found him the next morning seated at the foot of a tree, leaning against it, and quite dead. He had stabbed himself to the heart. So calm and composed were his look and attitude, that several persons had passed him, thinking him to be merely asleep. A strange chance ordained that, when he was found, Legendre the Mountaineer should be passing on his way to Rouen. This Legendre, although now a member of the National Convention, had, until lately, been a butcher; and it was in this capacity that he had first been known to Roland, who was one of his customers, and who treated him with great kindness, which several times shewed itself by important services his high post left it in his power to render. But, far from feeling any gratitude for this kind behaviour, Legendre, who was a man of a low and sanguinary disposition, no sooner was a member of the National Convention, than he became one of Roland's bitterest enemies.

Instead of shewing any feeling of compunction or pity on beholding the dead body of the man to whom he owed so much, he gave vent to the most shocking demonstrations of triumph and exultation. A curate of the neighbourhood, who happened to be present, declared that his actions and language were too fearful to relate. After despoiling the corpse of the unfortunate Roland of all the papers which he found upon him, Legendre went off in triumph. Amongst these papers, which have thus been lost, was a letter addressed by Roland to the persons who might find his body after death, and in which, besides stating that he had been unable to survive the murder of his wife, he earnestly conjured them to respect the last remains of a man who, although he thus now miserably perished, had devoted his life to the rigid exercise of every social duty, and, above all, to the good of his country.

Such was the end of Roland. Although, by committing suicide,

it must be confessed that he rendered himself guilty of a highly reprehensible and criminal act, yet some excuse for him may be found in his despair on hearing of the death of his wife—whom he most tenderly loved—and in the excited, if not deranged state of mind, news so terrible might well bring on.

Having thus seen perish the unfortunate Madame Roland and the Girondins who had been arrested, we turn to an account of those who, having escaped from Paris, were wandering through the provinces in quest of places of security.

THE FUGITIVE GIRONDINS.

After the decree of accusation passed against the Girondins in consequence of the events of the 31st May 1793, those amongst them who had determined to effect their escape remained for some time concealed in Paris, but soon left it, to seek a refuge in the department of the Calvados (Normandy), which they reached after innumerable difficulties. Buzot, Barbaroux, and Gorsas were now together at Caen, and might be considered chiefs of the insurrection which was preparing in that town, and by which it was hoped to overthrow the tyranny of the Mountaineers. Louvet, Pétion, and Guadet joined them towards the end of June. Guadet arrived in Caen, disguised as an upholsterer's journeyman : he was greatly fatigued, having walked twenty-two leagues in one day, through fields and bypaths, and thus succeeded in eluding his pursuers.

A number of the departments of France coalesced in favour of the Girondins. They raised troops, and adopted vigorous measures to insure the success of their efforts against the Mountaineers. General Wimpfen was named commander-in-chief of the forces of Brittany and Normandy; but his inaction proved the ruin of the cause he had been chosen to defend. The shameful defeat of the officer Puisaye, who allowed himself to be beaten at Vernon by the Mountaineer forces, discouraged the troops, and it was resolved to disband them, and to discontinue a war in which there was little profit and less glory. This disappointment was not the only one the Girondins were to suffer. On returning one day from a disheartening interview with General Wimpfen, they found affixed to the gates of the Intendance —one of the public buildings of Caen in which they lodged—the decree passed against them on the 2d of June, and which declared them to be outlawed. The regiments of Brittany were then on the point of leaving Caen. They heard of the insults which the Girondins had received, and, thinking rightly that Caen was no longer a safe place for them, they immediately proposed that the Girondins should accompany them, as volunteers, to Brittany, whither they were then returning: an offer which was willingly accepted. They left Caen the next morning, divided into three troops, each of which accompanied one of the three battalions of the regiment. They walked

with the soldiers, sharing their humble meals, and putting up, like them, calmly and cheerfully with the many inconveniences of a soldier's life. When they had reached Fougères, the three battalions were obliged to separate: each of them was anxious to keep their persecuted friends; but as this was impossible, the Girondins decided on following the fortunes of the battalion of the Finistère—a course which later events proved to have been the best they could adopt.

After a narrow escape in passing through the town of Dol, where they would undoubtedly have been seized but for the bravery of the battalion, they arrived safely at Dinan, where they were enthusiastically received. It may easily be imagined that, being little accustomed to such violent exercise as they had lately undergone, the Girondins slept soundly that night. They were awakened early in the morning by the noise of a quarrel which had arisen amongst the soldiers. The cause of it was this: some of the volunteers of the Finistère becoming alarmed for their own safety and that of their friends, declared to their companions that the Girondins must no longer accompany them; but the others, feeling all the odium which such conduct was likely to bring upon them, energetically refused to consent to this arrangement, and they were at the height of the altercation when the Girondins interfered. On learning the cause of the quarrel, they immediately and unanimously resolved to set out alone from Dinan; and no entreaties could make them change this resolution. All the Finistèriens united in making them offers of service and money, which the Girondins, although destitute of means, refused to accept. The only offer to which they consented was that which was made for completing their equipment as volunteers; for as this was most essential to their safety, they agreed to it. The best arms of the whole battalion were given them; and they were, moreover, provided with six armed guides, and passes signed by one of the officers. All their arrangements being completed, they set out for Quimper,* a town forty leagues distant, and which they had to reach through bad roads and a tract of country full of Jacobins.

Their little troop now consisted, besides the six guides, of Pétion, Barbaroux, Salles, Buzot and his servant, Louvet, and several others —making nineteen in all. Those who had escaped from Paris, and who were not with them, were Lanjuinais, Guadet (who, being a slow walker, and having remained behind, had not left Dinan with them, and proceeded alone to Quimper without being recognised), Valady and a friend who afterwards joined them, and Duchâtel and Kerveglan, who had preceded them to Quimper, where they were to prepare lodgings for them.

After many vicissitudes and escapes, they approached Quimper, and were taken to a peasant's house in the neighbourhood of that

* Quimper is a seaport, situated at the juncture of the rivers Eir and Odet, near the southern extremity of the Bay of Biscay.

town, where the refreshment they so much needed was procured for them; but as they could not stay in this place, Kerveglan's friend led them to the curate of the neighbourhood, with whom they remained concealed for that day. Towards evening they set out for Quimper, and separated, some of them never to meet again. Salles, Cussy, and Girey Duprez went to Kerveglan's house; Buzot was concealed near the town; Pétion and Guadet somewhere in the country not far from Quimper; whilst Riouffe, Barbaroux, and Louvet entered the town, where they escaped observation until they luckily succeeded in procuring a small brig, the captain of which engaged to convey them along the coast privately, with several of their friends, to the department of the Gironde, where, as Guadet, who was a native of Saint Emilion, near Bordeaux, assured them, they could not fail of being enthusiastically received. Those who acceded to this plan were Barbaroux, Buzot, Guadet, Pétion, Salles, Louvet, Valady and his friend.

The brig conveyed them to a place named Bec d'Ambès, in the Gironde, where a friend of Guadet then resided. They were no sooner landed than Guadet called at the house of his friend, who happened not to be at home. Whilst waiting, he proceeded with his companions to the next inn, and imprudently told his name. After taking some refreshment, they returned to the house, in which, being now admitted, they made themselves at home. But whilst at the inn, they had gathered information which, though Guadet declared that it could not be true, seriously alarmed them. It was confidently asserted that Bordeaux was in the power of the Jacobins, and that the town, in which they had hoped to be able to announce themselves openly, was so wholly submissive to the Mountaineers, that there was little, if any, chance of their finding in it a single place of refuge. Guadet, accompanied by Pétion, immediately resolved to go to Bordeaux, and examine into the truth of this report. He soon came back, to confess that the reality was even worse than they had imagined; but again left them to seek a refuge for all in Saint Emilion, where his family resided. It was agreed that his friends should remain at the country-house, and there wait till he sent for them.

It happened that the innkeeper, their neighbour, was a fierce Jacobin, who, guessing what they were, determined to betray them. The preparations made to arrest them could not escape their notice. They immediately barricaded themselves in their abode, resolved to resist to the utmost. They were six in number, and their arms consisted of fourteen pistols, five sabres, and one gun. The gun and pistols they loaded, and calmly awaited an attack. Louvet and Barbaroux kept watch the whole night, but without being disturbed. The next day passed off, to their great surprise, as peacefully; but towards evening a messenger from Guadet arrived, stating that he had found a hiding-place for *two* only, and inviting them to lose

no time in deciding which of their number these two should be. All declared that they would not accept of safety which was not for the whole of them, and immediately resolved to leave the house, trusting to Providence for the rest. They set out with a guide as secretly as possible, and as they reached the boat which was to convey them up the course of the Garonne, four hundred men, with two pieces of cannon, besieged the house they had just left, but found, to their great surprise and disappointment, that their intended captives had escaped.

When they fancied themselves far enough from their pursuers, the Girondins landed, and after some consultation, separated. Louvet, Barbaroux, Valady and his friend, decided on going back to Paris; Pétion and Buzot trusted for their safety to chance; whilst Guadet and Salles wandered towards the Landes (broad sandy wastes), in the hope of finding some hiding-place. We will follow the first in their adventures.

They resolved to pass for tradesmen travelling on business; a pretence little likely to serve through a whole country which they had to cross, and where Barbaroux was well known by a countenance as remarkable as it was handsome. On the first night they lost their way, from a natural unwillingness for questioning strangers. Whilst they were in this dilemma, Barbaroux perceived a small parsonage, and immediately proposed to knock at the door, and inquire the road to the nearest town. The priest himself opened to them, and, after answering their questions, and looking at them attentively, said: 'Come, confess it; you are good people in trouble?' It would have been useless to deny what there was little danger in acknowledging, and, without discovering themselves, they answered affirmatively. The worthy man immediately bade them enter, and when they were within, the tired wanderers experienced such a welcome as the traveller received of yore from the patriarchs. But on learning the names of his guests, both the joy and anxiety of their host increased. He was delighted that Barbaroux, with whose name he was familiar, was one of them; nor could he disguise his uneasiness, much more on their account than on his own. He determined, however, at all risks, to shelter them as long as possible. This, unfortunately, was only for a few days. The rumour that the priest had persons concealed in his house was spread in the village, and soon gained ground. To his grief, he was reluctantly compelled to dismiss his visitors; but, unwilling to do this without at the same time providing them with some other place of refuge, he found means, by interceding for them with a friend, to get them concealed in a hay-loft, which proved but an indifferent abode after the comforts of his own house.

This loft had a few days before been filled with new hay, and in this Louvet, Barbaroux, and Valady (Valady's friend had left them whilst they were at the priest's) were obliged to hide, without even

being able to keep their heads free or uncovered; the loft being open to everybody, whilst two persons only were acquainted with the fact of their presence in it. The hay being newly mowed, it was intolerably warm, and the heat they were obliged to endure, although it was now October, was increased by the want of air. For three days the hapless Girondins were forgotten by their host, and being afraid to go out, they neither tasted any kind of food nor wetted their lips. At the end of the third day they were informed that their presence was suspected, and that they must leave the loft immediately. The night was both wet and cold, and they were obliged to pass it in a wood, where they were drenched to the skin. Early the next morning the good priest came to look for them, and moved with compassion at the sight of their wretched state, insisted on taking them home with him, where he concealed them in another loft, from which they could easily escape into the fields.

Meanwhile, Salles and Guadet, after having been thirty times refused an asylum, found one under the roof of Guadet's sister-in-law, Madame Bouquey, a lady who, with her husband, had left Paris on purpose to afford the fugitive Girondins a shelter. She lived in Saint Emilion, and her house communicated with the extensive caverns and grottos which abound in that place. In one of these grottos—which could only be reached by a kind of well thirty feet deep—Salles and Guadet were concealed. On hearing of the wretched state of Barbaroux, Louvet, and Valady, she immediately said: 'Let them come.' The only condition she imposed was, that they should not arrive till midnight. They accordingly left the good priest, and passed the night in the house of one of his friends, another priest, by whom they were most kindly received. Their feet, swollen with fatigue, were bathed in warm water; their hair and beards, which had grown long during their wanderings, trimmed and shaved; and instead of that which they had been compelled to wear for many a day, dry and clean linen was substituted, and every other kindness and attention shewn to them.

From this house they proceeded to Madame Bouquey's, where they were no less kindly received. In a few days they learned that Buzot and Pétion had, within a fortnight, been compelled to change their asylum seven times. 'Let them come,' again exclaimed Madame Bouquey, whose generous feelings would never allow her to consider the risk she ran. They came, and once more the whole seven found themselves united. But notwithstanding the efforts of their kind hostess, they were but indifferently fed. She received, as her allowance, a pound of bread a day, such being then the scarcity in France. They accordingly slept till twelve o'clock, to spare a breakfast, and their dinner consisted of a soup made of vegetables. The day they spent in the grottos; and it was only at night that this generous woman, who, with the exception of Guadet, hardly knew them, could admit them into her own house, then securely closed,

and where they found everything which she could imagine to contribute to their comfort, after the cheerless day they had passed. Although surrounded with persons who were dreadfully alarmed at the proximity of the Girondins, and who earnestly urged her to forego her dangerous humanity, Madame Bouquey's generous purpose of saving them was not shaken.

But soon, and to her deep grief, this kind-hearted woman was compelled to part from her guests. The importunities of her family at length prevailed, and once more the wanderers were sent adrift. Buzot, in his *Memoirs*, which he began at Madame Bouquey's house, and which have been preserved, describes their miserable condition. They were not only extremely poor, but were scarcely provided with clothes. Barbaroux, Buzot, and Pétion went away together, they knew not whither; Guadet, Salles, Valady, and Louvet were equally ignorant of their destination. Their parting, which many reasons contributed to render affecting, took place in November 1793, a few days after the death of Madame Roland. Soon afterwards Valady resolved to leave his companions, and to proceed alone on his journey. A melancholy foreboding seemed to hang over him. As he slowly departed, his friends often looked sadly back after him, until his form disappeared in the gloom of the night, and the sound of his distant footsteps might no longer be heard. In a few days he was taken, and executed.

It was night, and the rain poured down in such torrents, that Louvet and his companions were soon wet through. Guadet then bethought him of a lady who was deeply indebted to him, and who had ever begged of him to consider her as his best friend. She lived not far off, and they immediately proceeded towards her house. When the servant opened the door to them, he feigned not to recognise Guadet, with whose person he was quite familiar. Guadet sent in his name; the lady refused to see him; he remonstrated, urging the almost fainting state of Louvet from a hurt leg, and begging to be at least admitted for a few hours, that they might warm their limbs. A refusal was once more returned. Louvet, whose anguish was increased by fatigue, now swooned away. Guadet knocked again at the inhospitable door, and in the name of humanity asked for some vinegar to restore his friend. It was also refused. Louvet at length recovered, and, after proceeding a little farther, declared that he would return to Paris, and no longer remain in the Gironde, where they were so ill used; and all the entreaties of his friends could not change his resolution.

From this moment the fortunes of the Girondins were separated. Guadet, with his friend Salles, found a refuge in the house of his father, but only for a short time. It happened that three Girondins, Biroteau, Cussy, and Grangeneuve, had been arrested some time before in Bordeaux, and executed. This immediately led the revolutionary agents to suspect that the rest were concealed in Saint

Emilion. They ordered a search in the grottos; and they had inhabitants of the place, and even dogs, to assist them; but their search proved ineffectual. They also examined the house of Guadet's father, and in doing this, had reason to suspect there was a hiding-place. The sound of the snapping of a pistol confirmed their suspicions. Further concealment was useless; and Guadet and Salles, who were hidden within, immediately cried out that they would surrender. They were at once arrested, and with them Guadet's father, his brother, and an old aunt who lived in the house. Guadet and Salles were guillotined the next day at Bordeaux. Salles's last letter to his wife, whom he left destitute, and with three children, dependent on the charity of a good priest of Brittany, is most touching, and breathes the tenderest affection. Both behaved with uncommon firmness. Guadet addressed the crowd; but the drums, which were purposely beaten, prevented him from being heard, with the exception of his last words: 'Citizens, you behold the last of your faithful representatives.' They died on the 19th of June 1794.

Buzot, Barbaroux, and Pétion were meanwhile in the house of a priest of Saint Emilion; but he being unfortunately unable to conceal them long, sent word to Madame Bouquey that she must find some other hiding-place for her friends. The good lady was much perplexed, until she thought at last of a very humane and honest man, a hairdresser, in whom she knew she could confide. 'I daresay,' said she, 'that Baptiste Troquart [such was his name] would keep them for some time.' Guadet's brother—this was before the arrest of Salles and Guadet—broke the subject to the hairdresser, who instantly agreed to receive them. This worthy man readily undertook, without prospect of remuneration, to conceal and attend to the wants of the three fugitives. They remained three months with him, receiving during that time every mark of kindness and attention. After working all day, Troquart would go out at night to find food for them, which, on account of the great scarcity of provisions, was no easy task. After long escaping the vigilance of the local authorities, their host received notice of the death of Guadet and Salles, and of domiciliary visits which daily took place in the neighbourhood. In short, it soon became evident that if the Girondins valued their lives, or his safety, they had no time to lose in effecting their escape. They left his house at night, accepting from him a loaf of bread, which was all that he could give. With this they set forward, ignorant where to go, but resolved never to be taken alive. The next morning, when they were in the vicinity of Castillon, in a cornfield, they perceived a vast crowd, occasioned by a fair in the neighbourhood, but which, at a distance, they mistook for battalions sent to arrest them. Barbaroux immediately endeavoured to blow out his brains, but only wounded himself in the attempt. The sound of the report of the pistol drew a woman to the spot, who gave the

alarm, and Barbaroux, still living, though insensible, was conveyed to Bordeaux, where, his identity having been ascertained before the revolutionary tribunal, he was immediately guillotined, 25th June 1794. Two days afterwards, the bodies of Pétion and Buzot were found in the corn-field, half devoured by wolves. It is gratifying to add that, a few weeks later, the Reign of Terror came to an end in the fall of Robespierre and his miserable companions. When this happy event took place, a general rejoicing prevailed throughout France. The prisons rang with songs, and people embraced each other in a species of intoxication. The activity of the guillotine was now suspended, and calm inquiry succeeded to a period of dire injustice and disorder. Those who had been in dread to speak their mind, even to their nearest relations, now commented freely on the state of public affairs. Unfortunately, before this resumption of reason and order, the excellent Madame Bouquey perished on the scaffold, with almost every member of her family. Her death, however, was to be attributed more to her relationship with Guadet, than to her hospitality towards his companions.

Such was the end of the Girondins. They almost all died on the scaffold: some of them betrayed by treacherous friends, like Rabaut St Etienne; and others, like Valady, through their own rashness. Several, amongst whom was Louvet, survived those eventful times; but few were ever afterwards concerned in public affairs.

The Gironde party became now, in every sense of the word, extinct. France was unworthy of them: it had not the intelligence or the heroism to defend them. Their fate has shewn us the *utter folly of trusting to theories in a revolution.* Commencing with the best intentions, they hastened the fall of monarchy, and fanned a flame which finally and remorselessly devoured them. In proportion as the discord of the Revolution increased, their sentiments became more distasteful to the multitude, which, with passions aroused, could not appreciate principles of moderation. After their fall from power, and the execution of twenty-two of their number, the Dantonists, or party next moderate in degree, tried to quell the violence that had been produced; and they also fell, and were exterminated, leaving the Terrorists for a time in unquestioned authority; and it was only when the most extreme likewise perished, that, as above mentioned, a public calm was restored. We know of no page in history so well calculated to render men patient under real or fancied wrongs, as that which recounts this ferocious struggle. What could afford a more striking lesson of the necessity for keeping in all cases within the bounds of constitutional moderation? Let us, with these remarks, draw a veil over the errors of the Girondins, whose heroic endurance of suffering in the day of adversity may be supposed to expiate failings which, arising from ignorance and good intention, are not without excuse.



THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE most distinctly marked epoch in the history of our island is the conquest of England by the Normans in the end of the eleventh century. This period of British history has recently received much attention from historians; and perhaps the following brief narrative, in which we adopt the spirit, and avail ourselves of the investigations, of these historians, may be of popular service.

At the dawn of history our island was inhabited by different Celtic or Gaelic races. About the commencement of the Christian era the Romans invaded it, and having conquered the greater part of it, kept possession of it for four hundred years, governing and civilising the inhabitants. In the year 410, however, the Roman armies were called out of Britain, their services being required to assist in repelling the invasion of the German or barbarian races, which were pouring in upon the central parts of the Roman empire. Thus abandoned by the Romans, the island was for some time in a state of confusion, owing to the inroads which the Scots and Picts of the north, who had not been softened by intercourse with the Romans, were constantly making upon the Cambrians and Logrians of the south, who, though belonging to the same original stock with themselves, had, in consequence of Roman influence, lost much of their native wildness of character. Not able to defend themselves against the Scots and Picts, the Cambrians and Logrians invited the assistance of Hengst and Horsa, two German corsairs, who,

roving the seas in quest of booty, chanced to land on the coast of Kent. Hengst and Horsa quickly brought into England an army of their own countrymen from that part of the continent which we now call Denmark; and these being followed by others of the same race from the Netherlands and Gaul, the island, in the course of sixty or seventy years, was overrun by a new population of Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, and the original Celtic inhabitants were pushed before them, and cooped up in a few corners, into which it was difficult to pursue them. The new inhabitants of England were gradually converted to Christianity by missionaries from Rome. For nearly three hundred years they remained broken up into six or seven separate little kingdoms or provinces; but at length, about the end of the ninth century, they were incorporated into one monarchy, called the kingdom of the Anglo-Saxons. This kingdom included all that we now call England, except a considerable portion in the north called Northumbria, which had been seized by the Danish and Norwegian pirates or sea-kings, who were then the terror of the north of Europe. The inhabitants of this part of England were called Anglo-Danes, to distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxons. About the year 934, however, Ethelstan, king of the Anglo-Saxons, the grandson of Alfred the Great, gained a great victory over the Anglo-Danish king, and incorporated the whole country, from the Tweed to Land's End, into one kingdom, called *England*, divided no longer into separate states, but into a number of shires or counties, as at present. Still, the animosity between the two populations—the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Danish—continued, and many attempts were made by the Anglo-Danes to obtain the sovereignty of the island. They at last effected it under Sweyn or Sweno, a Danish sea-king, who came across the German Ocean with a large fleet, and, after many battles, succeeded, in 1013, in driving the Anglo-Saxon king, Ethelred, out of the country, and assuming the crown himself. The expelled king, Ethelred, with his two sons, took refuge in the dominions of Richard, Duke of Normandy, in France, whose sister he had married—a step which, as will afterwards appear, was followed by very unforeseen consequences.

The Danish king, Sweyn, dying in 1014, and his son Knut, or Canute, not being able immediately to seize the vacant throne, Ethelred again obtained temporary possession of a part of England. In 1016, however, he too died, and his Anglo-Saxon subjects chose as his successor his natural son, Edmund Ironside, passing over his two legitimate children, Alfred and Edward, who were then at their uncle's court in Normandy. For a while the struggle lasted between the two rivals for the throne—Edmund the Anglo-Saxon, and Canute the Dane—and many battles were fought with various success. In one of these battles, the Danes having been defeated, and forced to flee, one of their principal captains, named Ulf, lost his

way in the woods. After wandering all night, he met at daybreak a young peasant driving a herd of oxen, whom he saluted, and asked his name. 'I am Godwin, the son of Ulfnoth,' said the young peasant, 'and thou art a Dane.' Thus obliged to confess who he was, Ulf begged the young Saxon to shew him his way to the Severn, where the Danish ships were at anchor. 'It is foolish in a Dane,' replied the peasant, 'to expect such a service from a Saxon; and, besides, the way is long, and the country people are all in arms.' The Danish chief drew off a gold ring from his finger, and gave it to the shepherd as an inducement to be his guide. The young Saxon looked at it for an instant with great earnestness, and then returned it, saying: 'I will take nothing from thee, but I will try to conduct thee.' Leading him to his father's cottage, he concealed him there during the day, and when night came on, they prepared to depart together. As they were going, the old peasant said to Ulf: 'This is my only son Godwin, who risks his life for thee. He cannot return among his countrymen again; take him, therefore, and present him to thy king, Canute, that he may enter into his service.' The Dane promised, and kept his word. The young Saxon peasant was well received in the Danish camp, and rising from step to step by the force of his talents, he afterwards became known over all England as the great Earl Godwin.

After the death of Edmund Ironside, Canute became sole king of England, over which he ruled with firmness and ability till 1035—the stability of his government having been secured by the prudent precaution of marrying the Norman princess Emma or Alfghive, the widow of the deceased Ethelred, and the mother of the two Saxon princes whose claims to the throne he feared. These two princes, still residing in Normandy, were apparently shut out from all hope of ever succeeding to the throne of their ancestors; for their mother having born a son to her new husband Canute, this son, whose name was Hardicanute, was left heir on his father's death. Hardicanute, however, found a rival in Harold, another of Canute's sons, and for some time the two brothers contended for the crown. Alfred, one of the two sons of the Saxon Ethelred, thinking to take advantage of the confusion arising from this contest, landed in England with a number of Norman followers, and gained some successes; but was afterwards abandoned by his party, and treacherously murdered, at the instigation, some said, of Earl Godwin, the peasant's son, now governor of a province. Of the two rival brothers, Harold was at first successful; but when he died, Hardicanute ascended the throne without opposition. His death took place in 1041; and now Earl Godwin, who was the most powerful and popular personage in the kingdom, resolved to free his country from the government of the Danes, and restore tranquillity and order by recalling Edward from Normandy, the remaining son of Ethelred. Godwin might, apparently, with little difficulty, have become king himself; but his

motives were those of a great mind, anxious not for personal aggrandisement, but for the welfare of the nation. Accordingly, at a great council of the chief men of the kingdom, held at Gillingham, it was resolved, by his advice, to invite Edward to come over and assume his father's crown; on condition, however, of his bringing with him as few Normans as possible.

In 1042, Edward returned to his native land, and was consecrated king in the cathedral of Winchester. One of his first acts was to marry Edith or Ethelswith, the daughter of the peasant's son to whom he owed his kingdom. The beauty and the sweetness of this princess, as well as her love of learning, are celebrated in the chronicles of the time. 'I have seen her many times in my childhood,' says the monk Ingulphus, 'when I went to visit my father, who was employed in the king's palace. If she met me returning from school, she would question me in my grammar, or my verses, or my logic, in which she was very skilful; and when she had drawn me into the labyrinth of some subtle argument, she never failed to give me three or four crowns through the hands of her woman, and send me to take refreshment in the pantry.' 'Godwin,' the people said in their songs, contrasting the austerity of the father with the sweetness of the daughter, 'is the parent of Editha, as the thorn is of the rose.'

For a time all was peace and prosperity. Supported by the wise counsels of his father-in-law Godwin, and the immense power which he and his five sons, Harold, Sweyn, Tostig, Gurth, and Leofwin, wielded over the affections of the people, Edward rectified what was wrong in the state, established good laws, and earned for himself a reputation which outlasted his life, and appeared long afterwards in the deep feeling with which people talked of the happy state of England during the reign of the pious Edward the Confessor. Edward, however, could not root out the affections which thirty years' residence in Normandy had implanted in his heart; and forgetting the promise attached to his acceptance of the crown, he began to admit Norman strangers into the kingdom. The high offices of state were conferred on foreigners who had no interest of birth in the country. Fortresses were placed in the hands of Norman captains; Norman priests were promoted to vacant bishoprics; and the king's palace was filled with Norman favourites. The Anglo-Saxon language became unfashionable at Edward's court, so that even old Saxon nobles tried to learn Norman; Saxon mantles were laid aside for Norman short coats; and the very form of handwriting which the Normans practised was studiously imitated. In vain did the people murmur; in vain did Godwin and his sons try to resist the tide of Norman influence; the evil increased to such an extent, that Normans, on arriving in England, felt as if they were still in their own country. Before detailing the consequences which resulted from this conduct of Edward, it is necessary to give our

readers a brief account of the origin and history of this singular people the Normans.

THE NORMANS IN FRANCE.

The Normans, though we are accustomed to regard them as Frenchmen, were, as their name *Nor-mans* or *Northmen* indicates, originally of the same Teutonic stock as the Angles, Danes, and Saxons. In the end of the ninth century, there ruled over Norway a king called Harold Harfagher, or Harold with the Beautiful Hair, who set himself resolutely to destroy the system of piracy which the Scandinavian chiefs had practised for several centuries in all parts of the North Sea. Within his own dominions he attempted to enforce regulations for preventing the oppressive exactions of the nobles, especially for abolishing the custom of *strandhug*, as it was called, by which a chief, when he was in want of provisions for his ships, used to land on the nearest coast, and seize what he wanted without payment. One of the most eminent of Harold's subjects was Rognvald, who had a son called Rolf or Rollo, renowned for his valour, and so tall, that, not being able to find a horse of the small Norway breed large enough for him to ride, he used always to go on foot. Returning from an excursion, Rollo ventured one day to land on the coast of a remote province, and exercise his right of strandhug. Complaint was made to the king; and a council having been assembled, Rollo was banished from Norway. The young Norwegian, collecting some vessels, commenced the congenial life of a pirate or sea-king. Sailing round by the Hebrides, where he was joined by many of his countrymen whose circumstances were similar to his own, he descended upon the coasts of France. Ascending the Seine, the bold adventurers took possession of the towns of Rouen, Evreux, and Bayeux, and in a short time were masters of the whole surrounding district—the inhabitants of which, however, they treated with more consideration than is usual in conquest. Rollo was chosen king, a title afterwards superseded by the French one of duke; and for many years the little Scandinavian kingdom of Normandy continued independent of the rest of France. At length, in 912, Duke Rollo of Normandy and Charles the Simple of France had an interview, at which Rollo agreed to be the king's vassal for his territory of Normandy; in return for which Charles gave him the additional fief of Brittany, adjacent to Normandy, or rather gave him liberty to conquer it if he could, for Brittany did not acknowledge the French sovereignty. At this interview an incident occurred which will shew the spirit of the two parties and of the times. When Rollo was about to retire, he was told that he ought to kneel and kiss the king's foot, in token of vassalage. 'Kiss a man's foot!' replied the Norwegian with astonishment. Being told that it was a necessary and customary ceremony, Rollo at

length beckoned to one of his soldiers, and bade him kiss the king's foot in his stead. The soldier, laying hold of the king's leg, raised the foot to his mouth, and the king was thrown on his back, amid peals of laughter from the unmannerly Scandinavians.

Rollo and his Normans soon embraced Christianity; and their children, amalgamating with the native population of the province which they had conquered, lost their own language, and gradually acquired the *lingua Romana*, or French. In the course of a century this incorporation of the Normans with the natives was complete; the recollection of their Scandinavian origin was only preserved by the nobles; and the people of Norway and Denmark no longer recognised them as related to themselves by ties of kindred. In 1013, when Ethelred, the Anglo-Saxon king of England, took refuge, as before related, in the court of his brother-in-law Richard, the fourth in descent from Duke Rollo, French was the universal language of Normandy, and the Normans in all external respects were Frenchmen. Educated from their earliest years at this court, Alfred and Edward, the two sons of Ethelred, could not but contract a taste and liking for everything French; and when, in 1042, Edward was recalled to assume the crown of England, he was more a Norman than an Anglo-Saxon. Thirty years' residence in France must have made the language and the customs of his native country strange to him; and it was but natural that when his old Norman acquaintances came to pay their respects to him in England, he should give them a hearty welcome. The Normans, already noted for their restless and grasping disposition, availed themselves of Edward's weakness, as we have seen, and came over in great numbers.

THE NORMANS IN ENGLAND—THEIR EXPULSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Among the Frenchmen who came into England to visit Edward, was his brother-in-law Eustace, the hot-headed Count of Boulogne. In a frolic the count, riding armed with his men into the town of Dover, proceeded to insult the inhabitants, and to quarter themselves in the best houses they could find. One householder was bold enough to offer resistance; a Frenchman was killed in the fray; and his companions seeing this, drew their swords, galloped through the streets like madmen, striking at all they met, and trampling down women and children, till, being opposed by an armed body of citizens, nineteen of them were slain. The rest returned to Gloucester, where Edward was holding his court; and here Eustace, making his complaint to the king, demanded vengeance upon the inhabitants of Dover for the injury they had done him. Edward gave orders to his father-in-law, Earl Godwin, to go and chastise those insolent subjects who had dared to insult his guests. The earl, however, knew the facts of the case better, and told the king

that he ought to protect his subjects against the foreigners, rather than punish them in so hasty and summary a manner for what inquiry might prove to have been no crime at all. The king, enraged at this act of disobedience, and urged on by his Norman favourites, resolved to bring Godwin to trial, and the result was a contest between the sovereign and his subject, in which the latter was able, by his popularity, to bid the king defiance. At length Edward managed to assemble a parliament, and, by keeping troops in the neighbourhood to overawe it, to procure a sentence of banishment against Godwin and his sons. Obeying this decree, Godwin, his wife Ghitha, and his three sons, Sweyn, Gurth, and Tostig, embarked for Flanders, while the other two, Harold and Leofwin, took refuge in Ireland. The only member of this powerful family left in England was the Queen Edith; and, as if to complete their downfall, Edward was unmanly enough to allow her to be removed from the palace, and imprisoned in a cloister. 'It was not right,' his Norman associates said, 'that the daughter should sleep on a down bed, while her father and brothers were in exile.'

After the banishment of Godwin and his sons, the Normans poured in upon England in still greater numbers. A Norman, Robert of Jumiegès, became Archbishop of Canterbury, another Norman became Bishop of London; and Norman noblemen were appointed to all the highest posts of the kingdom. Among the crowd of Norman visitors who came into England about the year 1051, was one whose name was afterwards to be better known—William, the young Duke of Normandy, called at that time William the Bastard. William was the illegitimate son of the last Duke Robert, called, from his violent temper, Robert le Diable, by Arlète, a young girl, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise, whom he chanced to see one day washing linen in a brook. He was born in 1024, and brought up with all the honours of the duke's son. In 1031, when he was seven years of age, his father, Duke Robert, resolved to set out on a pilgrimage of penance to the Holy Land; but before he went, he made the Norman nobility elect young William their duke, and swear fealty to him as such. The boy, as he grew up, manifested a spirit worthy of the descendant of Rollo; ambitious, fierce, and even cruel, he had yet qualities which endeared him to his subjects in Normandy, and made them ready to follow him in any enterprise which he chose to engage in. From his earliest youth he had been occupied in war, especially against the neighbouring provinces of Anjou and Brittany. During the king of England's long exile in Normandy, he had of course become acquainted with the young duke his cousin; and indeed, during a portion of it, he had been indebted to him for liberty to reside in the country, William's accession to the dukedom having taken place ten years before Edward left Normandy. There was, therefore, nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of William's now paying a visit to the dominions of his former guest.

The visit, however, was attended by very important results. 'In riding through the land,' says the historian Thierry, 'the Duke of Normandy might have easily persuaded himself that he had not quitted his own dominions. The captains of the English fleet which received him at Dover were Normans; they were Norman soldiers who composed the garrison of the castle on the neighbouring cliffs; crowds of governors and dignified clergy who came to pay their respects to him were Normans; Edward's Norman favourites respectfully ranged themselves round their feudal chief, so that William appeared in England almost more a king than Edward himself.' All these circumstances conspired to nourish in the young duke's mind an idea which he had already begun to entertain, that, on the death of Edward, he might be his successor. No hint, however, escaped him of what was passing in his mind; and after enjoying the hospitalities of Edward for some time, he returned to Normandy.

Meanwhile the banished Godwin and his sons were not idle. In constant correspondence with the Anglo-Saxon party in England, they soon learned that the state of affairs there was favourable to their return. Accordingly, in 1052, raising some vessels at Bruges, they sailed for the coast of Kent, and after holding communication with the inhabitants, they ventured to land. Immediately finding themselves supported by the population, they marched towards London, and at length compelled Edward to consent to an assembly of the chiefs for revising the sentence of banishment which had been pronounced against them. This assembly reversed the sentence, and readmitted Godwin and his family into England, Edward and he giving each other hostages as a security for their future amicable conduct towards each other. Edward's wife, Edith, now resumed her honours as queen; and all the members of this powerful family were restored to their former dignities, except Sweyn, who, stung with remorse for some crimes which he had committed in his youth, one of which was the abduction of a nun, had resolved to atone for them by walking barefoot to Jerusalem. This painful pilgrimage he accomplished, but it cost him his life.

The Normans at the court of Edward had taken to horse, and fled at the first rumour of Godwin's reconciliation with the king; and in a short time there was not a Norman of consequence remaining in the island. Among the first to flee, as if for their lives, were Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Bishop of London. They and their followers embarked in some fishing-boats, which carried them to France; and so hurried had been their flight, that the archbishop left behind him his *pallium*, the symbol of archiepiscopal authority with which the pope had invested him. A few Normans, special favourites of the king, were, contrary to Godwin's advice, permitted to return to England; but a sentence of banishment was pronounced against the rest, as enemies to the public peace and to

the English nation. Stigand, the Saxon Bishop of East Anglia, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other places vacated by the Normans were in like manner given to Anglo-Saxons.

Thus was England for a time cleared of the Normans. The expelled Normans, however, especially the expelled Norman clergy, were dangerous enemies. Robert, the ex-archbishop of Canterbury, immediately bent his steps towards Rome, then the centre of the intrigues of all the nations of Christendom. Here he laid his complaint before the pope and the cardinals, demanding a sentence against the Anglo-Saxon Stigand, who had been intruded into his archbishopric. The papal court was at that time very willing to receive a complaint against the English, who, since the death of Hardicanute, had neglected to pay the tax of Peter's pence, imposed by Canute in token of his reverence for the Romish Church. Rome, therefore, at this time received no money from England except what was offered in private donations. The Norman priest's complaint was accordingly listened to with attention; and the College of Cardinals having decided that Stigand was guilty of a crime in retaining the *pallium* which Robert had left in his flight, letters were granted to Robert by Pope Stephen X. declaring him to be the true and lawful Archbishop of Canterbury. Stephen's successor, the antipope Benedict X., during his short papacy, seemed disposed to favour the Anglo-Saxons; but Norman influence again prevailed under the papacy of Nicholas II., which commenced in 1059. The man who appears to have been most efficient in stirring up the wrath of the papal court against the English was Lanfranc, a monk of Lombard origin, celebrated for his learning and abilities, who was then at Rome on a mission from Normandy connected with the marriage of the Norman duke with his cousin Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders. Lanfranc seems to have suggested to the pope and the heads of the Romish clergy the idea of regaining their ancient footing in England by means of the Normans, whose duke might one day, he said, sit upon the Anglo-Saxon throne. There was one man then connected with the papacy on whose mind this idea of Lanfranc's was likely to fall like seed upon prepared ground: this was Hildebrand, the monk of Cluny, afterwards Pope Gregory VII., and even now the true ruling mind in the Romish Church. The great idea of Hildebrand's soul was the aggrandisement of the spiritual power in all the nations of Europe; and in the proposal of an alliance between the pope and the Norman duke against England, he saw the means of once more subjugating that refractory island under the ecclesiastical power of Rome. Accordingly, he used all his influence to weaken the English interest at the papal court, and to dispose the pope and his cardinals to sanction the claim which it was understood the Norman duke made, of being the rightful successor to the English king Edward.

In the meantime events in England were hastening towards the

catastrophe. In 1053, shortly after the expulsion of the Normans, the great Earl Godwin died. The manner of his death was somewhat remarkable, if we may believe the tradition handed down by several of the old historians, but contradicted by others. We have already mentioned that Godwin was accused by his enemies, the Normans, of being implicated in the death of Alfred, the brother of Edward, who made an expedition into England for the purpose of claiming the throne while it was disputed by the two sons of Canute. The story accordingly is, that one day, when Godwin was dining with the king, one of the attendants, while in the act of filling a cup with wine, slipped with one leg, but saved himself from falling by the other. 'Ah,' said Godwin to the king, laughing, 'there the one brother came to the help of the other.'

'Doubtless,' replied Edward, glancing significantly at the Saxon earl, 'one brother needs the help of another; and would to God that my brother were still alive!'

'King,' said Godwin, perceiving the meaning of Edward's allusion, 'why is it that the slightest mention of your brother makes you look with an evil eye upon me? If I had any concern in his death, may the God of heaven cause me to choke on this piece of bread!' He put the bread into his mouth, instantly grew black in the face, and fell from his seat a corpse. So at least say the Norman chroniclers; the Saxons give a less romantic account of the death of their beloved chief, and one more likely to be true.

After Godwin's death, his sons, especially Harold the eldest, and Tostig the third, inherited his power. Harold was appointed governor of the country south of the Thames, while to Tostig was assigned the government of Northumbria. Tostig, however, being of a proud and tyrannical disposition, soon came to a rupture with his Northumbrian subjects, who were for the most part of Danish descent; and as their differences could not be satisfactorily adjusted, he quitted the country, and went over to Flanders, enraged both against the king and his brother Harold, who, he conceived, had not taken his part with sufficient earnestness. Harold, meanwhile, grew in popularity. Equally trusted by the king, and beloved by the nation, he perpetuated the glory of the great earl his father, and was universally acknowledged as the first man in the kingdom. In the spirit of his father, he resolutely resisted the readmission of the Normans into England, as fraught with danger to the independence of the country.

It will be remembered that, on the occasion of the reconciliation of the Earl Godwin and the king, they delivered hostages to each other, as guarantees of their renewed friendship. The hostages given by Godwin to Edward were his youngest son, Ulfnoth, and a son of his second son Sweyn. These had been sent, in 1053, to the court of William of Normandy, where they still remained in a sort of captivity. Harold, becoming anxious for the return of his

brother and his nephew to their native land, begged leave from Edward, in the autumn of 1065, to pay a visit to Normandy, that he might bring them back. Edward was perfectly willing to release the hostages, but he was alarmed at the thought of Harold putting himself in the power of the Norman duke. 'I know Duke William,' he said, 'and his crafty spirit. He will grant thee nothing, unless he can secure some advantage thereby to himself. Stay thou at home, and let another person go instead.'

Harold, however, boldly embarked for Normandy. Unfortunately, the vessels were wrecked on that part of the coast which belonged to the Count of Ponthieu, and Harold and his companions were made prisoners by the count. In this dilemma the Norman Duke interfered in a handsome manner, and ransomed his intended visitor, thus laying him beforehand under an obligation of gratitude. Harold and his suite thus released, were received by William with the most studied attention and kindness; the hostages were liberated at once at Harold's request; and at William's earnest solicitation, the Saxons prolonged their visit, not only engaging in friendly jousts and pleasure-parties with the Normans, but even rendering them assistance in a military excursion against the inhabitants of Brittany, between whom and the Normans there had been a feud ever since the time that Charles the Simple made over Brittany as a fief to Duke Rollo. Harold and William became bosom-companions; they shared the same tent, they ate at the same table, and when they rode out, in the words of an old chronicler, 'tales together they told, ilk on a good palfrey.' 'One day,' says Thierry, 'William turned the conversation on his early intimacy with King Edward. "When Edward and I," said the duke, "lived like twin-brothers in the same tent, he made me a promise that, if ever he became king of England, he would nominate me his successor to the crown. Harold," he continued, "I should like well that you would give me your assistance to make this promise good; and be sure that, if by your help I obtain the kingdom, I will grant you all you choose to ask." Harold was completely taken by surprise at this sudden disclosure; but he could not avoid using some vague expressions of assent. William then proceeded—"Since my friend consents to assist me, I shall take the liberty of telling him what I would like him to do. The castle of Dover must be fortified, a well of water must be sunk in it, and it must be given up to my soldiers; moreover, to strengthen the ties between us, you must give me your sister, that I may marry her to one of my chiefs, and you yourself must marry my daughter Adela. I expect also that when you go away, you will leave behind you one of the hostages you came to reclaim; I shall bring him to England with me when I come to claim the crown." At these words, Harold perceived all the danger into which he had brought not only himself, but also his young relations. To relieve himself from his

embarrassment, he gave a verbal consent to all that the duke required, intending afterwards to escape from his promise.'

Nothing more was said on the fatal subject for some time; and Harold was flattering himself that no serious consequences would arise from his unfortunate agreement with William, when the duke summoned a great council of his barons to meet at Avranches, or, according to another account, at Bayeux. 'The day preceding that fixed for the assembly, William had caused all the bones and relics of saints that were preserved in the convents and religious houses of the country round about to be secretly collected, and put into a large chest or hamper, which was placed in the middle of the hall where the council was to sit, and carefully covered with a cloth of gold. When the duke had taken his seat in the chair of state, holding in his hand a drawn sword, ornamented with a chaplet of flowers of gold, and having around him his Norman barons, with the Saxon chief among them, he commanded a missal to be brought and placed upon the chest which contained the relics. Then addressing Harold, he said in a loud voice: "Harold, I here require thee, in presence of this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises thou hast already made to me in private; namely, that thou wilt assist me to obtain the crown of England after Edward's death, that thou wilt marry my daughter Adela, and that thou wilt send thy sister into Normandy, that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons." The English chief, again taken by surprise, did not dare to deny his promise; and approaching the missal with a troubled air, laid his hand upon its leaves, and swore to be true to his engagements with the duke, if he lived, and if God granted him assistance. "God be thy assistance!" said the whole assembly at once; and while Harold still stood, at a signal from the duke the missal and the cloth of gold were removed, and the dry bones and skeletons which filled the chest to the brim were exposed to view, and the son of Godwin became aware that he had been betrayed into taking an oath of tremendous sanctity. When his eyes lighted on the heap of relics, say the Norman historians, he shuddered, and started back with a changed countenance.' After thus obtaining his object, William did not seek longer to detain his guest, who departed for England, taking his nephew with him, but leaving his brother behind, as a hostage in William's keeping for the faithful fulfilment of his promise. William accompanied him to the sea-shore, and took an affectionate leave of him.

'Ah,' said King Edward when Harold returned, and told him all that had occurred, 'I forewarned you of what William would do; I know him too well. Heaven grant that I may not live to see the misfortunes which are about to fall on this country!' It would seem, from Edward's demeanour, that he was conscious of having made some such promise as that alluded to by William during his exile in Normandy.

DEATH OF EDWARD—INVASION OF ENGLAND—BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Edward did not long survive the return of Harold from Normandy. Naturally of a weak and melancholy temperament, his last days were spent in gloomy forebodings and superstitious observances. His subjects likewise shared his anxiety, and began to remember old prophecies, in which terrible misfortunes were predicted to the Saxon nation. The feeling of sanctity attached to the oath which Harold had sworn—an oath which, according to the ideas of the time, was not the less binding that it had been imposed by deceit—had much to do with this national melancholy. Unless that oath were broken, the Norman duke would almost certainly be king of England. But if that oath were broken, would not Heaven punish the impiety? Such was the universal feeling of the English people, when the death of the king, on the 5th of January 1066, obliged them to come to a practical decision. On his deathbed the king was haunted with frightful visions; and, to the horror of his attendants, he would, in his paroxysms, repeat such passages of Scripture as the following: 'The Lord hath bent his bow; he hath prepared his sword; he waveth and brandisheth it like a warrior; he will shew his wrath by fire and sword.' In vain did Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assure them that these were but the raving fancies of a dying man; they received them as the divine announcements of coming disaster.

Before his death, Edward did one courageous act—he nominated Harold as his successor. Accordingly, on the day after Edward's funeral, Harold was elected king of England, and anointed by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. There was only one person alive who could have disputed the throne with Harold—Edgar, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, and grand-nephew of Edward; but Edgar, though English by descent, was a foreigner by birth, and possessed no qualifications which could entitle him to be the rival of Harold. Harold therefore ascended the throne without opposition, and signalised the commencement of his reign by various vigorous and decisive measures, calculated to secure the independence of his country against Norman intrigue. The beginning of his reign, however, was marked by the portentous appearance of a comet, which was visible for a month, and was gazed at by crowds as the harbinger of war and misfortune.

Meanwhile the news of Edward's death had reached the Norman duke. 'At the moment when he received the intelligence,' says Thierry, 'he was in his park, near Rouen, with a new bow and arrows in his hand, trying them. On receiving the news, he became thoughtful, gave the bow and arrows mechanically into the hands of one of his men, and passing the Seine, repaired to his palace at

Rouen. Entering the long hall, he paced backwards and forwards, sometimes sitting down, and immediately rising again, shifting his seat and posture, and unable to remain in one place. No one dared to approach him; all his men looked on and wondered. At length one officer, who was more familiar with him than the rest, ventured to go up to him. "My lord," said he, "there is a report that the king of England is dead, and that Harold has broken his oath to you, and seized the throne. Is this news true?" "It is true," replied William; "and it is this that causes my chagrin." "Do not distress yourself about what cannot be amended," said the other. "For Edward's death there is no remedy; but for the wrong done you by Harold there is. You have right on your side, and brave knights to defend it. Make an attempt, then, upon England; a work well begun is half ended."'

William had taken his resolution; but, crafty and cautious as he was audacious, he first sent a friendly message to Harold. 'William, Duke of the Normans,' so ran the message, 'sends to remind thee of thy oath, sworn to him with thy hand and with thy mouth upon the holy relics of the saints.' 'I remember the oath well,' was Harold's reply; 'but I was under coercion when I took it. Besides, I promised what it is not in my power to perform. The country has made me king, and I cannot give up the kingdom against the country's will; neither can I, against the country's will, marry a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the duke proposed to give in marriage to one of his nobles, would he have me send a corpse? She is dead.' This answer was reported to William; who, however, did not even yet lose his temper, but sent another message, couched in mild but reproachful terms, entreating Harold at least to fulfil part of his promise, by marrying his daughter Adela. To put an end to all further solicitation on this point, Harold married the sister of two great Saxon chiefs, Edwin and Morkar. Roused by this final insult, the Norman duke swore that, within a year, he would be revenged on the perjured Harold and those who supported him.

The beginning of the year 1066 was spent in preparations on both sides. The Norman duke received an accession to his cause in the person of Harold's own brother, Tostig, who, it will be remembered, had, about nine years before, left England, owing to fancied ill-treatment at the hands of the late king and of his brother, and gone over to Flanders. No sooner had Harold ascended the throne, than Tostig presented himself to Duke William in Normandy, and offered to assist him in deposing his brother. William listened to his proposals, and gave him some vessels with which to make an attempt on some part of the English coast. Tostig, instead of proceeding immediately to England, bent his course to Denmark, where he endeavoured to engage Sweno, the Danish king, in the enterprise. Failing in this, he next addressed himself to Harold of Norway, the last of the renowned sea-kings of Scandinavia, and

already famous for his exploits all over the north of Europe. 'The world knows,' said Tostig to him, 'that there is no warrior living like thee. Thou hast but to wish it, and England will be thine.' Harold was persuaded, and agreed to collect an armament, and invade England in the summer or the autumn. Thus were the English threatened with two simultaneous invasions—the invasion of William and his Normans from the south, and of the Norwegians under Harold and Tostig from the north.

Leaving Tostig and the Scandinavian Harold for a while, let us return to William and his Normans. Far and wide did he publish the perjury of Harold, enlisting the superstition of the times on his side. All Europe was intent on the impending struggle between the man who had broken his oath, sworn on the holy relics, and the man who had deceived his guest into taking the oath; and, strange as it may appear, the sympathy was on the side of the latter. At Rome, especially, the Norman interest prevailed. William accused Harold of sacrilege before the pontifical court, demanded that England should be laid under interdict so long as Harold reigned over it, and presented his own claims to the throne. The cause of the Norman found a willing advocate in Archdeacon Hildebrand, who saw in William a tool for the accomplishment in England of his own gigantic scheme of spiritual supremacy. Ardently and perseveringly, he endeavoured to bring the cardinals and leading clergy over to his views, and to persuade them to sanction a Norman invasion of England. For some time his representations were ineffectual. 'I almost earned,' he says, 'infamy from some of the brethren for my conduct; for they muttered that I was labouring in the cause of murder and bloodshed.' Before his indomitable energy, however, all opposition gave way; and a judicial sentence was at length pronounced by the pope himself, in terms of which 'William, Duke of Normandy, had permission granted him to enter England, to restore it to the sway of the Romish see, and to re-establish in it the tax of Peter's pence.' At the same time a papal bull was sent to William, declaring the excommunication of Harold and all who should adhere to him; and as a further evidence of the sacredness of William's cause in the eyes of the church, a consecrated banner was sent as a gift from the pope, along with a diamond ring, in which was enchased one of the hairs of the apostle Peter.

In the meantime, while waiting the blessing of the church, William had not been neglecting more substantial preparations. 'The duke,' says William of Malmesbury, 'spent the whole year in providing the necessaries of war; his own soldiers were armed and kept in discipline at great expense; foreign troops were invited into his service; his different squadrons and battalions were carefully formed and made up of the tallest and strongest men, whilst he took care that the chief captains and officers, besides having a perfect knowledge

of the military art, should be men of mature experience: to have seen them either at the head of their soldiers or alone, you would have thought them kings, not captains.' It was not without some difficulty, however, that William persuaded his own subjects of Normandy to assist him in his project. 'Doubtless,' said the Norman citizens in the council which William summoned on purpose to ask their assistance in arms and money, 'Duke William is our liege lord. We are not bound, however, to pay him money to assist him in wars beyond the sea. His wars have already burdened us too much; and if he fails in this expedition, our country will be ruined.' The crafty duke knew how to overcome this opposition. 'He sent,' says Thierry, 'for those men separately who had opposed his wishes in the council, beginning with the most rich and influential, and begged that they would assist him purely as a personal favour. No one had courage, thus singly interrogated, face to face with the duke, to utter a refusal. Whatever amount of money, arms, or provisions they promised, was immediately registered; and in this manner the example of those who subscribed first determined the amount promised by those who came last. One subscribed for a ship, another for so many armed men, and some engaged their personal service. The clergy gave money; the merchants gave arms and stuffs; and the country people gave corn. Carpenters were soon employed in all the ports of Normandy building and refitting vessels; armourers and smiths in making lances, swords, and mail; and porters in carrying burdens backwards and forwards between the ships and the manufactories.'

The arrival from Rome of the papal bull, the consecrated banner, and the diamond ring, in which the hair of St Peter was enchased, increased the enthusiasm. From east and west, from north and south, from Anjou, Brittany, Flanders, France, and Burgundy, nay, even from the banks of the Rhine, adventurers flocked in to join the expedition, led partly by the hopes of salvation in joining an enterprise which the church had blessed, and partly by the hopes of plunder. To all these adventurers William made ample promises. To one he promised the governorship of a town when England should be conquered, to another so much land, to another a rich English wife. To one covetous adventurer, who assisted him with a ship and twenty men-at-arms, he gave an English bishopric in prospect.

At the middle of August 1066 all was ready; hundreds of vessels and transport-boats were collected at the mouth of the river Dives; and the army was encamped on the beach, waiting for a fair wind to embark. For a whole month the winds blew contrary. This delay was trying to William, both on account of the expense which it caused, and of its discouraging effect on the minds of the soldiers. Never were his prudence and energy more conspicuous. 'The expenses of the knights,' says his contemporary biographer, William of Poitiers, 'foreign as well as Norman, were cheerfully paid; but

he would permit no one, however high his rank, to seize anything at his own hands. The flocks and herds fed in the fields as securely as if they had been shut up in some secret place. The crops ripened for the sickle of the labourer without being cut down by foraging parties, or trodden under foot by the haughty carelessness of the knights; and the weak and unarmed husbandman travelled wherever he chose, singing on his horse, and gazing without fear on the troops of warlike men who crossed his path.' At length a breeze from the south sprang up, and the fleet set sail. The ships had got no farther than the roadstead of St Valery, near Dieppe, when the wind again became adverse; and a storm arising, the fleet was tossed about, and several transports were wrecked. The troops were obliged to disembark, gloomy and dispirited. 'Heaven,' they said, looking at the bodies of their wrecked companions washed ashore by the tide, 'is against us; we have not fought a battle, and yet many of us have been slain. It is mad for any man to seek to possess himself of a kingdom which does not belong to him.' 'It was then,' says William of Poitiers, 'that the duke subdued adversity by prudence. Concealing as far as possible the death of those who had perished in the waves, he gave orders for the secret burial of their corpses, and in the meantime he comforted his men by an increase of rations.' Still he could not hide his anxiety. Many times in the day he repaired to the church of St Valery, the patron saint of that part of the coast. Here he would continue for a long time in prayer; and whenever he came out of the church, he would turn round and look up to the weathercock, to see if the wind had shifted. Still the winds were northerly. In despair, William 'caused the body of St Valery, the beloved of God, to be carried out of the church, followed in procession by all whose duty it was to assist in this act of Christian humility. At length the favourable wind so long wished for arose; every voice and every hand was raised in gratitude to Heaven, and all began to embark with the utmost haste. The duke, in his ardour and impatience, was not slow to reprimand those who shewed the slightest inclination to loiter.'

It was on the evening of the 27th of September that the fleet set sail. It consisted of four hundred large vessels, and more than a thousand transports, and contained in all about sixty thousand men. The duke's ship led the van, with sails of different colours, with the three Norman lions painted on them, and the pope's consecrated banner flying at the mast-head. As night came on, the ship's lanterns were hoisted as a signal to the rest of the fleet in what direction they were to steer. William's ship, however, being the best sailer, soon left the others far behind. All the night he paced the deck in anxiety. In the morning he sent a sailor to the topmast, to see if there were any signs of the approach of the other ships. 'I see nothing but sea and sky,' cried the man from aloft. Anchor was immediately cast; and, to conceal his uneasiness, William

ordered a repast, with plenty of spiced wines, to be served to his men on the deck. A second time the sailor climbed to the topmast. 'I see four sails,' he said. A third time he mounted; and now the answer was: 'I see a forest of masts and sails.' Anchor was then weighed, and the hostile fleet advanced to the shores of England.

Meanwhile Harold the Scandinavian had set sail from Norway with a fleet of two hundred vessels. Gloomy omens attended the departure of the fleet from the Norway shore. It was observed that, when Harold stepped on board his vessel, the weight of his gigantic body made it sink deeper in the water than it had ever sunk before. The Norse soldiers, too, had fearful dreams, betokening the unfortunate issue of the enterprise they were about to engage in. 'Whilst the royal fleet was at anchor,' says the old Norse historian Snorro, 'one of the soldiers in the king's ship saw in a dream a gigantic female standing on a rock, holding a naked sword in her hand, and counting the ships. A crowd of ravens and vultures alighted upon the masts and yards of all the vessels. "Go," said the figure to them; "you shall have plenty to eat, for I go with the ships!" Another soldier dreamed that "he saw a fleet, which he knew to be that of his master Harold. It steered for England, and disembarked its freight of warriors on a shore where there was already drawn up a hostile army, clothed in shining steel, and with flags waving. Suddenly a shape was seen advancing in front of the English army —a tall and terrible woman, riding on a wolf, holding in his jaws a human body, dripping with blood; and when he had devoured it, the woman gave him another."' The impression of these omens was effaced as soon as the fleet set sail under the command of Harold and his son Olaf. Sailing southward, along the Scottish coast, where they were joined by Tostig the Saxon, who had for some time been cruising in these seas, the Norwegians landed at length at Scarborough, in Yorkshire, two or three weeks before William's fleet had sailed from Normandy. After attacking and plundering the town of Scarborough, they sailed up the Humber and the Ouse, with the intention of laying siege to York, the capital of Northumbria, the district of which Tostig had been governor. Edwin, Morkar, and Waltheof, the present chiefs of the district, tried to arrest their progress; but unable to do so, they threw themselves into York, resolved to defend it to the last. Elated with his success, Tostig assumed his old title of chief of Northumberland, and issued proclamations requiring the inhabitants to submit to his government.

Intelligence of these proceedings of the Norwegians in Yorkshire was carried to the English king, Harold, who was then on the southern coast, watching the expected appearance of the Norman fleet. As the northerly winds still continued to detain it in the French port, Harold at length resolved to march north and fight the Norwegians, hoping that he would be able to drive them away, and

return in time to oppose the landing of his more formidable enemy the Normans. Accordingly, setting out with all haste, he reached York at the very moment when the inhabitants, despairing of relief, had agreed to surrender to the Norwegians. Depending on this agreement, the Norwegians had broken up their lines, and retired to their camp at some distance from York. What followed will be best told in the spirited narrative of Thierry. 'The unexpected arrival of the Saxon king, who had marched by such a route as to avoid the enemy's outposts, at once changed all these dispositions. The citizens resumed their arms, and the gates were shut and strictly guarded, so that no intelligence of what was passing could reach the Norwegian camp. On the following morning the sun broke out with that intense heat which sometimes distinguishes an autumnal day, and that division of the Norwegian army which left the camp on the Humber to accompany their king to York, believing that they had no enemy to deal with, put off their mail-shirts on account of the great heat, and marched with no other defensive arms than their helmets and bucklers. On coming within a short distance of the town, they perceived all at once a great cloud of dust, through which, as it approached, they could discern the quick glancing of steel against the rays of the sun. "Who are these men," said the king to Tostig, "who are meeting us?" "They can be no other," replied Tostig, "than Englishmen coming to implore our friendship." The mass, however, advanced, extending itself every moment, till it became a powerful army drawn up in order of battle. "The enemy! —the enemy!" cried the Norwegians; and three horsemen were instantly despatched to carry the news to the rest of the army in the camp and the fleet, and to hasten their arrival.' The Norwegian king then unfurled his standard called *Landodan*, or the Ravager of the World, and, according to the minute description of Snorro, 'drew up his men in a long line of no great depth, whose horns or extremities were bent back almost to touch each other; so that the array was in the form of a huge circle of equal depth, in which shield touched shield both in the first and second rank, whilst the king and his soldiers were within the circle, where also was fixed the standard. Earl Tostig occupied another position, surrounded by his own men, and having his own standard. The king had ordered this arrangement of the troops, because he knew it was the common custom for horsemen to attack in squadrons, and suddenly retreat; for which reason he commanded not only that his army should be drawn up in this manner, but also that a reinforcement of archers should be added where they were most needed. Those in the first line received orders to fix their lances in the earth, in such a position that the points of them should be opposed to the breasts of the horsemen, while the second rank had orders to level the points of their lances against the breasts of the horses.' 'All of them, however,' says Thierry, 'wanted the most important part of their armour.

Harold, the son of Sigurd, as he rode along the ranks on his black horse, sang extempore verses, a fragment of which has been handed down by the historians of the north. "Let us fight," said he; "let us march without cuirasses against the keen edge of the blue steel: our helmets glitter in the sun; helmets are armour enough for the brave." Riding round the circle of his men, his horse stumbled, and threw him. "A fall," he said, rising, "is a good omen." Not so it appeared to his namesake the English Harold, who, observing him fall, asked of one near him who that tall man was who had just been thrown from the black horse. "That is Harold, king of Norway," said the other. "He is a noble-looking man," said the Saxon, "but fortune is about to desert him."

'Before the two armies met, twenty Saxon horsemen, clad both men and horse in steel, rode up to the Norwegian lines, and one of them cried out with a loud voice: "Where is Tostig, the son of Godwin?" "He is here," answered Tostig himself. "If thou art Tostig," replied the horseman, "thy brother tells thee, by my mouth, that he salutes thee, and offers thee peace, friendship, and restoration to all thy former honours." "These," said Tostig, "are fair terms, and very different from the affronts and injuries I have experienced at his hands. But if I accept the offers, what remains for the noble King Harold, the son of Sigurd, my faithful friend and ally?" "He shall have," cried the other, "seven feet of English ground, or perhaps a trifle more, for he is taller than most men." "Go back, then," said Tostig, "and bid my brother prepare for battle; it shall never be said, by any but a liar, that the son of Godwin betrayed the son of Sigurd."

'The battle began, and at the first onset the Norwegian king received an arrow in the throat, which killed him on the spot. Tostig immediately took the command of the troops, and his brother Harold a second time sent to offer him and his Norwegian allies life and pardon; but all exclaimed they would rather die than be under obligation to the Saxons. At this moment the men from the Norwegian fleet came up in full armour, but fatigued by their march under the burning sun. Although strong in numbers, they could not sustain the shock of the English, who had already broken the first line, and seized the royal standard. Tostig was slain, and along with him most of the Norwegian chiefs. For the third time Harold offered peace to the vanquished: it was now accepted. Olaf, son of the slain monarch, along with the bishop and chief of the Orkneys, returned home with twenty-three ships, after having sworn friendship with England.'

Thus was the invasion of the Norwegians repelled. A more formidable enemy, however, was about to land on the English shore. The day of the battle between the two Harolds at York was the 25th of September 1066. Two days after, as we are already aware, the Norman fleet had set sail from the port of St Valery; and a few

hours brought it in sight of England. Unfortunately, a fleet of English vessels, which Harold had stationed along the coast, had just gone into harbour for a supply of provisions; and on the 28th of September William was able, without any opposition, to effect a landing at Pevensey, near Hastings, in the county of Sussex. The landing is described very minutely in an old French romance, written on the subject of the Conquest. First landed the archers, 'each having his bow in his hand, with his quiver and arrows at his side, all of them clothed in short, close garments, and having their hair cropped and their beards shaven; all reached the shore in safety, and found no armed men to dispute their passage.' Next came the knights in full armour, with their shields at their necks and conical helmets of polished iron. Mounted on their war-horses, they leaped upon the sand, and all raised their lances, taking possession of the plain. After them came the carpenters, the smiths, and the other workmen attached to the army, who brought along with them, and unloaded from the boats, piece by piece, three wooden forts or castles, which had been made in Normandy. The duke himself came last. Leaping in full armour from the boat, his foot slipped and sank in the wet sand, and he fell his whole length on the beach, with his face downwards. A murmur arose among his men, and some of them cried out: 'A bad omen.'

'No; by the splendour of God!' cried William, leaping to his feet; 'I have seized on the land with my two hands, and you shall see it will all be ours!'

On this one of the soldiers ran up to a little hamlet near, and fetching back two handfuls of earth, he knelt before the duke, and said: 'My lord, I here give you seisin of this land.'

'I accept it,' said William; 'and may God keep it mine!'

A temporary camp was then erected, and fortified in case of attack, and the Normans sat down to dinner. Next morning part of the army advanced upon Hastings, where another camp was made and fortified; and the rest of the day was spent in exploring the country round about. Wherever the Normans advanced, the inhabitants, concealing their furniture and other valuables, fled to the churches and churchyards, where they imagined they would be most safe.

Harold was lying at York, wounded, when he received intelligence that the Normans had landed. 'Better,' he cried, when he heard the news, 'have given my brother Tostig all he asked, than have been away from the coast when William reached it. Had I been there, they should have been driven into the sea. But God's will be done!'

Marching southward like a madman, he collected soldiers as he went, and left orders that those who could not be instantly assembled should follow him. In four days he would have been at the head of a hundred thousand men; but hoping to come upon the Normans by surprise, and defeat them, as he had defeated the Norwegians at York, so rapid were his movements that, when he was within seven

miles of the enemy's camp at Hastings, his army did not amount to more than a fourth part of William's. Finding now that the Normans were on their guard, he was obliged to halt and intrench himself. He sent spies who could speak French into the enemy's camp, to observe their movements. Astonished at the cropped hair and shaven chins of the archers, these men returned and told Harold that there were more priests in the Norman army than fighting-men. 'No,' said Harold; 'they are not priests, and we shall soon see how they can fight.'

Harold was advised by some of the Saxon chiefs to retire towards London, so as to be joined by the reinforcements which were then assembling, laying the country waste as he marched. This, however, he refused to do. His two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, then proposed that he should himself proceed northward, and place himself at the head of the army, which was fast recruiting in the northern counties, leaving them to fight the Normans at Hastings. This advice was dictated partly by military prudence, partly by the superstitious fear that Harold's presence in the battle, guilty as he was of a broken oath, might prove inauspicious. Harold, however, withstood all these solicitations.

William, on the other hand, although stronger than his enemy, did not hesitate to have recourse to treaty before risking a battle. He sent a priest, Hugh de Maigrot, to the Anglo-Saxon camp to propose to Harold one of three things—to surrender the kingdom; refer the question of disputed sovereignty to the pope; or decide it by single combat with the duke.

'I will not surrender the kingdom,' was Harold's reply; 'and I will not refer the question to the pope; and I will not accept of the duke's offer of single combat.'

A second time Maigrot entered the Anglo-Saxon camp with an offer from Duke William. 'The duke,' he said, 'offers to Harold, if he will keep his compact, all the country north of the Humber; and to his brother Gurth all the land which belonged to the Earl Godwin.' This offer was likewise refused. 'Then hear, Harold,' cried Maigrot in a loud and solemn voice, 'my master's last message to thee. He bids me tell thee that thou art a perjured man and a liar; that thou and all who adhere to thee are excommunicated by the pope; and that the pope's bull is in his hands.'

This last message, especially the mention of the pope's excommunication, produced considerable excitement in the Anglo-Saxon army. At length one of the chiefs roused their courage by bidding them reflect that the struggle they were at present engaged in was not a mere struggle which of two persons should be king; it was a struggle whether Anglo-Saxons or Normans should be masters of England. 'Duke William,' he said, 'has already promised our lands, our goods, our wives, our daughters, to his Norman soldiers; and if we once admit him, he must keep his promise. Nothing

therefore remains for us but to fight to the last.' The truth of this statement was too evident to all; and a universal oath was sworn to make no peace with the invaders.

The time had now arrived for a mortal struggle between Harold of England and William of Normandy for the sovereignty of the country. William had landed on the shore of Sussex, near Hastings, and here he took his stand, in front of the defences hastily set up by the Anglo-Saxons. 'On the night of the 13th of October (1066),' says Thierry, 'William announced to his army that the battle would take place next day. The priests and monks, who, in the hopes of booty, had followed the army in great numbers, met together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the soldiers were preparing their arms and attending to their horses. What little time remained to the soldiers after these duties, was employed in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night was spent in a very different manner: the Anglo-Saxons gathered in revel round their camp-fires, singing their old national songs, and quaffing horns of beer and wine.

'At daybreak, the Bishop of Bayeux, William's half-brother, wearing a steel hauberk under his priestly habit, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and blessed the soldiers; then mounting a superb white horse, and taking a baton in his hand, he drew up his squadron of cavalry. The army was divided into three columns. In the first were the soldiers from the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those who had engaged their services for pay; the second consisted of the allies from Brittany, Maine, and Poitou; William in person commanded the third, composed of the Norman chivalry. In front, and on the flanks of each column, were drawn up several lines of light infantry, wearing quilted cassocks, and carrying either long-bows or cross-bows of steel. The duke rode on a Spanish charger, which had been presented to him by a rich Norman, who had returned from a pilgrimage to Saint Jago de Compostella, in Galicia. Round his neck he wore suspended the most holy of the relics on which Harold had sworn, and at his side a young Norman, called Toustain-le-Blanc, carried the standard which the pope had consecrated. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, William raised his voice, and thus addressed them: "See that you fight well, and put all to death; if we win, we shall all make our fortunes. What I gain, you shall gain too; what I conquer, you shall conquer; if this land becomes mine, it shall also be yours. You know, however, that I have come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation on these English for their felonies, perjuries, and treasons. They murdered the Danes, men and women, on St Brice's night; they decimated the companions of my kinsman Alfred, and put him to death. Come on, then; and let us, with the help of God, punish them for these misdeeds."

'The army moved forward, and soon came in sight of the Saxon

camp, to the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and took their station on a neighbouring eminence, where they could pray, and witness the battle in safety. At this moment a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the army, and raised the song, celebrated throughout France, of the deeds of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sang, he played with his sword, throwing it high up into the air, and catching it again with his right hand. The Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted "God be our aid!"

'When they came within bow-shot of the enemy, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their bolts; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet round the Saxon intrenchments. The infantry with their lances and the cavalry then advanced to the intrenchments, and endeavoured to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons, drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind the redoubts, received the assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp that they broke the lances, and clove the coats of mail sheer through. The Normans, unable either to force the redoubts or to remove the palisades, and wearied by their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the column which William commanded. The duke, however, ordered the archers to advance again, shooting no longer point-blank, but at such an elevation that their arrows might fall within the enemy's intrenchments. In consequence of this manœuvre, many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow; he continued, however, to fight at the head of his men. The conflict of foot and horse recommenced amid cries of "Our Lady!" and "God be our aid!" But the Normans were repulsed at one of the gates of the camp, and driven as far as a great ravine, covered with brushwood and brambles, where their horses stumbling from the roughness of the ground, they fell pell-mell, and were killed in numbers. A panic now seized the army of the invaders; it was rumoured that the duke was slain, and they began to flee. William threw himself before the fugitives, barring their passage, threatening, and even striking them with his lance. "Here I am," cried he, taking off his helmet; "look at me! I am alive yet; and, by God's help, I shall conquer." The men returned to the attack, but still found it impossible to force the entrance, or make a breach in the palisades. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position. He ordered a band of a thousand horse to advance, and retire immediately afterwards in flight. At the sight of this pretended flight, the Saxons were thrown off their guard, and with one accord rushed from their intrenchments, with their axes slung round their necks. At a certain distance the fugitives were joined by a body of troops stationed for the purpose, and wheeled round upon

their pursuers, who, surprised in their disorder, were assailed with lances and swords, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their heavy battle-axes. Their ranks once broken, the entrances of the redoubts were forced; horse and foot rushed in together; but a desperate hand-to-hand combat was still maintained. Duke William had his horse killed under him. Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly plucked out of the ground, and replaced by the banner which had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle till it became dark, and the combatants could only distinguish each other by their language.

'The few surviving companions of Harold dispersed in all directions; many died on the roads, in consequence of their wounds and fatigue. The Norman horse pursued them relentlessly, and gave quarter to none. The Normans remained all night on the field of battle; and at daybreak the duke drew up his troops, and made the names of all the men who had come across the sea with him be called over from the roll which had beeen prepared before they left the port of St Valery. A vast number of these now lay dead or dying, stretched side by side with the vanquished Saxons. The fortunate survivors received, as the first-fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first inscribed in the black-book of the conquerors.'

The body of King Harold lay for some time in the field, and could not be found. At length the monks who searched for it applied to a woman whom Harold had loved before he was made king, and asked her to accompany and assist them. Her name was Edith Swanes-hals, or Edith the Swan-necked. She succeeded, better than they had done, in finding out the corpse of her lover. The spot on which the engagement took place has since been known by the name of *Battle.*

THE NORMANS MARCH UPON LONDON—WILLIAM CROWNED KING—THE CONQUEST COMPLETED.

The battle of Hastings decided the fate of England; but much remained to be done before the country could be considered as entirely conquered. The news of Harold's death spread quickly over the land, and the Saxon chiefs consulted who should be appointed his successor to the throne. Neither of his two sons was old enough; his brothers-in-law, Edwin and Morkar, the Earls of Mercia and Northumberland, had some partisans; but the general wish of the inhabitants of London and the neighbourhood was in favour of Edgar Atheling, or Edgar the Illustrious, the grand-nephew

of Edward the Confessor. Edgar, a weak young man, was accordingly proclaimed king. Many, however, and particularly some of the superior clergy, were in favour of submission to the Conqueror, recommended as he was by the authority of the pope. Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Eldred, Archbishop of York, adhered to Edgar Atheling.

Edgar's reign was soon to be brought to a conclusion. After remaining for some days near Hastings, William and his army marched against Dover, the castle of which capitulated. Then, reinforced by fresh troops which had arrived from Normandy, he advanced through Kent towards London. A body of horse, however, which he had sent in advance of the army, having been repulsed by the Saxons in Southwark, he judged it prudent to make a circuit before approaching the city. Crossing the Thames, therefore, at Wallingford, he advanced to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, and there encamped, sending out parties in all directions to lay the country waste. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of London were divided among themselves as to the course of conduct which they should pursue. Edwin and Morkar, with other patriots, had retired into the northern provinces, resolved to make a stand against the Conqueror there; Edgar Atheling, and Archbishops Stigand and Eldred, were unable without their assistance to defend the city; and the great body of the common citizens, with the *hanse* or municipal corporation at their head, were disposed to make terms with the Conqueror, and sent a deputy to his camp to ascertain whether he would guarantee them their ancient liberties if they surrendered to his rule. In these circumstances, nothing remained for Edgar but to resign his crown. Accordingly, he and his court, including the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, and a number of other nobles and ecclesiastics, repaired to the Norman camp at Berkhamstead, and tendered their allegiance to Duke William, who in turn made them promises of kind treatment. The Norman army then marched directly upon London, and quartered themselves in the city as its lords and masters.

At a council of war, held in the camp near London by the Norman chiefs, it was debated whether William should be immediately crowned king of England, or whether the Conquest should, in the first place, be pursued somewhat farther. William himself, for some secret reason, seemed inclined to delay his assumption of the throne; but the chiefs, stirred up by the eloquence of Aimery de Thouars, a captain of the auxiliaries from Poitou, insisted that his coronation should take place immediately; and to this arrangement the Saxons were obliged to consent. Accordingly, Christmas-day, 1066, was appointed for the performance of the ceremony. On that day, William, and the chiefs of his army, amounting to two hundred and sixty, walked in procession from the Norman camp to Westminster Abbey between two lines of Norman soldiers. The streets were

crowded with spectators, and all the approaches to the abbey were guarded by Normans. In the abbey were already assembled a number of Saxons, whom their fears induced to be present to assist at the ceremony. After William and the Norman barons entered the church, Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, addressed the Normans who were present in the French language, and demanded whether it was their opinion that their duke ought to assume the title of king of the English; and at the same time Eldred, Archbishop of York (Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, having refused to attend), asked the Anglo-Saxons present whether they were willing to receive the Norman duke as their king. At this moment the church rang with shouts and acclamations; and the Norman soldiers outside, mistaking the noise for an indication that some violence was being offered to the duke, or some interruption to the ceremony, obeyed secret orders which they had received in case of such an event, and set fire to a number of houses, and surrounded the doors of the church. All were thrown into confusion; the Anglo-Saxons who were in the abbey rushed out to save their houses from destruction, the Normans followed them, and none remained except the duke and a few ecclesiastics of both nations, who concluded the ceremony, and administered to him the oath usually taken by the Anglo-Saxon kings. The duke, it is said, trembled violently.

William was forty-two years of age at the time of his coronation as king of England. His reign, which lasted twenty-one years, from 1066 to 1087, has been described as 'little else than a succession of revolts, followed by chastisements so severe, that at its end few, if any, considerable estates remained in the possession of an Englishman.' Let us briefly sketch the principal events of his reign, down at least to the period at which the Conquest may be considered as having been completed.

The first occupation of William after his coronation was the confiscation of all the property of the principal Anglo-Saxons in that part of England which he had already reduced, and its division, according to promise, among his followers. After retaining to himself all the late king's treasures, with a great part of the richest plunder of the churches and shops, he bestowed the rest upon the priests, barons, knights, and soldiers, according to their rank, and the nature of the bargain they had made with him before leaving Normandy. Some received estates and castles, some the sovereignty of towns and villages, some were paid in money, and some obtained the hand of Saxon ladies, whose husbands or fathers had been killed at the battle of Hastings. The native population indiscriminately, but especially those who had taken part against the Conqueror, were mercilessly robbed of their houses, their lands, and their wealth. 'The towns,' says Thierry, 'suffered in a different manner from the country; and each town or district had its own particular grievances. At Pevensey, for example, where the Norman army

had landed, the soldiers shared among themselves the houses of the vanquished. In other places the inhabitants themselves were portioned out like chattels. The city of Dover, half-consumed by fire, was given to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who in turn distributed the houses among his warriors and followers. Raoul de Courpespine received three houses, and a poor woman's field; William, son of Geoffrey, also received three houses, along with the town-house, or hall of the burgesses. Near Colchester, in Essex, Geoffrey de Mandeville seized forty manors or houses, surrounded by cultivated lands; fourteen Saxon proprietors were dispossessed by a Norman called Engelry; one rich Englishman placed himself for security under the protection of Gaultier, a Norman; another Englishman became a serf on the soil of his own field.' So it was over all the conquered district; the sixty thousand Normans who had come over with William settling down like a band of nobles in the midst of a population of serfs. Some of the Saxons, indeed, may have been permitted to retain their rank and wealth; but these cases were the exceptions; and the meanest soldier in William's army found himself raised, both in wealth and station, above the descendants of the most powerful of the Anglo-Saxon thanes. 'The man who had crossed the sea with the quilted cassock and wooden bow of a common foot-soldier, now appeared mounted on a war-horse, and bearing the military baldrick; and the herdsmen of Normandy and the weavers of Flanders became in England men of consequence.' As yet, however, only a part of England had been conquered; and when the rest should have been subdued, the followers of William might expect still greater rewards. Allured by these hopes, crowds of new adventurers poured into England from the continent, to offer their arms and services to the Conqueror.

Before pushing the Conquest into the northern and western districts of England, William paid a visit to Normandy, carrying with him, as hostages for the peace of the kingdom during his absence, the principal Anglo-Saxon nobility, and leaving William Fitzosborne, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, as his lieutenants. He had scarcely gone when the Saxons of the conquered districts of Kent and Herefordshire revolted against their Norman oppressors; and as the Cambrians or Welsh of the extreme west of England seemed disposed to assist their ancient enemies, the Anglo-Saxons, against the new invaders of the island, the insurrection appeared very formidable. William, accordingly, hastened back from Normandy, and after spending some time in soothing and conciliating the Saxons of London and the neighbourhood, by large promises and cunning proclamations, he marched westward into the provinces which still remained unconquered. Somerset, Devon, Gloucester, and other counties of the south-west, were speedily reduced, and divided, like the eastern counties, among the fortunate soldiers of the Conqueror. By the year 1068, the whole of England south of

the Ouse and Severn had been effectually subdued and garrisoned by the Normans; there remained, however, the extensive provinces north of these rivers which still preserved their independence, and afforded a retreat for all the patriots of the south whom the Conqueror had dispossessed of their lands and forced to flee. Here the Northumbrian chiefs Edwin and Morkar, the brothers-in-law of King Harold, a young Saxon named Edrick, and many other patriots, some of whom had sworn never again to sleep under a roof until their country should be delivered out of the strangers' hands, were constantly engaged in schemes and plots for the expulsion of the Normans. A close alliance was formed for this purpose between the Saxons and the Welsh of the west of Mercia, who generously forgot that, on the present occasion, the Anglo-Saxons were suffering precisely what, six hundred years before, they had themselves inflicted on the Celtic British. Besides the Welsh, the Anglo-Saxons found another ally in the Scotch, under their king, Malcolm Canmore, in whose dominions the young Saxon king, Edgar Atheling, with his mother and his two sisters, sought a refuge. Malcolm—a monarch of great abilities, and who, from an early period of his reign, had made it a part of his policy, for the civilisation of his own kingdom, to admit into it all strangers who chose to come—received the refugees kindly, gave them lands in the Lothians, and, in token of his friendship for the Saxons, married Edgar's younger sister Margaret, a princess of extraordinary accomplishments for that period.

Hearing of this triple alliance between the Anglo-Saxons, the Welsh, and the Scotch, William marched northwards, and, victorious wherever he advanced, took in succession the towns of Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, and York. After the siege of York, an incident occurred which Thierry thus narrates: 'Eldred, Archbishop of York, who had lent his assistance at the consecration of the foreign king, came into the desolated city to perform some religious ceremony. When he came, he sent to his lands, not far from the city, for some provisions for his household. His servants, driving wagons laden with corn and other articles, were met at one of the gates of York by the Norman governor with a numerous escort. "Who are you?" demanded the Norman; "and to whom do these supplies belong?" "We are," said they, "the archbishop's servants, and these provisions are for the use of his household." The viscount, paying no respect to this intimation, made a sign to his soldiers to seize the horses and wagons, and carry the provisions to the Norman magazines. When the archbishop, the friend and ally of the conquerors, found that even he did not escape the miseries of the Conquest, there arose in his soul an indignation which his calm and prudent spirit had never experienced before. He immediately repaired to the Conqueror's quarters, and presented himself in his episcopal habits, with his pastoral staff in his hand. William rose, according to custom, to give the archbishop

the kiss of peace; but the Saxon stepped back, and said: "Hear me, King William. Thou wert a foreigner; nevertheless, because it was God's will to punish this nation, thou didst obtain, at the cost of much blood, the kingdom of England. Then I anointed thee king; I crowned thee; I blessed thee with mine own hands; but now I curse thee and thy race, because thou hast deserved it; because thou art the persecutor of God's church, and the oppressor of its ministers." The Norman attendants of William had their swords half unsheathed, and would have killed the old man; but William allowed him to depart.'

For two years York was the northernmost post of the Normans, and Northumbria continued in the possession of the Saxon patriots. Many attempts were made by the latter, assisted by the Welsh, the Scotch, and also by a Danish fleet sent to their aid by Sweyn, king of Denmark, to regain what they had lost; and one of these was so successful, that York came again into their possession, and Edgar Atheling was again saluted as king in the northern provinces. This success was partly owing to the diminished enthusiasm of the Normans in the cause of the Conquest, many of whom, instead of settling in the country, had taken the earliest opportunity of re-embarking for their native land, carrying along with them the riches which they had acquired. In 1070, however, William made a second expedition into the north, and before his activity and the valour of his troops all opposition gave way. Cumberland and Northumberland were reduced; Edgar and some of his followers fled again into Scotland; while the great patriot chiefs, Waltheof, Edwin, Morkar, and Cospatrick, were obliged to submit to the Conqueror. At the end of that year the whole of England, from Land's End to Tweed, was virtually conquered by the Normans.

FATE OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS—SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE CONQUEST.

After the completion of the Conquest, in the year 1070, the Anglo-Saxons may be considered as dividing themselves into three classes—the great mass of the population, which lived groaning under the Norman yoke; the patriot outlaws, who swarmed in the forests and less accessible districts of the country, and waged a perpetual war with the foreigners, leading a free but savage and precarious life; and the exiles, who, quitting their native land, scattered themselves in search of liberty over all parts of the world. Of the first class—the great mass of the subdued Saxon population—a little more must be said.

Now that he was firmly seated on the throne, William pursued with even greater rigour and consistency than before his policy of degrading the natives of the country which he had conquered. In 1070, William, intriguing with Pope Alexander II., procured the

assembling of an ecclesiastical council at Winchester, presided over by two papal legates, at which Stigand, the Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, was deposed, along with Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln; Eghelman, Bishop of East Anglia; Eghelrik, Bishop of Sussex; Eghelwin, Bishop of Durham; and almost every other ecclesiastical dignitary of the English race. These prelates were replaced by Norman priests; the archbishopric of Canterbury being conferred on Lanfranc, to whose services at Rome, as we formerly mentioned, William had been greatly indebted. Eldred, the Archbishop of York, having died, a Norman prelate, Thomas, was appointed his successor. The simultaneous deposition of so many of the Saxon clergy excited a deep interest in the ecclesiastical world, and it is probable that some complaints might have been heard but for the accession of Hildebrand to the papacy. He declared the deposition legitimate, and the discussion was at an end. The last prelate of English birth left in England was Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, a weak simple man, of amiable disposition, who had assisted the Conqueror more zealously than any other Saxon. Even his deposition was at length resolved on. Accordingly, in 1076, he was summoned before a council of Norman prelates and nobles, held in Westminster Abbey, King William and Archbishop Lanfranc presiding. It was here unanimously voted that Wulfstan was unfit to continue Bishop of Worcester, seeing that he could not speak French; and he was required, therefore, to surrender his episcopal ring and crosier. On this demand being made, the weak old man was inspired with an energy superior to his character: his lean frame quivered, and rising up before all the assembly, he walked slowly up to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, who was interred beneath the abbey pavement, and standing by the tombstone, said, addressing the dead monarch beneath: 'Edward, I received this staff from thee, and I return it to thee again.' Then turning to the Normans, he said: 'A better than you gave me this staff, to whom now I give it back; take it up if you can.' At these words he struck the tombstone with the end of his crosier, and the Normans, impressed with a superstitious awe, did not venture to repeat their demand; nay, according to the popular tradition, the staff clove the stone, and stuck in it so firmly that no one but Wulfstan himself could pull it out, which he did when the king bade him resume it. This miracle was generally believed; and after his death, which took place shortly after, Wulfstan was worshipped as a saint by the Saxons.

The most immediate and remarkable result of the Conquest was the introduction of what is called the *feudal system* into England. Under the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, few traces of this system existed —the government being popular in its character. When, however, William had conquered England, there resulted from his partition of the territory among his followers a new set of social arrangements. Reserving one thousand four hundred and twenty-two manors to

himself as his private share, he divided the rest of the kingdom among seven or eight hundred of his principal followers, who became bound, in return, to render him homage and military service. These great barons, who were called tenants-in-chief, let out their lands on similar terms to their dependants, and so on until every Norman was provided for. On consulting the Great Roll of the Normans, called also the Doomsday-book, which William caused to be made out between 1081 and 1086, for the purpose of ascertaining into whose hands all the lands of England had got, only one or two Saxon names are found in the list of tenants-in-chief, and these for very small estates; from which it appears that all the former proprietors of England—the Anglo-Saxon thanes and ceorls—had been degraded into tenants of the Norman barons, or even, lower still, into tenants of Norman knights, who were tenants themselves. The lower class of the Anglo-Saxons, again, became absolute serfs of the soil—villains, cottars, and bonders under Norman masters.

Thus, in the end of the eleventh century, there came to be two distinct populations in England—a Norman population, consisting probably at first of not more altogether than a hundred and fifty thousand men, and an Anglo-Saxon population of some millions. Of the mixture of these two populations, the present English nation is the result. The mixture did not take place at once. For two or even three centuries after the Conquest, we can distinguish the two populations. To understand the state of society in England immediately after the Conquest, the reader, in the words of Thierry, 'must imagine to himself two countries—the one possessed by the Normans, wealthy and exonerated from capitation and other taxes; the other, that is, the Saxon, enslaved and oppressed with a land-tax: the former full of spacious mansions, of walled and moated castles; the latter covered with thatched huts and old ruined walls: this peopled with the prosperous and idle, with soldiers and courtiers, with knights and barons—that with men miserable, and doomed to toil with peasants and artisans. Lastly, to complete the picture, these two lands are in a manner woven into each other; they meet at every point, and yet they are more completely separated than if there were seas between them. Each has a language of its own, which is strange to the other. French is the court language, used in all the palaces, castles, and mansions, in the abbeys and monasteries, in all the residences of wealth and power; while the ancient language of the country is heard only at the firesides of the poor and the serfs.'

In the process of time these differences disappeared, and the two populations amalgamated with each other, constituting our present English people. Even at the present day, however, it is maintained by some that the higher classes of the country exhibit traces of their Norman descent, while the lower classes are in a much greater degree the genuine descendants of the Anglo-Saxons.



SELECTIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, man,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

—*Measure for Measure.*

HUMAN LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*As You Like It.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—*Macbeth.*

POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud—
Which is the hot condition of their blood—
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! It had a dying fall :
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

—*Twelfth Night.*

OUTWARD SHOW.

So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What fatal error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crispéd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What ! is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
Oh no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

FORGIVENESS.

Oliver. WHEN last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside,
And mark, what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother—his elder brother.

Celia. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did reckon him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando ; did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so ;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him.

—*As You Like It.*

EXILE.

Duke Senior. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—
The season's difference. As the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Amiens. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—
Being native burghers of this desert city—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1*st Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?
1st Lord. Oh yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream:
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and, what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2d Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

—*As You Like It.*

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look; what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest.
Suppose the singing birds musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed ;
The flowers fair ladies ; and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

—King Richard II.

VIRTUE NOT TITLES.

Bertram. BUT follows it, my lord, to bring me dôwn
Must answer for your rising? I know her well ;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty : if she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name : but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour : good alone
Is good, without a name : vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir ;
And these breed honour ; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honours born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauched on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue and she
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

—All's Well that Ends Well.

GRIEF.

I PRAY thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man. For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Antonio. I HOLD the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gratiano. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep, when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle;
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

FEAR OF DEATH.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where.
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world, or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

—*Measure for Measure.*

LOVE OF LIFE.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art

(Servile to all the skiey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear
That makes these odds all even.

—*Measure for Measure.*

LEGAL JUSTICE.

Angelo. WE must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Escalus. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know

(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, some time in your life,
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus;
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die!
Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

—*Measure for Measure.*

AUTHORITY.

COULD great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp, sulphureous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. Oh, but man—proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

—*Measure for Measure.*

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur?—There,
There thou mightst behold the great image of authority:
A dog's obeyed in office. * * *
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—*King Lear.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Julia. OH, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Lucetta. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed);
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Valentine. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her :
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away :*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

WOMAN'S DUTY.

Fy, fy ! unknit that threatening unkind brow ;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown.
But now I see our lances are but straws ;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

ADMIRATION.

ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram about her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed,
With variable complexions—all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shewn flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

—*Coriolanus.*

RUMOUR.

I FROM the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth ;
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence;
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe,
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—
The still discordant wavering multitude—
Can play upon it.

—*Henry IV. Part II.*

SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

OH God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now;
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself,
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet—how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

—*Henry VI. Part III.*

PERSEVERANCE.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude's :
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright ; to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.
Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

ORDER.

THE heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture ! Oh, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away—untune that string,
And hark what discord follows ! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right, or rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too :
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

ADVICE.

BE thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape ; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*Henry VI. Part II.*

Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !
Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft : I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The light burns blue—Is it not dead midnight ?
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ! Myself—there's none else by.
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am.
Then fly. What ! from myself ? Great reason—Why ?
Lest I revenge—What ? Myself on myself ?
I love myself. Wherefore ? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
Oh no. Alas ! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie ; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale ;
And every tale condemns me for a villain !
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree—
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree—
All several sins—all used in each degree—
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

—*King Richard III.*

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—*As You Like It.*

Yet you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from you, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

—*Henry VIII.*

Heavens! have I said the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon's—noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast won—fast lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

—*Timon of Athens.*

Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives that's not
Depraved or depraves? Who dies that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done;
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

—*Timon of Athens.*

KINGLY RESERVE.

HAD I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at;
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'
Others would say, 'Where? Which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned; carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets;
Enfeoffed himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June—

Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye
But is aweary of thy common sight.

—*Henry IV. Part I.*

BLESSING OF SLEEP.

SLEEP, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, oh, partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—*King Henry IV. Part II.*

A PART FOR EVERY ONE.

TRUE : therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees ;
Creatures that, by rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor,
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ;
As many several ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

—*King Henry V.*

CEREMONY.

AND what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
Oh, ceremony, shew me but thy worth !
What is the soul of adoration ?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

—*King Henry V.*

VANITY OF HUMAN POWER.

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—*King Henry VIII.*

EVILS OF WAR.

SINCE then my office hath so far prevailed,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled PEACE,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chased;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffused attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.

—*King Henry V.*

SECRET OF POPULARITY.

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

QUEEN MAB.

SHE comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

SUICIDE.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep;
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscovered country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

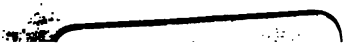
—*Hamlet.*

SONG—MORNING.

HARK—hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

—*Cymbeline.*





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